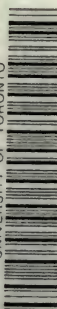


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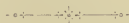
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VOL. II.



ABBOTSFORD,
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THE
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OF
SCOTLAND:

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIME.

COMPRISING
CHARACTERISTIC SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF THE MORE NOTEWORTHY
SCOTTISH POETS,
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

BY
JAMES GRANT WILSON.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS ENGRAVED ON STEEL.

HALF VOLUME III.
1777—1802.



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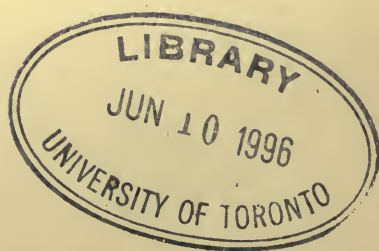
FROM THOMAS CAMPBELL TO MARQUIS OF LORNE.

BORN A.D. 1777.

BORN A.D. 1845.



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THE
POETS AND POETRY OF SCOTLAND.

PERIOD 1777 TO 1876.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BORN 1777 — DIED 1844.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, so justly and poetically called the "Bard of Hope," was born in High Street, Glasgow, July 27, 1777, and was the youngest of a family of eleven children. His father was connected with good families in Argyleshire, and had carried on a prosperous trade as a Virginian merchant, but met with heavy losses at the outbreak of the American war. The poet was particularly fortunate in the intellectual character of his parents, his father being the intimate friend of the celebrated Dr. Thomas Reid, author of the *Inquiry into the Human Mind*, after whom he received his Christian name, while his mother was distinguished by her love of general literature, combined with sound understanding and a refined taste. Campbell afforded early indications of genius; as a child he was fond of ballad poetry, and at the age of ten composed verses exhibiting the delicate appreciation of the graceful flow and music of language for which his poetry was afterwards so highly distinguished. At the age of thirteen he entered the university of his native city, and though noted for his love of fun and boyish mischief, he made great progress, especially in his classical studies. The example of Professor Young, a most enthusiastic and accomplished Greek scholar, was not lost upon the congenial mind of his pupil, whose poetical translations at this period showed not only his mastery over the Greek language, but the power he already possessed over his own. At a later period of life, when travelling in Germany, he availed

himself of the instructions of the celebrated Heyne, and attained such proficiency in Greek and the classics generally that he was regarded as one of the best classical scholars of his day. In speaking of his college career, which was extended to five sessions, it is worthy of notice that Professor Young, in awarding to Campbell a prize for the best translation of the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, pronounced it to be the best exercise which had ever been given in by any student belonging to the university. In original poetry he was also distinguished above all his classmates, so that in 1793 his "Poem on Description" obtained the prize in the logic class. Amongst his college companions Campbell soon became known as a poet and wit; and on one occasion, the students having in vain made repeated application for a holiday in commemoration of some public event, he sent in a petition in verse, with which the professor was so pleased that the holiday was granted in compliment to his production. This incident was often referred to in after years by his affectionate mother, as the first-fruits of his poetical genius.

For some years our author pursued his studies with the avowed object of entering the ministry, but circumstances of which we have no authentic account induced him to change his plan. He applied himself for a short time to business, but soon gave it up, to proceed to the Highlands as a private tutor. There he found a happy home, and beautiful and romantic scenery to delight his poetic fancy, and there we can trace

the germs of his first great poem. In writing to his friend Hamilton Paul, Campbell had bemoaned his solitary lot in being so far removed from all his family and friends, and begged him to send him some lines calculated to cheer him. Paul sent him a piece consisting of twelve stanzas, entitled the "Pleasures of Solitude," accompanied by a letter, in which he says: "As you have almost brought yourself to the persuasion that you are an anchorite, I send you a few lines adapted to the condition of a recluse. It is the sentiment of Dr. Moore, that the best method of making a man respectable in the eyes of others is to respect himself. Take the lines, such as they are, and be candid, but not too flattering. We have now *three* pleasures, by first-rate men of genius: the 'Pleasures of Imagination,' the 'Pleasures of Memory,' and the 'Pleasures of Solitude,' let us cherish the 'Pleasures of Hope' that we may soon meet again in old Alma Mater." Trivial as was the hint contained in the foregoing, the circumstances under which it reached Campbell caused it to produce a powerful effect on his future career. Placed among the grandest scenery of Scotland, and without sufficient means of mental occupation, he spent much of his time in visiting the romantic localities of the neighbourhood, while the words "Pleasures of Hope" filled his mind, and at length ripened into the full fruition of his splendid poem.

Campbell had also tried the study of law, but after a brief experience of its drudgery he abandoned the idea of the legal profession; and in 1798 we find him in Edinburgh, along with his parents, in the hope of obtaining literary employment, and gaining a livelihood meanwhile by private teaching. "And now," he says of himself, "I lived in the Scottish metropolis by instructing pupils in Greek and Latin. In this vocation I made a comfortable livelihood as long as I was industrious. But the 'Pleasures of Hope' came over me. I took long walks about Arthur's Seat, conning over my own (as I thought them) magnificent lines, and as my 'Pleasures of Hope' got on my pupils fell off." At length his poem was completed and sold to a publisher for £60. On its appearance it was received with a universal outburst of admiration, and edition after edition was rapidly sold. The

young poet of twenty-one was at once accorded an honourable position in the front rank of the poets of Great Britain.

Though his reward was rather in celebrity than in pecuniary profit, Campbell was enabled by the publication of the "Pleasures of Hope," for each succeeding edition of which he received the sum of £50, to gratify his desire to see foreign lands. His choice settled upon Germany, already become famous in Scotland by its rising literature and the works of Wieland, Klopstock, Schiller, and Goethe. He crossed over to Hamburg and proceeded inland as far as Ratisbon, where he saw the conflict that gave to the French possession of that town, and which he describes in a letter to his brother. Amidst the uncertainties produced by the war the poet's rambles were brief and irregular. He returned to Hamburg, where he made the acquaintance of Anthony M'Cann, an Irish refugee who was accused of being a leader in the rebellion of 1798. Of this gentleman he formed a favourable impression, and his expatriation from his native land suggested one of Campbell's most exquisite poems. Our author finally settled for the winter at Altona, but the appearance of a British fleet off the Sound gave him sudden warning to provide for his safety. He therefore embarked in a small trading vessel for Leith; but, in consequence of being chased by a Danish privateer, the vessel put into Yarmouth for shelter. A trip to London naturally followed, where he was at once welcomed by the best society. Returning to Edinburgh by sea, after a brief sojourn in the capital, he writes in his memoranda of 1801: "A lady passenger by the same ship, who has read my poems, but was personally unacquainted with me, told me, to my utter astonishment, that I had been arrested in London for high-treason, was confined to the Tower, and expected to be executed! I was equally unconscious of having either deserved or incurred such a sentence." He found, however, on reaching Edinburgh, that this ridiculous report was circulating in the streets, and had reached the ears of his anxious mother. It was a wild period of rumour and suspicion, and he found that the fact of his having messed with the French officers at Ratisbon during the armistice, having been introduced to General Moreau, and having sailed as a

fellow-passenger with an Irishman, had been amplified into a plot concocted between himself, the gallant Moreau, and the Irish at Hamburg, to land a French army in Ireland! He at once called upon the sheriff of Edinburgh, and found to his astonishment that he believed in his guilt, and that a warrant was issued for his apprehension. This was intolerable, and the poet could not help exclaiming, "Do I live to hear a sensible man like you talking about a boy like me conspiring against the British Empire?" He submitted to a strict examination, and a box of letters and papers which he had left at Yarmouth to be forwarded to Edinburgh, but which had been seized at Leith, was at the same time opened and carefully examined. But its contents soon put all suspicion at an end, for it contained nothing more treasonable than "Ye Mariners of England;" and the matter ended with a hearty laugh and a bottle of wine.

In 1803 Campbell espoused his cousin Matilda Sinclair, and the same year settled in London, where his reputation secured him ample literary employment. Besides a magnificent quarto edition of the "Pleasures of Hope," by which he made £600, he published in three volumes a work entitled *Annals of Great Britain*, for which he received £300. In due course Campbell became a father; and we must quote the poet's own account of his feelings, which he describes with such beauty and tenderness. "Our first interview was when he lay in his little crib, in the midst of white muslin and dainty lace, prepared by Matilda's hands long before the stranger's arrival. I verily believe, in spite of my partiality, that lovelier babe was never smiled upon by the light of heaven. He was breathing sweetly in his first sleep. I durst not waken him, but ventured to give him one kiss. He gave a faint murmur, and opened his little azure lights. . . . Oh, that I were sure he would live to the days when I could take him on my knee, and feel the strong plumpness of childhood waxing into vigorous youth! My poor boy! Shall I have the ecstasy of teaching him thoughts, and knowledge, and reciprocity of love to me? It is bold to venture into futurity so far. At present his lovely little face is a comfort to me; his lips breathe that fragrance which it is one of the loveliest kindnesses of nature

that she has given to infants—a sweetness of smell more delightful than all the treasures of Arabia. What adorable beauties of God and nature's bounty we live in without knowing! How few have ever seemed to think an infant beautiful! But to me there seems to be a beauty in the earliest dawn of infancy, which is not inferior to the attractions of childhood—especially when they sleep. Their looks excite a more tender train of emotions. It is like the tremulous anxiety we feel for a candle new lighted, which we dread going out." Such was an event, which, though an important era in the life of every man, is especially so in that of a poet; and such is the description which none but a poet, and that of the highest order, could have so embodied. The above quotation is worthy of a place by the side of Campbell's best poetical productions.

In 1805 the government granted him a pension of £200 per annum, one-half of which the poet settled on his widowed mother and unmarried sisters. Had Goldsmith met with similar good fortune, how different might have been his fate, and how many more the world-famous poems that would have borne his name! In 1809 "Gertrude of Wyoming," by many considered at the time the best of all Campbell's poems, was published. It met with unbounded applause, and raised its author to the highest pinnacle of his fame. At intervals between 1805 and 1809 the "Battle of the Baltic," "Hohenlinden," and "O'Connor's Child" had appeared in the periodicals of the day, and were greatly admired. A portion of his time was devoted to writing for the magazines; but perhaps the most agreeable and profitable of his labours was the delivery of a course of lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution, and which he afterwards re-delivered in some of the large cities throughout the kingdom.

In 1814 Campbell visited Paris, when he was introduced to Wellington, Humboldt, and many other magnates assembled there at that time, and met his old friend and correspondent Madame de Staël. On his return from the Continent his friend Sir Walter Scott endeavoured to secure him a chair in the University of Edinburgh, but his efforts were not attended with success. In 1819 he published in London

the *Specimens of British Poets*, and the year following he accepted the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, at a salary of £600 per annum. To the columns of this periodical he contributed many short pieces of great merit, among others "The Last Man," one of the grandest poems in the English language. A second visit to Germany, which he accomplished immediately after the commencement of his editorial duties, suggested to him the idea of the London University; and this scheme, aided by the practical minds of Brougham and Hume, was, after much difficulty, brought to a successful termination in 1825. In the following year he received the gratifying intelligence that his own *alma mater* had bestowed on him her highest honour by electing him Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. This honour was the most valued of his life; it was afterwards enhanced by his re-election to the office for the second and third time—a rare occurrence in the history of the college.

Prior to this time an event happened which tended to alleviate the necessity for continual toil, and brighten the prospects of his future life. This was a legacy bequeathed to him by a relative amounting to about £5000. But amidst all this distinction and good fortune the mind of the poet had much to grieve and try him. In 1826 his affectionate wife, in whom he had found so congenial a partner, died, and he found himself alone in the world. Of his two sons, the younger died in childhood, while his first-born, of whom he wrote so touchingly, had for years been in a state of lunacy, and was obliged to be kept in confinement. He was thus even worse than childless. The *New Monthly Magazine*, too, that had prospered so greatly under his care, and been a comfortable source of emolument, passed from under his management by one of those unlucky accidents to which periodical literature is especially exposed. A paper was inserted by mistake in its pages without having been subjected to his editorial examination; and as the article in question was offensive in the highest degree, Campbell abandoned the magazine and the salary which he derived from it. Soon after this an event of a public and political character moved him still more than any pecuniary loss could have done. This was the sanguinary capture of Warsaw in 1831,

and the national miseries with which Poland was afterwards visited. He had embraced the cause of that most injured nation with a poet's enthusiasm, and its exiles found in him their warmest and most disinterested friend. He spoke, wrote, declaimed upon the miseries of Poland; pictured them in poetry and in prose; appealed against them in companies of every shade of political belief; exerted himself to make all feel that, instead of being a mere party question, it was the common cause of justice, honour, and humanity; and to evince his sincerity, bestowed liberally, not only of his time and labour, but also of his money, in behalf of the Polish sufferers, at a season when money was the commodity which he least could spare. And his labours were not in vain. He awoke a deep sympathy in behalf of Poland wherever his influence extended, and succeeded in establishing a committee in London for relieving the wants of thousands of Polish exiles in England.

In 1833 he finished the life of his friend Mrs. Siddons; the year following he crossed over to France, and soon after surprised his friends at home by embarking for Algiers, finding there abundant store of new and gay subjects for his pen, which he put in the form of *Letters from Algiers*, and which were afterwards published in two volumes. The "Pilgrim of Glencoe," the last of his considerable poems, published in 1842, was not successful even in his own estimation. For some time previous he had felt his strength drooping, and apprehending that his end was near he sold off his household furniture, and in July, 1843, repaired with a favourite niece to Boulogne, with the avowed purpose of dying there, away from the din and bustle of busy London, where there were so many objects likely to intrude upon his thoughts and time. His faithful friend, physician, and biographer, Dr. Beattie, hastened to him when he was informed that the end was at hand, and arrived with other friends in time to cheer his last hours with their affectionate sympathy. He died June 15, 1844, aged sixty-seven. No posthumous honours were wanting to Thomas Campbell. His body was removed to London, and placed in the Jerusalem Chamber in Westminster Abbey while preparations were made for the funeral. The most illustrious literary men and nobles

attended his funeral, and a guard of Polish exiles asked and obtained permission to escort his remains to the Poets' Corner. His friend Dean Milman read the service, and a handful of earth from the tomb of Kosciusko the Polish hero, that had been treasured for the purpose, was thrown into the grave of the noble Scotchman who had written so eloquently and laboured so successfully in behalf of Poland. His ashes now rest by the side of Sheridan's, and near the graves of Goldsmith and Addison, and over his tomb there stands a beautiful marble statue, the work of one of England's most eminent sculptors.

"There are but two noble sorts of poetry,"

wrote Lord Jeffrey, "the pathetic and the sublime: and we think that he (Campbell) has given us very extraordinary proofs of his talents for both." Sir Walter Scott said to Washington Irving, "What a pity it is that Campbell does not write oftener and give full sweep to his genius! He has wings that would bear him to the skies, and he does, now and then, spread them grandly, but folds them up again and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch them. The fact is, Campbell is in a manner a bugbear to himself: the brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his after efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*"

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

IN TWO PARTS.¹

PART I.

ANALYSIS.—The poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in pagan tradition, that when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—pro-

phesy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy.

At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly
light,

That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister-band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,
And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

¹ The "Pleasures of Hope" is one of the most beautiful didactic poems in our language.—*Lord Byron.*

Primeval HOPE, the Aëonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourn'd their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banish'd from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, linger'd still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropped on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring!
What viewless forms th' Aëolian organ play,
And sweep the furrow'd lines of anxious thought
away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest
shore.

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathom'd fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurl'd,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the
world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer
smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;

¹ The following picture of his own distress, given by Byron in his simple and interesting narrative, justifies the description given in the poem. After relating the barbarity of the Indian cacique to his child, he proceeds thus:—"A day or two after we put to sea again, and crossed the great bay I mentioned we had been at the bottom of when we first hauled away to the westward. The land here was very low and sandy, and something like the mouth of a river which discharged itself into the sea, and which had been taken no notice of by us before, as it was so shallow that the Indians were obliged to take everything out of their canoes and carry them over land. We rowed up the river four or five leagues, and then took into a branch of it that ran first to the eastward and then to the northward: here it became much narrower, and the stream excessively rapid, so that we gained but little way, though we wrought very hard. At night we landed upon its banks, and had a most uncomfortable lodging, it being

And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursing of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form!
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shatter'd bark
delay;
Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep:
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossom'd vale,
Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace;
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear!
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear!
While, long neglected, but at length caress'd,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil!
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore¹—

a perfect swamp, and we had nothing to cover us, though it rained excessively. The Indians were little better off than we, as there was no wood here to make their wigwams; so that all they could do was to prop up the bark, which they carry in the bottom of their canoes, and shelter themselves as well as they could to the leeward of it. Knowing the difficulties they had to encounter here, they had provided themselves with some seal; but we had not a morsel to eat, after the heavy fatigues of the day, excepting a sort of root we saw the Indians make use of, which was very disagreeable to the taste. We laboured all next day against the stream, and fared as we had done the day before. The next day brought us to the carrying place. Here was plenty of wood, but nothing to be got for sustenance. We passed this night, as we had frequently done, under a tree; but what we suffered at this time is not easy to be expressed. I had been three days at the oar without any kind of nourishment except the wretched

In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Know not a trace of Nature but the form;
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
Paused at each dreary cry unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!¹

Congenial HOPE! thy passion-kindling power,
How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled
hour!
On yon proud height, with Genius hand-in-hand,
I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand.

"Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words pro-
claim)
'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!
Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye!
Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
The speed of light, the circling march of sound;
With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.²

"The Swedish sage³ admires, in yonder bowers,
His winged insects, and his rosy flowers;
Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train,
With sounding horn, and counts them on the
plain—
So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers
came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequester'd clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;

root above mentioned. I had no shirt, for it had rotted off by bits. All my clothes consisted of a short grieko (something like a bear-skin), a piece of red cloth which had once been a waistcoat, and a ragged pair of trousers, without shoes or stockings."

¹ Don Patricio Gedd, a Scotch physician in one of the Spanish settlements, hospitably relieved Byron and his wretched associates, of which the commodore speaks in the warmest terms of gratitude.

² The seven strings of Apollo's harp were the symbolical representation of the seven planets. Herschel, by discovering an eighth, might be said to add another string to the instrument.

³ Linneæus.

Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?'

"Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lighten'd
eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian
height,
From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,⁴
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall
shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfeined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Inquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stain'd form his earthly name;
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

"Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred
deem,
And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream;
To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
For Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile;—
On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief,
And teach impassion'd souls the joy of grief?

"Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be
given,
And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven;
The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
That never mused on sorrow but its own,
Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.⁵
The living lumber of his kindred earth,
Charm'd into soul, receives a second birth,

⁴ Loxias is the name frequently given to Apollo by Greek writers; it is met with more than once in the Choephore of Æschylus.

⁵ See Ex. xvii. 3, 5, 6.

Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord
True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan;
And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

"Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command,
When Israel march'd along the desert land,
Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
And told the path,—a never-setting star:
So, Heavenly Genius, in thy course divine,
HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine."

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
When doom'd to Poverty's sequester'd dell,
The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—

Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
And chase the pangs that worth should never know—

There, as the parent deals his scanty store
To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter age.
What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;
Tell, that when silent years have pass'd away,
That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
And call from Heaven propitious dew to breathe
Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears
The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—
"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

"And say, when summon'd from the world and thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,

Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe?"

So speaks Affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learned to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
Or gazing, mutely pensive sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile;
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
Lo! nature, life, and liberty relume
The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board;
Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
And virtue triumphs o'er remember'd woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy
The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
Watch'd the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore,
Knew the pale form, and shrieking, in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze:
Poor widow'd wretch; 'twas then she wept in vain,
Till Memory fled her agonizing brain;—
But Mercy gave to charm the sense of woe,
Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Of't when yon moon has climb'd the midnight sky,
And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn
To hail the bark that never can return;
And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never knew
The world's regard, that soothes, though half untrue;

Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
But found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
Condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
Scorn'd by the world, and left without a home—
Even he at evening, should he chance to stray
Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
The blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,
Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!
There should my hand no stinted boon assign
To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!—
That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's
prayer.

HOPE! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime!
Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave, and culture every shore.
On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
Each wandering genius of the lovely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are done,
That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
Wild Obi flies!—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains
roam,
Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,

¹ Among the negroes of the West Indies, Obi, or Orbiah, is the name of a magical power, which is believed by them to affect the object of its malignity with dismal calamities. Such a belief must undoubtedly have been deduced from the superstitious mythology of their kinsmen on the coast of Africa. I have, therefore, personified Obi as the evil spirit of the African, although the history of the African tribes mentions the evil spirit of their religious creed by a different appellation.

From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,²
Truth shall pervade th' unfathom'd darkness
there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.—
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And asks the image back that Heaven bestow'd!
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern
wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet
horn
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!³

Warsaw's last champion from her height sur-
vey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
“O Heaven!” he cried, “my bleeding country
save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!”

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watch-word and reply;
Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd
spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high
career;—

² Mr. Bell of Antermony, in his *Travels through Siberia*, informs us that the name of the country is universally pronounced Sibir by the Russians.

³ The history of the partition of Poland, of the massacre in the suburbs of Warsaw and on the bridge of Prague, the triumphant entry of Suwarrow into the Polish capital, and the insult offered to human nature, by the blasphemous thanks offered up to Heaven for victories obtained over men fighting in the sacred cause of liberty, by murderers and oppressors, are events generally known.

HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage
there,
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky,
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a
grave,
Why slept the sword omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy
rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling
coast,
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCKBURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, wither'd from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark;
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—
“Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease,—and
here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,

Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No!—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand:
It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furld?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Rapt in historic ardour, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
Where Valour tuned, amidst her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath valour left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may
trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
Ordain'd to fire th' adoring sons of earth
With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
Ordain'd to light, with intellectual day,
The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,
Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
Heaven's dark decrees, unfathom'd yet by man,
When shall the world call down, to cleanse her
shame,
That embryo spirit, yet without a name,—
That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
Who, sternly marking on his native soil
The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
Shall bid each righteous heart exult to see
Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men, th' expected day
That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,

And holy men give Scripture for the deed;
Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!—

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
Had heaved the floods, and fix'd the trembling
land,

When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
Was man ordain'd the slave of man to toil,
Yoked with the brutes, and fetter'd to the soil;
Weigh'd in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
No!—Nature stamp'd us in a heavenly mould!
She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge,
Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
To call upon his country's name, and weep!—

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
The conquer'd chief of Congo loved to reign;
With fires proportion'd to his native sky,
Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
Scour'd with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,
The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own!
Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came!—alas! no glory smiles
For Congo's chief, on yonder Indian Isles;
For ever fall'n! no son of Nature now,
With freedom charter'd on his manly brow;
Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew;¹ at that alarm knell
His guardian angel took a last farewell!
That funeral dirge to darkness hath resign'd
The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
Poor fetter'd man! I hear thee whispering low
Unhallow'd vows to Guilt, the child of Woe,

Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour
there

A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widow'd Indian, when her lord expires,
Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral
fires!

So falls the heart at Thralldom's bitter sigh!
So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!—
Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
How long your tribes have trembled and obey'd!
How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,²
Whose marshall'd hosts, the lions of the plain,
From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
Raged o'er your plunder'd shrines and altars
bare,

With blazing torch and gory scimitar,—
Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gale,
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pang the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perish'd for his name;
The martyr smiled beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to
gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main;
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;³
Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons cross'd the Indian wave?
Ah, no! to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

¹ The negroes in the West Indies are summoned to their morning work by a shell or horn.

² To elucidate this passage I shall subjoin a quotation from the preface to *Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, a work of elegance and celebrity. "The impostor of Mecca had established, as one of the principles of his doctrine, the merit of extending it, either by persuasion or the sword, to all parts of the earth. How steadily this injunction was adhered to by his followers, and with what success it was pursued, is well known to all who are in the least conversant in history. The same overwhelming torrent which had inundated the greater part of Africa burst its way into the very heart of Europe, and covering many kingdoms of Asia with unbounded desolation, directed its baneful course to the flourishing provinces of Hindostan. Here these fierce and hardy adventurers, whose only improvement had been in the science of destruction, who added the fury of fanaticism to the

ravages of war, found the great end of their conquest opposed by objects which neither the ardour of their persevering zeal, nor savage barbarity, could surmount. Multitudes were sacrificed by the cruel hand of religious persecution, and whole countries were deluged in blood, in the vain hope that by the destruction of a part the remainder might be persuaded or terrified into the profession of Mahomedism. But all these sanguinary efforts were ineffectual; and at length, being fully convinced that, though they might extirpate, they could never hope to convert any number of the Hindoos, they relinquished the impracticable idea with which they had entered upon their career of conquest, and contented themselves with the acquirement of the civil dominion and almost universal empire of Hindostan" (*Letters from a Hindoo Rajah*, by Eliza Hamilton).

³ See the description of the Cape of Good Hope, translated from CamSens, by Mickles.

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming
store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore:¹
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bow'd to earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning
hurl'd

His awful presence o'er the alarmed world;²
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!
He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on
high;

¹ The following account of British conduct, and its consequences, in Bengal, will afford a sufficient idea of the fact alluded to in this passage. After describing the monopoly of salt, betel-nut, and tobacco, the historian proceeds thus:—"Money in this current came but by drops; it could not quench the thirst of those who waited in India to receive it. An expedient, such as it was, remained to quicken its pace. The natives could live with little salt, but could not want food. Some of the agents saw themselves well situated for collecting the rice into stores; they did so. They knew the Gentoos would rather die than violate the principles of their religion by eating flesh. The alternative would therefore be between giving what they had, or dying. The inhabitants sunk—they that cultivated the land, and saw the harvest at the disposal of others, planted in doubt—scarcity ensued. Then the monopoly was easier managed—sickness ensued. In some districts the languid living left the bodies of their numerous dead unburied" (*Short History of the English Transactions in the East Indies*, p. 145).

² Among the sublime fictions of the Hindoo mythology, it is one article of belief, that the deity Brama has descended nine times upon the world in various forms, and that he is yet to appear a tenth time, in the figure of a warrior upon a white horse, to cut off all incorrigible offenders. *Avatar* is the word used to express his descent.

Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds and gallops on the storm!
Wide waves his flick'ring sword; his bright arms
glow

Like summer suns, and light the world below!
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With hearts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattee wave her hallow'd wand!
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,³
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—
Come, Heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!
Love!—Mercy!—Wisdom!—rule for evermore!"

PART II.

ANALYSIS.—Apostrophe to the power of Love—its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility—allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings—the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment—this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents—even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—allusion to the fate of a suicide—episode of Conrad and Ellenore—conclusion.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Ask'd from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not own'd, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?

³ Camdeo is the god of love in the mythology of the Hindoos. Ganesa and Seriswattee correspond to the pagan deities Janus and Minerva.

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never fail'd,
In self-adorning pride securely mail'd:—
But triumph not, ye peace-enamour'd few!
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charm'd the silent air;
In vain the wild bird caroll'd on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aërial notes in mingling measure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may
bring
Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;
Barr'd from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot or pitiless command;
Or doom'd to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review
Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cold young Genius brightening into day?—
Shame to the coward thought that e'er betray'd
The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!¹—
If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy
shrine,
Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
But, should a sigh of milder mood express
Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,

Should heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
No fears but such as fancy can assuage;
Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may
miss

The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace;)
Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece,
Each look that charm'd him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And as he sojourn'd on the Ægean isles,
Woo'd all their love, and treasured all their smiles;
Then glow'd the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when com-
bined!

Love on the picture smiled! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamour'd Fancy! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds
asleep,

When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound,
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly
burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile
To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

¹ "Sacred to Venus is the myrtle shade" (*Dryden*).

Let Winter come—let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the wither'd heath de-
form,

And the dim sun scarce wanders through the
storm,

Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chain'd waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the faggots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature mark'd his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began!
Since first he call'd her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncertain'd window hail
Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile—
Thy woes, Arion!¹ and thy simple tale,
O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verse too sadly true,
How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to
save,
And toil'd—and shriek'd—and perish'd on the
wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
There, on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
The dying father bless'd his darling child!
Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes
The robber Moor,² and pleads for all his crimes!
How poor Amelia kiss'd, with many a tear,
His hand, blood-stain'd, but ever, ever dear!
Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord,
And wept and pray'd perdition from his sword!
Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
The strings of Nature crack'd with agony!
He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurl'd
And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the
wheel—

Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;
Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
From clime to clime descend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate
What millions died—that Cæsar might be great!³
Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles to Dnieper's swampy
shore;⁴

Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
The Swedish soldier sunk—and groan'd his last!
File after file the stormy showers benumb,
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum;
Horseman and horse confess'd the bitter pang,
And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
The dying man to Sweden turn'd his eye,
Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!
Imperial Pride look'd sullen on his plight,
And Charles beheld—nor shudder'd at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie;
And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!
In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
That gems the starry girdle of the year;
In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
Whose names and natures, unreveal'd below,
We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;
For, as Iona's saint,⁵ a giant form,
Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm,
(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)
Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;
So, when thy pure and renovated mind

³ The carnage occasioned by the wars of Julius Cæsar has been usually estimated at 2,000,000 men.

⁴ "In this extremity" (says the biographer of Charles XII. of Sweden, speaking of his military exploits before the battle of Pultowa) "the memorable winter of 1709, which was still more remarkable in that part of Europe than in France, destroyed numbers of his troops; for Charles resolved to brave the seasons as he had done his enemies, and ventured to make long marches during this mortal cold. It was in one of these marches that 2000 men fell down dead with cold before his eyes."

⁵ The natives of the island of Iona have an opinion that on certain evenings every year the tutelary saint Columba is seen on the top of the church spires counting the surrounding islands, to see that they have not been sunk by the power of witchcraft.

¹ Falconer, in his poem "The Shipwreck" (canto iii.), speaks of himself by the name of Arion.

² See Schiller's tragedy of "The Robbers," scene v.

This perishable dust hath left behind,
Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
Like distant isles embosom'd in the main;
Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
And light and life in mingling torrent ran;
From whence each bright rotundity was hurl'd,
The throne of God,—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
That suasive HOPE hath but a Syren tongue!
True; she may sport with life's untutor'd day,
Nor heed the solace of its last decay,
The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return!¹

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The grief and passions of her greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hail'd the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she loves them
still.

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourn'd his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and fill'd his heart with joy!
My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried,
Oh! that, for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh, deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless
spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and
loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While Nature hears, to terror-mingled trust,

The shot that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
Doom'd on his airy path awhile to burn,
And doom'd, like thee, to travel and return.—
Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
On bickering wheels, and adamantine car;
From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;
And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy dread
expanse,
One hopeless, dark idolater of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;

¹ See the history of Ajut and Anningait in the *Ram-
bler*.

And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science search'd on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!
Launch'd with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?
Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheel'd in triumph through the signs of
Heaven.

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wander'd there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit?
Ah me! the laurel'd wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and water'd by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the nightshade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doom'd o'er the world's precarious scene to
sweep

Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements that form'd in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue, pillow'd on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder roll'd,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquer'd field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is reveal'd!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the
clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child!
Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild!

For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast,
And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear
The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier!
When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow
drown'd,
Thy midnight rites, but not on hallow'd ground!

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of HOPE behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between,
Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
And charm—when pleasures lose the power to
please!

Yes; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee:
Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
Chase every care, and charm a little while,
Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
And all her strings are harmonized to joy!—
But why so short is Love's delighted hour?
Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower?
Why can no hymned charm of music heal
The sleepless woes impassion'd spirits feel?
Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
To hide the sad realities of fate?—

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone!
When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls;
When, 'reft of all, yon widow'd sire appears
A lonely hermit in the vale of years;
Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe?
No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,—
Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you!
Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell!
Doom'd the long isles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice return'd, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmur'd low
The plaint that own'd unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathom'd gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young
Ellenore,
My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!

Short shall this half-extinguish'd spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have pass'd away!
Cold in the dust this perish'd heart may lie,
But that which warm'd it once shall never die!
That spark, unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveil'd by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doom'd to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch where none attend,
This last embrace, still cherish'd in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorn'd by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah, no! methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O'er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on Innocence for Mercy's sake!"

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship bless'd when life was new?

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of
Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decay'd;
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world
below;
Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

DEATH OF GERTRUDE.

(EXTRACT.)¹

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the
tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embasure embossed and armour crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant
scene.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild
alarm.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners
flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous
deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father
bleeds.

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops? O God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown;
"Weep not, O love!" she cries, "to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is
death indeed!

"Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;

¹ The greatest effort of Campbell's genius, however, was his "Gertrude of Wyoming," nor is it ever likely to be excelled in its own peculiar style of excellence. It is superior to the "Pleasures of Hope" in the only one thing in which that poem could be surpassed—purity of diction; while in pathos and in imaginative power it is no whit inferior.—*Dr. D. M. Moir.*

And when this heart hath ceased to beat, O think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh, by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in
dust!

"Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past.

"Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge. But shall there then be none,
In future times—no gentle little one
To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!"

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their
bland

And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words; but knew not
what they were.

For now to mourn their judge and child arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearful eye amidst the crowd:—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved
shroud,
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that
came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

"And I could weep," the Oneida chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For, by my wrongs, and by wrath,
To-morrow Arcouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!"

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was
given

By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

"To-morrow let us do or die.
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropped its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair.

"But hark, the trumpet! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst;—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

HALLOWED GROUND.

What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and
missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed:—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound;
The spot where love's first links were wound;
That ne'er are riven,
Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool
Until the heart itself be cold
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dew that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom,
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword a voice has served mankind—
And is he dead whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome war to brace
Herdrums, and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colours planted face to face,
The charging cheer,

Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! But Heaven rebukes my zeal.
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To peace and love.

Peace! love! the cherubim that join
Their spread wings o'er devotion's shrine!
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not;
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belle the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given,
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is heaven!

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where, tracing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above!
Ye must be heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time:
That man's regenerate soul from crime
Shall yet be drawn,
And reason, on his mortal clime,
Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives
birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace, Independence, Truth, go forth,
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready,
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

"And by my word, the bonny bird,
In danger shall not tarry;
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace;
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, O! too strong for human hand,
The tempests gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore;
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and
shade,
His child he did discover;

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing.
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle
array!

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and
crown;

Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down.
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the
plain.

But, hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of
war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led—
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling scer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be
torn!

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the
north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the
blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of
heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling!—all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it
stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing
brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their
breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the
rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive
king.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my
sight:

Rise, rise, ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the
moors:

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and
torn?

Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling. O! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to
beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewn in
their gore,

Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!

And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of
fame.

THE LAST MAN.¹

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,—
The sun himself must die,—
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,—
The earth with age was wan,—
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands,—
In plague and famine some;
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting, with the dead,
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by:—
Saying,—we're twins in death, proud sun!
Thy face is cold,—thy race is run—
'Tis mercy bids thee go;
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though, beneath thee, man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill,—
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth
The vassals of his will?
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day!
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that, beneath thee, sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go!—let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again!
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain, anew, to writhe,—
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe!

Even I am weary, in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire!
My lips, that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast:
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark.
No! it shall live again,—and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine.—
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!

Go, sun! while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go!—tell the night, that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.—

¹ Campbell's fame, says the *London Spectator* of Oct. 1875, "is likely, we think, to be permanent, for no alteration of popular taste, no fashions in poetry, as evanescent sometimes and as absurd as fashions in dress, can affect the reputation of such poems as 'The Soldier's Dream,' 'The Battle of the Baltic,' 'Hohenlinden,' or 'The Last Man.' These are Campbell's noblest works, in which whatever lyrical inspiration was in him finds fullest expression."—ED.

Like Leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
“Hearts of oak!” our captains cried, when
each gun
From its adamant line
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back:—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
“Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.”—

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;—
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose;
As death withdrew his shades from the day,
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.—

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,—
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condole,—
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of heav'n,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling, dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

GLENARA.

O heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and
wail?

'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud;

Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They marched all in silence—they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;—

"Now here let us place the gray stone of her cairn:

Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"

So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;

"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,

'Twas the youth who had loved the fair Helen of Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Helen did seem;
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream."

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Helen of Lorn!

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight re-
pairing,

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger,

"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the
sweet hours;

Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;

But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
more!

Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase
me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?

Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all?

Ah, my sad heart, long abandon'd by pleasure!
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?—

Tears like the rain-drops may fall without mea-
sure,

But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:

Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh!

Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with
devotion,

Erin, mavournin—Erin-go-bragh!"

CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF THE CLYDE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837.

The time I saw thee, Cora, last,

'Twas with congenial friends;
And calmer hours of pleasure past,
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an autumn day

As ever shone on Clyde,
And Lanark's orchards all the way
Put forth their golden pride;

Ev'n hedges, busk'd in bravery,
Look'd rich that sunny morn;

The scarlet hip and blackberry
So prank'd September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep!
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or things asleep,
All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke, as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet round,
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright—
Broad rolling by the sun.

Dear Linn! let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine;
And king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagara shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his coasts
With reeking thunders far
Extended like th' array of hosts
In broad, embattled war!

His voice appals the wilderness:
Approaching thine, we feel
A solemn, deep melodiousness,
That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant
Thy dream-inspiring din;
Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt,
Romantic Cora Linn.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosomed the
bower

Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree:
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been:
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew

From each wandering sunbeam a lonely embrace,
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the
place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart!
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and
bright,

In the days of delusion by fancy combined
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of
disdain,

May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea, even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:
To bear is to conquer our fate.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

Soul of the Poet! wheresoe'er
Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality:
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illumine
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife, at Burns's name,
Exorcised by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And love's own strain to him was given,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,—
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smiled upon their mutual love?
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-souled peasantry

What patriot-pride he taught!—how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him in his clay-built cot, the Muse
Entranced, and show'd him all the forms
Of fairy light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted poet views,)
The genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom Burns's song inspires!
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tann'd
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms
In Burns' carol sweet recalls
The scenes that bless'd him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings:
Let high philosophy control,
And sages calm, the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb
And greet with fame thy gallant shade!

Such was the soldier—Burns, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine—oh! could he live,
The friend I mourn'd—the brave, the good,
Edward that died at Waterloo!¹

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong;
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust:
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

LINES ON REVISITING CATHCART.

Oh! scenes of my childhood, and dear to my
heart,
Ye green waving woods on the margin of Cart,
How blest in the morning of life I have stray'd
By the stream of the vale and the grass-cover'd
glade.

Then, then every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimm'd by a tear,
And a sweeter delight every scene seem'd to lend,
That the mansion of peace was the home of a
friend.

Now the scenes of my childhood, and dear to my
heart,
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart;
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to
cease,
For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hush'd be the sigh that untimely complains,
While friendship and all its enchantment remains,
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless
clime,
Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground over-
power'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And twice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

at the head of his squadron, in the attack of the Polish
Lancers.

¹ Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, who fell

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me
back.—

I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was
young;

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-
reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never
to part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of
heart.

"Stay, stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and
worn!"—

(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst, far off, lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirred
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven,
By absence, from the heart.

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.¹

They lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn;

But her brow and her bosom were damp with
affright,

Her eye was all sleepless and dim,—
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,
To tell of her warrior's doom.

"Now sing ye the song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear;
And call me a widow this wretched day,
Since the warning of God is here.
For a nightmare rides on my strangled sleep;
The lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;
His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie."

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung.
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed,
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

O! it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to the knight forlorn,
And the hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like
deer
At the sound of the huntsman's horn.
When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought
field,
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native
land;
For his lance was not shiver'd, or helmet, or shield,
And the sword that seem'd fit for archangel to
wield,
Was light in his terrible hand.

But, bleeding and bound, though the Wallace
wight
For his much-lov'd country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than Wallace of Elderslie.
But the day of his glory shall never depart,
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be
balm'd,
From his blood-streaming altar his spirit shall
start,
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd.

¹ Campbell declined to have these lines included in his collected works, because he had been accused of

borrowing from Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore." They should be published in all future editions of his poems.—ED.

THOMAS BROWN.

BORN 1778—DIED 1820.

THOMAS BROWN, one of the most eminent of modern metaphysicians, was the youngest son of Samuel Brown, minister of Kirkmabreck, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and was born in the manse of that parish, January 9, 1778. Having lost his father when very young, he was placed by a maternal uncle at various academies in England; and in his fourteenth year he entered the University of Edinburgh, attending, among other courses of lectures, those of Professor Dugald Stewart. The young student made rapid progress in his studies, and soon gained the friendship of his celebrated preceptor. In the year 1797 Brown became a member of the "Academy of Physics," a philosophical association established by a few young men of talent, some of whom were afterwards the originators of the *Edinburgh Review*. As a member of this society he formed the acquaintance of Brougham, Jeffrey, Leyden, Sydney Smith, and others subsequently greatly distinguished in the walks of literature.

At the age of twenty-five he received his diploma as a physician, and formed a partnership with Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh. But the medical profession proved no more congenial than that of the law, which he had previously abandoned after one year's study. His favourite pursuits were poetry and philosophy—a somewhat rare combination. In 1804 Dr. Brown published a volume of poems, mostly written during his college days; and he was among the earliest contributors to the *Edin-*

burgh Review, established in 1802—the leading article in the second number on "Kant's Philosophy" being from his pen. An essay on Hume's *Theory of Causation* established his growing reputation, and soon after, when Professor Stewart's declining health obliged him to be occasionally absent from his chair, Brown was appointed his substitute. In this new sphere he met with gratifying success, and after two years was appointed joint-professor with his former teacher.

In 1814 appeared the *Paradise of Coquettes*, his largest poetical work. A reviewer of note declared it to be "by far the best and most brilliant imitation of Pope that has appeared since the time of that great writer; with all his point, polish, and nicely balanced versification, as well as his sarcasm and witty malice." In 1816 he published another poem, entitled the "Wanderer in Norway," followed soon after by "Agnes," and "Emily," two separate volumes of poems, all of which met with considerable favour and success. Professor Brown died at Brompton, London, April 2, 1820, and his remains were removed to the churchyard of his native parish. After his decease his *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind* were published in four 8vo volumes, and have deservedly obtained a high reputation.

Miss Margaret Brown, sister of the philosopher, a lady of gentle Christian character, was the author of a number of very respectable poems, which were collected and published at Edinburgh in 1819, in a small 12mo volume.

THE FAITHLESS MOURNER.

When thy smile was still clouded in gloom,
When the tear was still dim in thine eye,
I thought of the virtues, scarce cold in the tomb,
And I spoke not of love to thy sigh!

I spoke not of love; yet the breast,
Which mark'd thy long anguish deplore

The sire, whom in sickness, in age, thou hadst
bless'd,
Though silent, was loving thee more.

How soon wert thou pledged to my arms,
Thou hadst vow'd, but I urged not the
day;

And thine eye grateful turn'd—oh, so sweet were
its charms,
That it more than atoned the delay.

I fear'd not, too slow of belief—
I fear'd not, too proud of thy heart,
That another would steal on the hour of thy
grief,
That thy grief would be soft to his art.

Thou heardest—and how easy allured
Every vow of the past to forswear;
The love, which for thee would all pangs have
endured,
Thou couldst smile as thou gav'st to despair.

Ah, think not my passion has flown!
Why say that my vows now are free?
Why say—yes! I feel that my heart is my own,
I feel it is breaking for thee.

THE NON-DESCRIPT.¹

Thou nameless loveliness, whose mind,
With every grace to soothe, to warm,
Has lavish Nature bless'd, and shrined
The sweetness in as soft a form!

Say on what wonder-beaming soil
Her sportive malice wrought thy form—
That haughty science long might toil,
Nor learn to fix thy doubtful name!

For this she cull'd, with eager care,
The scatter'd glories of her plan,—
All that adorns the softer fair,
All that exalts the prouder man.

And gay she triumph'd—now no more
Her works shall daring systems bound;
As though her skill inventive o'er,
She only traced the forms she found.

In vain to seek a kindred race,
Tired through her mazy realms I stray;
Where shall I rank thy radiant place?
Thou dear perplexing creature, say!

Thy smile so soft, thy heart so kind,
Thy voice for pity's tones so fit—
All speak thee Woman; but thy mind
Lifts thee where bards and sages sit.

CONSOLATION OF ALTERED FORTUNES.

Yes! the shades we must leave which my child-
hood has haunted;
Each charm by endearing remembrance im-
proved;
These walks of our love, the sweet bower thou
hast planted,—
We must leave them to eyes that will view
them unmoved.

Oh, weep not, my Fanny! though changed be
our dwelling,
We bear with us all, in the home of our mind;
In virtues will glow that heart, fondly swelling,
Affection's best treasure we leave not behind.

I shall labour, but still by thy image attended,—
Can toil be severe which a smile can repay?
How glad shall we meet! every care will be ended,
And our evening of bliss will be more than a
day.

Content's cheerful beam will our cottage en-
lighten;
New charms the new cares of thy love will
inspire;
Thy smiles, 'mid the smiles of our offspring, will
lighten;
I shall see it—and oh, can I feel a desire?

THE LUTE.

Ah! do not bid me wake the lute,
It once was dear to Henry's ear.
Now be its voice for ever mute,
The voice which Henry ne'er can hear.

Though many a month has pass'd since spring,
His grave's wan turf has bloom'd anew;
One whisper of those chords will bring,
In all its grief, our last adieu.

The songs he loved—'twere sure profane
To careless Pleasure's laughing brow
To breathe; and oh! what other strain
To Henry's lute could love allow?

Though not a sound thy soul hath caught,
To mine it looks, thus softly dead,
A sweeter tenderness of thought
Than all its living strings have shed.

Then ask me not—the charm was broke;
With each loved vision must I part;
If gay to every ear it spoke,
'Twould speak no longer to my heart.

¹ These verses were addressed by their author to Mrs. Dugald Stewart, and were by him entitled "The Non-Descript—To a very Charming Monster."—Ed.

Yet once too blest!—the moonlit grot,
Where last I gave its tones to swell;
Ah! the *last* tones—thou heardest them not—
From other hands than mine they fell.

Still, silent slumbering, let it keep
That sacred touch! And oh! as dim
To life, would, would that I could sleep—
Could sleep, and only dream of *him!*

JOSEPH TRAIN.

BORN 1779 — DIED 1852.

JOSEPH TRAIN was born in the parish of Sorn, Ayrshire, November 6, 1779. When he was eight years of age his parents removed to Ayr, where, after being a short time at school, he was apprenticed to a trade, at which he continued for some years, zealously devoting his leisure time to mental improvement. In 1799 he entered the Ayrshire militia, and remained with his regiment for three years, till it was disbanded. On one occasion, when stationed at Inverness, he ordered a copy of Currie's edition of *Burns*, then sold for a guinea and a half. This circumstance becoming known to Sir David Hunter Blair, colonel of the regiment, he not only presented the book to Train, but interested himself in his behalf, and on the disbanding of the regiment obtained for him an agency for an extensive manufacturing firm in Glasgow. In 1808, through Sir David's influence, he obtained an appointment in the excise, which he held for nearly thirty years, when his name was placed on the retired list.

Train's first work was a small volume entitled *Poetical Reveries*, published in 1806, followed in 1814 by *Strains of the Mountain Muse*, which brought him under the notice of Sir Walter Scott, and during a long series of years Scott was indebted to him for many curious legendary tales, historical facts, and antiquarian *ana*, the fruits of which are found in the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," *Guy Rimer*, *Old Mortality*, and many other of the *Waverley Novels*. In 1820, through the kindly offices of Sir Walter, he was promoted to the position of supervisor, and was stationed successively at Cupar-Fife, Kirkintilloch, Queensferry, Falkirk, and lastly, Castle-Douglas, from all of which districts he obtained curious data

for his distinguished friend, as well as various objects of antiquity for the armoury at Abbotsford. Train was a frequent contributor of both prose and verse to such periodicals as *Chambers's Journal*, the *Dumfries Magazine*, &c. Having obtained from Scott a copy of Waldron's *Description of the Isle of Man*, a very scarce and curious work, he formed the design of writing a history of that island, which appeared in 1845, in two large octavo volumes. In the course of his researches for materials he obtained possession of several ancient records relative to the annals of the island, and transmitted to Sir Walter some interesting particulars to be found in *Peveril of the Peak*. Train's last work was *The Buchanites from First to Last* (Edinburgh, 1846), being the history of a religious sect once well known in Scotland. He died at Lochvale, Castle-Douglas, December 7, 1852, aged seventy-three years. In 1803 he married Miss Mary Wilson, by whom he had five children; and after his death a pension of £50 was conferred upon his widow and daughter by the government "in consequence of his personal services to literature and the valuable aid derived by the late Sir Walter Scott from his antiquarian and literary researches prosecuted under Sir Walter's direction."

A writer in 1873 remarks: "Train was no mere dry-as-dust antiquarian. He was a man of taste and of some poetical ability. Already he had published two successive volumes of poetry before his acquaintance with Scott began. His second volume met with a very favourable reception. But no sooner did he discover how he could be useful to the greater poet than he abandoned all ambitious aims for himself, and turned his efforts to promote the literary projects of his

friend, and that without pay, and apparently without expectation that his name would ever be heard in connection with his work. I doubt

whether history can adduce another such instance of a literary man so consecrating himself to be absorbed into the splendour of another."

BLOOMING JESSIE.

On this unfrequented plain,
What can gar thee sigh alane,

Bonnie blue-eyed lassie?
Is thy mammy dead and gane,
Or thy loving Jamie slain?
Wed anither, mak nae main,
Bonnie blooming Jessie.

Though I sob and sigh alane,
I was never wed to ane,
Quo' the blue-eyed lassie.
But if loving Jamie's slain,
Farewell pleasure, welcome pain;
A' the joy wi' him is gane;
O' poor hapless Jessie.

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,
Was he ever true to thee,
Bonnie blooming Jessie?
Was he ever frank and free?
Swore he constant aye to be?
Did he on the roseate lea
Ca' thee blooming Jessie?

Ere he cross'd the raging sea,
Aft he on the dewy lea
Ca'd me blue-eyed lassie.
Weel I mind his words to me,
Were, if he abroad should die,
His last throb and sigh should be—
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

Far frae hame, and far frae thee,
I saw loving Jamie die,
Bonnie, blue-eyed lassie.
Fast a cannon ball did flee,
Laid him stretch'd upo' the lea;
Soon in death he closed his e'e,
Crying, "Blooming Jessie!"

Swelling with a smother'd sigh,
Rose the snowy bosom high
Of the blue-eyed lassie.
Fleeter than the streamers fly,
When they flit athwart the sky,
Went and came the rosy dye
On the cheeks of Jessie.

Langer wi' sic grief oppress'd
Jamie couldna sae distress'd
See the blue-eyed lassie.

Fast he clasp'd her to his breast,
Told her a' his dangers past,
Vow'd that he would wed at last,
Bonnie, blooming Jessie.

WI' DRUMS AND PIPES.

Wi' drums and pipes the clachan rang,
I left my goats to wander wide;
And e'en as fast as I could bang,
I bickered down the mountain side.
My hazel rung and haslock plaid
Awa' I flang wi' cauld disdain,
Resolved I would nae langer bide
To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise
Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,
I trow the laddies ye may prize
Wha fight your battles far awa'.
Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa',
Courageously I crossed the main,
To see, for Caledonia,
The auld thing weel done o'er again.

Right far a-fiel' I freely fought
'Gainst mony an outlandish loon;
An' wi' my good claymore I've brought
Mony a beardy birkie down:
While I had pith to wield it roun',
In battle I ne'er met wi' ane
Could danton me, for Britain's crown,
To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I'm marching life's last stage,
Wi' sorrow crowded roun' my brow;
And though the knapsack o' auld age
Hangs heavy on my shoulders now—
Yet recollection, ever new,
Discharges a' my toil and pain,
When fancy figures in my view
The pleasant auld thing o'er again.

GARRYHORN.

Gin ye wad gang, lassie, to Garryhorn,
Ye might be happy, I ween;
Albeit the cuckoo was never heard there,
And a swallow there never was seen.

While cushats coo round the mill of Glenlee,
And little birds sing on the thorn,
Ye might hear the bonnie heather bleat o'ak
In the wilds of Garryhorn.

'Tis bonnie to see at the Garryhorn
Kids skipping the highest rock,
And, wrapt in his plaid at midsummer day,
The moorman tending his flock.

The reaper seldom his sickle whets there,
To gather in standing corn;
But many a sheep is to sheer and smear
In the bughts of Garryhorn.

There are hams on the bauks at Garryhorn
Of braxy, and eke a store
Of cakes in the kist, and peats in the neuk,
To put aye the winter o'er.

There is aye a clog for the fire at Yule,
With a browst for New-Year's morn;
And gin ye gang up ye may sit like a queen
In the chamber at Garryhorn.

And when ye are lady of Garryhorn,
Ye shall ride to the kirk with me;
Although my mither should skelp through the
mire,
With her coats kilted up to the knee.

I woo not for siller, my bonnie May,
Sae dinna my offer scorn;
"No! but ye maun speer at my minny," quo' she,
"Ere I gang to Garryhorn."

MY DOGGIE.

The neighbours a' they wonder how
I am sae ta'en wi' Maggie;
But ah! they little ken, I trow,
How kind she's to my doggie.
Yestreen, as we linked o'er the lea,
To meet her in the gloamin',
She fondly on my Bawtie cried,
Whene'er she saw us comin'.

But was the tyke not e'en as kind,
Though fast she beek'd to pat him?
He loup'd up and slaked her cheek,
Afore she could win at him.
But save us, sirs, when I gaed in
To lean me on the settle,

Atween my Bawtie and the cat
There rose an awfu' battle.

An' though that Maggie saw him lay
His lugs in bawthron's coggie,
She wi' the besom louned poor chit,
And syne she clapp'd my doggie.
Sae weel do I this kindness feel,
Though Mag she isna bonnie;
An' though she's feckly twice my age,
I lo'e her best of ony.

May not this simple ditty show
How oft affection catches,
And from what silly sources, too,
Proceed unseemly matches;
An' eke the lover he may see,
Albeit his joe seem saucy,
If she is kind unto his dog,
He'll win at length the lassie.

OLD SCOTIA.

I've loved thee, old Scotia, and love thee I will,
Till the heart that now beats in my bosom is still.
My forefathers loved thee, for often they drew
Their dirks in defence of thy banners of blue;
Though murky thy glens, where the wolf prowld'
of yore,
And craggy thy mountains, where cataracts war,
The race of old Albyn, when danger was nigh,
For thee stood resolved still to conquer or die.

I love yet to roam where the beacon-light rose,
Where echoed thy slogan, or gather'd thy foes,
Whilst forth rush'd thy heroic sons to the fight,
Opposing the stranger who came in his might.
I love through thy time-fretted castles to stray,
The mould'ring halls of thy chiefs to survey;
To grope through the keep, and the turret
explore,
Where waved the blue flag when the battle was
o'er.

I love yet to roam o'er each field of thy fame,
Where valour has gain'd thee a glorious name;
I love, where the cairn or the cromlech is made,
To ponder, for low there the mighty are laid.
Were these fall'n heroes to rise from their graves,
They might deem us dastards, they might deem
us slaves;
But let a foe face thee, raise fire on each hill,
Thy sons, my dear Scotia, will fight for thee still!

WALTER WATSON.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1854.

WALTER WATSON, the author of several admirable songs and poems abounding in pawky Scottish humour, was born in the village of Chryston, Lanarkshire, March 29, 1780. His father being in very humble circumstances could give his son but a scanty education. When eight years old he was sent to herd cows in summer, picking up a little more instruction during the winter months. After trying weaving and other occupations for a time he at length, in 1799, enlisted in the famous cavalry regiment the Scots Greys, where he remained for three years, and was discharged on the reduction of the army after the peace of Amiens. It was about this period that he became known as a poet by the songs "Jockie's Far Awa," "Sae Will we yet," and others, which have acquired great popularity. After leaving the army Watson resumed his former trade of weaving, married, and settled in his native village. Encouraged by the success of his fugitive pieces, he published in 1808 a small volume of songs and ballads, which gained him something more than a local reputation. In 1823 a second volume appeared, and in 1843 a third collection of miscellaneous poems from his pen was pub-

lished. Ten years later a selection of his best pieces, with a memoir by Hugh Macdonald, was published in Glasgow. In 1820 Watson left Chryston for Kilsyth, and after many migrations during the next thirty years he finally settled at Duntiblae, near Kirkintilloch, where he died September 13, 1854. His remains were interred in the churchyard of his native parish, and a handsome granite monument was erected to his memory in 1875.

A notice of the poet written at the time of his death says: "Independent of his merit as one of the best of our minor Scottish poets, he was a good and worthy man, beloved by all who knew him;" and the kindly hand of a brother poet thus sketches him in old age: "In the course of nature he is now drawing near the close of his career, and amidst age and the infirmities incident to a more than ordinarily extended span is now earning his living on the loom in the village of Duntiblae. Yet is the old man ever cheerful. He has many friends among his lowly compeers, and the respect in which he is held by them has been manifested in many ways, which must have been alike gratifying to his feelings and ameliorative of his necessities."

MAGGIE AN' ME.

The sweets o' the simmer invite us to wander
Among the wild flowers, as they deck the
green lea;

An' by the clear burnies that sweetly meander,
To charm us, as hameward they rin to the sea.
The nestlin's are fain the saft wing to be tryin',
As fondly the dam the adventure is eyein',
An' teachin' her notes, while wi' food she's sup-
plyin'

Her tender young offspring, like Maggie an'
me.

The corn in full ear, is now promisin' plenty,
The red clusterin' row'ns bend the witch-
scarrin' tree,

**

While lapt in its leaves lies the strawberry dainty,
As shy to receive the embrace o' the bee.

Then hope, come along, an' our steps will be
pleasant;

The future, by thee, is made almost the present;
Thou frien' o' the prince, an' thou frien' o' the
peasant,

Thou lang hast befriended my Maggie an' me.

Ere life was in bloom we had love in our glances,
An' aft I had mine o' her bonnie blue e'e;

We needit nae art to engage our young fancies,
'Twas done ere we kent, an' we own it wi' glee.
Now pleased, an' aye wishin' to please ane
anither,

We've pass'd twenty years since we buckled
 thegither,
 An' ten bonnie bairns, lispin' faither an' mither,
 Hae toddled fu' fain atween Maggie an' me.

THE BRAES O' BEDLAY.¹

When I think on the sweet smiles o' my lassie,
 My cares flee awa' like a thief frae the day;
 My heart louns licht, an' I join in a sang
 Amang the sweet birds on the braes o' Bedlay.
 How sweet the embrace, yet how honest the
 wishes,
 When luve fa's a-wooing, and modesty blushes,
 Whaur Mary an' I meet amang the green bushes
 That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay.

There's nane sae trig or sae fair as my lassie,
 An' mony a wooer she answers wi' "Nay,"
 Wha fain wad hae her to lea' me alane,
 An' meet me nae mair on the braes o' Bedlay.
 I fearn, I carena, their braggin' o' siller,
 Nor a' the fine things they can think on to tell
 her;

¹ The Braes of Bedlay are situated near Chryston, about seven miles to the north of Glasgow. Hugh Macdonald, a friend of the poet, relates the following amusing incident connected with the origin of this song:—"A rumour having reached Watson that the laird of Bedlay House had expressed a favourable opinion of some of his verses, nothing would serve him, in the vanity of his heart, but that he should write something new, and present it to the great man in person. Casting about for a subject, he at length came to the conclusion that were he to compose a song the scene of which was laid on the gentleman's own estate, he would be quite certain of a favourable reception. The 'Braes o' Bedlay' was accordingly written, and 'snodding' himself up with his Sunday braws, the young poet took the road one evening to the big house. On coming to the door he tirmed bravely at the knocker, and was at once ushered into the presence of the laird. In the eyes of the young weaver he looked exceedingly grand, and he almost began to repent his temerity in having ventured into such company. 'Well, who are you, and what do you want?' said the laird (who was evidently in one of his bad moods), with a voice of thunder. 'My name's Walter Watson,' faltered the poet, 'and I was wanting you to look at this bit paper.' 'What paper,' said the grandee, 'can you have to show me? But let me see it.' The manuscript was placed in his hands, and, stepping close to the candle, he proceeded to peruse it. 'It'll be a' richt noo,' thinks his bardship. The laird, reading to himself, had got through with the first verse, when he repeated aloud the last two lines—

"Whaur Mary and I meet amang the green bushes
 That screen us sae weel on the braes o' Bedlay."

Nae vauntin' can buy her, nae threatnin' can
 sell her—
 It's luve leads her out to the braes o' Bedlay.

We'll gang by the links o' the wild rowin'
 burnie,
 Whaur aft in my mornin' o' life I did stray;
 Whaur luve was invited and cares were beguiled
 By Mary an' me, on the braes o' Bedlay.
 Sae luvin', sae movin', I'll tell her my story,
 Unmixt wi' the deeds o' ambition for glory,
 Whaur wide-spreadin' hawthorns, sae ancient
 and hoary,
 Enrich the sweet breeze on the braes o' Bedlay.

SAE WILL WE YET.

Sit ye down here, my cronies, and gi'e us your
 crack,
 Let the win' tak' the care o' this life on its back;
 Our hearts to despondency we never will submit,
 For we've aye been provided for, and sae will we
 yet.
 And sae will we yet, &c.

'Who is Mary?' quoth he abruptly. 'Oh, I dinna ken,' said the poet; 'but Mary's a nice poetical name, and it suited my measure.' 'And you actually wrote this!' added the laird. 'Yes,' replied the poet, gaining confidence; 'you'll see I've put my name to the verses.' 'Well,' vociferated his lairdship, raising himself to his full altitude, 'are you not a most impudent fellow to come here and tell me that you have been breaking my fences and strolling over my grounds without leave? I'm just pestered with such interlopers as you on my property, and now that I have the acknowledgment of the offence under your own hand, I've really a very good mind to prosecute you for trespass! Get away with you to your loom! and if ever I catch either you or your Mary among my green bushes again, depend upon it I'll make you repent it.' Saying this, he flung the manuscript scornfully at the poet (who stood trembling, half in fear and half in indignation), and ringing the bell, ordered him at once to be ejected from the house. Alas! poor fellow, he went home that night with an aching heart and sadly crest-fallen. His song was given to the world, however, and immediately attained a considerable degree of popularity, a great portion of which, we are happy to say, it still retains. The laird has left the land which he so churlishly guarded, and his memory is fast falling into oblivion, while that of Walter Watson, who sung its beauties, will be entwined with the spot for ages. Truly there is a lairdship in genius which is more potent and lasting than that which is associated with rent-rolls and title-deeds! It is but fair to state, however, that the laird and the poet afterwards became good friends, and that the friendship was in many respects beneficial to the humble bard."—Ed.

Let the miser delight in the hoarding of pelf,
 Since he has not the saul to enjoy it himself:
 Since the bounty of Providence is new every day,
 As we journey through life let us live by the way.
 Let us live by the way, &c.

Then bring us a tankard o' nappy gude ale,
 For to comfort our hearts and enliven the tale;
 We'll aye be the merrier the langer we sit,
 For we've drank thegither mony a time, and sae
 will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Success to the farmer, and prosper his plough,
 Rewarding his eident toils a' the year through!
 Our seed-time and harvest we ever will get,
 For we've lippen'd aye to Providence, and sae
 will we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

Long live the king, and happy may he be,
 And success to his forces by land and by sea!
 His enemies to triumph we never will permit,
 Britons aye have been victorious, and sae will
 they yet.

And sae will they yet, &c.

Let the glass keep its course, and go merrily
 roun',
 For the sun has to rise, though the moon it goes
 down;

Till the house be rinnin' roun' about, it's time
 enough to flit;

When we fell we aye got up again, and sae will
 we yet.

And sae will we yet, &c.

MY JOCKIE'S FAR AWA'.

Now simmer decks the fields wi' flowers,
 The woods wi' leaves sae green,
 An' little birds around their bowers

In harmony convene;
 The cuckoo flees frae tree to tree,
 While saft the zephyrs blow;
 But what are a' thae joys to me,
 When Jockie's far awa'?

When Jockie's far awa' on sea,
 When Jockie's far awa';
 But what are a' thae joys to me,
 When Jockie's far awa'?

Last May mornin', how sweet to see
 The little lambkins play,
 Whilst my dear lad, alang wi' me,
 Did kindly walk this way!
 On yon green bank wild flowers he pou'd,
 To busk my bosom brow;
 Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd,
 But now he's far awa'.
 But now, &c.

O gentle peace, return again,
 Bring Jockie to my arms,
 Frae dangers on the raging main,
 An' cruel war's alarms;
 Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part
 While we hae breath to draw;
 Nor will I sing, wi' aching heart,
 My Jockie's far awa'.

My Jockie's far awa', &c.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1845.

WILLIAM LAIDLAW, the author of the beautiful song of "Lucy's Flittin'," and the trusted friend of Sir Walter Scott, was the son of James Laidlaw, a respectable sheep-farmer at Blackhouse, in the Yarrow district, Selkirkshire, where he was born November 19, 1780. He was the eldest of three sons, and received part of his education at the grammar-school of Peebles. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was for some years servant to his father, and the two young men formed here a lasting friendship. "He was," says the Shepherd, "the only person who for many years ever pretended

to discover the least merit in my essays, either in verse or prose." In 1801, when Sir Walter Scott visited Ettrick and Yarrow to collect materials for his *Border Minstrelsy*, he made the acquaintance of young Laidlaw, from whom he received much assistance. Laidlaw began life by leasing a farm at Traquair, and afterwards one at Liberton, near Edinburgh, but the business proving unsuccessful he gave up the lease in 1817, and accepted an invitation from Sir Walter Scott to act as his steward at Abbotsford. Here he continued for some years, being held in high esteem and confidence by

his employer, whom he in turn greatly loved and revered. Whilst at Abbotsford part of Laidlaw's time was occupied in writing under Sir Walter's direction for the *Edinburgh Annual Register*. After the unhappy reverse in the affairs of his benefactor Laidlaw left Abbotsford for a time, but returned in 1830, and continued there till Sir Walter's death in 1832. He afterwards acted as factor for Sir Charles Lockhart Ross of Balnagowan, Ross-shire; but his health failing, he gave up this position, and went to reside with his brother

James at Contin, near Dingwall, where he died May 18, 1845, aged sixty-five. Besides the far-famed song of "Lucy's Flittin'," which was first printed in 1810 in Hogg's *Forest Minstrel*, Laidlaw was the author of the sweet and simple songs "Her bonnie black E'e" and "Alake for the Lassie." He also wrote on Scottish superstitions for the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, contributed several articles to the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, and was the author of a geological description of his native country.

HER BONNIE BLACK E'E.

On the banks o' the burn while I pensively wander,
The mavis sings sweetly, unheeded by me;
I think on my lassie, her gentle mild nature,
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When heavy the rain fa's, and loud, loud, the
win' blaws,
An' simmer's gay cleedin' drives fast frae the
tree;

I heedna the win' nor the rain when I think on
The kind lovely smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

When swift as the hawk, in the stormy November,
The cauld norlan' win' ca's the drift owre the
lea',

Though bidin' its blast on the side o' the moun-
tain,
I think on the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When braw at a weddin' I see the fine lasses,
Though a' neat an' bonnie, they're naething to
me;

I sigh and sit dowie, regardless what passes,
When I mind the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When thin twinklin' sternies announce the gray
gloamin',

When a' round the ingle sae cheery to see;
Then music delightfu', saft on the heart stealin',
Minds me o' the smile o' her bonnie black e'e.

When jokin' an' laughin', the lave they are merry,
Though absent my heart, like the lave I maun
be;

Sometimes I laugh wi' them, but oft I turn dowie,
An' think on the smile o' my lassie's black e'e.

Her lovely fair form frae my mind's awa' never,
She's dearer than a' this hale world to me;
An' this is my wish, may I leave it if ever
She rowe on anither her love-beaming e'e.

LUCY'S FLITTIN'.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk tree was
fa'in',

And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae
dear:

For Lucy had served in "The Glen" a' the sim-
mer;

She cam' there afore the flower bloom'd on the
pea;

An orphan was she, and they had been gude till
her,

Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her
e'e.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stan'in';
Right sair was his kind heart the flittin' to see.

Fare-ye-weel, Lucy! quo' Jamie, and ran in,
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his e'e.

As doun the burnside she gaed slaw wi' the flittin',
Fare-ye-weel, Lucy! was ilka bird's sang.

She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree
sittin',

And robin was chirpin't the brown leaves
amang.

Oh! what is't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my
e'e?

If I wasna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my e'e.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the
ribbon,

The bonnie blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his e'e.

Though now he said naething but Fare-ye-weel,
Lucy!

It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see;
He cudna say mair but just Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's
droukit;

The hare likes the brake, and the braird on the
lea;

But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair
see.

Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and
cheerless!

And weel may he greet on the bank o' the
burn!

For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return.

ALAKE FOR THE LASSIE!

Alake for the lassie! she's no right at a',
That lo'es a dear laddie an' he far awa';
But the lassie has muckle mair cause to complain,
That lo'es a dear lad, when she's no lo'ed again.

The fair was just comin', my heart it grew fain
To see my dear laddie, to see him again;

My heart it grew fain, an' lapt light at the
thought

O' milkin' the ewes my dear Jamie wad bught.

The bonnie gray morn scarce had open'd her e'e,
When we set to the gate, a' wi' nae little glee;
I was blythe, but my mind aft misga'e me richt
sair,

For I hadna seen Jamie for five months an' mair.

I' the hirin' richt soon my dear Jamie I saw,
I saw nae ane like him, sae bonnie an' braw;
I watch'd an' baid near him, his motion to see,
In hopes aye to catch a kind glance o' his e'e.

He never wad see me in ony ae place:
At length I gaed up an' just smiled in his face;
I wonder aye yet my heart brakna in twa,—
He just said, "How are ye?" an' steppit awa'.

My neebour lads strave to entice me awa';
They roosed me an' hecht me ilk thing that was
braw;

But I hatit them a', an' I hatit the fair,
For Jamie's behaviour had wounded me sair.

His heart was sae leal, and his manners sae kind!
He's someway gane wrang, he may alter his mind;
An' sud he do sae, he's be welcome to me—
I'm sure I can never like ony but he.

ROBERT JAMIESON.

BORN 1780 — DIED 1844.

ROBERT JAMIESON, an accomplished scholar and antiquary, was born in Morayshire in the year 1780. When a young man he became classical assistant in a school at Macclesfield, and during this time he set himself to collect all the Scottish ballads he could meet with. He tells us that his object in doing this was to preserve the traditions of habits and customs of his countrymen that were fast disappearing, and so help to fill up the great outlines of history handed down by contemporary writers. After some years' labour the work appeared at Edinburgh in 1806, under the title of "Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions; with Translations of similar pieces from the ancient Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor."

The collection is one of great value, and is ably illustrated with notes, but it was not greeted by the public with the attention it deserved. Much of Jamieson's materials was obtained from Mrs. Brown of Falkland in Fife-shire, a lady who was remarkable for the extent of her legendary lore and the accuracy of her memory.

On the completion of his book Jamieson proceeded to Riga in Russia, there to push his fortune; but he does not appear to have met with success, and on his return to Scotland he obtained, through the influence of Sir Walter Scott, a post in the General Register House at Edinburgh, which he held for many years. He died in London, September 24, 1844, aged sixty-four. Jamieson's acquaintance with the

Northern languages enabled him to share with Walter Scott and Henry Weber the editorship of a work entitled "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities from the Earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances," a copy of which, presented by him to the Editor's father, now

lies before us. He also edited an edition of Burt's "Letters from the North of Scotland." In his "Popular Ballads" are found a number of original songs composed in early life, the merit of which, and of his poetical translations, entitles Jamieson to a place in this Collection.

SIR OLUF AND THE ELF-KING'S DAUGHTER.

(FROM THE DANISH.)

Sir Oluf the hend has ridden sae wide,
All unto his bridal feast to bid.

And lightly the elves, sae feat and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree.

And there danced four, and there danced five;
The elf-king's daughter she reekit bilive.

Her hand to Sir Oluf, sae fair and free;
"O welcome, Sir Oluf, come dance wi' me!"

"O welcome, Sir Oluf! now lat thy love gae,
And tread wi' me in the dance sae gay."

"To dance wi' thee ne dare I, ne may;
The morn it is my bridal day."

"O come, Sir Oluf, and dance wi' me;
Twa buckskin boots I'll give to thee;

"Twa buckskin boots, that sit sae fair,
Wi' gilded spurs sae rich and rare.

"And hear ye, Sir Oluf! come dance wi' me;
And a silken sark I'll give to thee;

"A silken sark, sae white and fine,
That my mother bleached in the moonshine."

"I darena, I maunna come dance wi' thee;
For the morn my bridal day maun be."

"O hear ye, Sir Oluf! come dance wi' me,
And a helmet o' gowd I'll give to thee."

"A helmet o' gowd I well may hae;
But dance wi' thee, ne dare I, ne may."

"And winna thou dance, Sir Oluf, wi' me?
Then sickness and pain shall follow thee!"

She's smitten Sir Oluf—it strak to his heart;
He never before had kent sic a smart;

Then lifted him up on his ambler red;
"And now, Sir Oluf, ride hame to thy bride."

And whan he came till the castell yett,
His mither she stood and leant thereat.

"O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my ain dear son,
Whareto is your lire sae blae and wan?"

"O well may my lire be wan and blae,
For I hae been in the elf-woman's play."

"O hear ye, Sir Oluf, my son, my pride,
And what shall I say to thy young bride?"

"Ye'll say that I've ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin my horse and hounds are good."

Ear on the morn, when night was gane,
The bride she cam' wi' the bridal train.

They skinked the mead, and they skinked the
wine:

"O whare is Sir Oluf, bridegroom mine?"

"Sir Oluf has ridden but into the wood,
To prieve gin his horse and hounds are good."

And she took up the scarlet red,
And there lay Sir Oluf, and he was dead!

Ear on the morn, whan it was day,
Three likes were ta'en frae the castle away;

Sir Oluf the leal, and his bride sae fair,
And his mither, that died wi' sorrow and care.

And lightly the elves sae feat and free,
They dance all under the greenwood tree!

ANNIE O' THARAW.

(FROM THE PRUSSIAN LOW DUTCH.)

Annie o' Tharaw, I've waled for my fere,
My life and my treasure, my gudes and my gear.

Annie o' Tharaw, come weal or come wae,
Has set her leal heart on me ever and aye.

Annie o' Tharaw, my riches, my gude,
Ye're the saul o' my saul, ye're my flesh and my blude.

Come wind or come weather, how snell sae or
cald,

We'll stand by ilk ither, and closer ay hald.

Pain, sickness, oppression, and fortune unkind,
Our true-love knot ay but the faster sall bind.

As the aik, by the stormy winds tossed till and fra,
Ay roots him the faster, the starker they blaw;

Sae love in our hearts will wax stranger and mair,
Thro' crosses and down-drug, and poortith and
care.

Should ever my fate be frae thee to be twinn'd,
And wert thou whare man scarce the sun ever
kenn'd,

I'll follow thro' deserts, thro' forests and seas,
Thro' ice and thro' iron, thro' armies o' faes.

Annie o' Tharaw, my light and my sun,
Sae twined our life-threads are, in ane they are
spun.

Whatever I bid you's ay sure to be dane,
And what I forbid, that ye'll ay lat alane.

The love may be warm, but how lang can it stand
Whare there's no ae heart, and ae tongue, and
ae hand?

Wi' cangling, and wrangling, and worrying, and
strife,
Just like dog and cat, live sic man and sic wife.

Annie o' Tharaw, that we'll never do,
For thou art my lammie, my chuckie, my dow.

My wish is to you ay as gude's a comman',
I lat *you* be *gudewife*, ye lat *me* be *gudeman*;

And O how sweet, Annie, our love and our lee,
Whan thou and I ae soul and body all be!

'Twill beet our bit ingle wi' heavenly flame;
But wrangling and strife mak' a hell of a hame.

THE QUERN LILT.

The *cronach* stills the dowie heart,
The *jurram* stills the bairnie;
The music for a hungry wame
Is grinding o' the quernie!
And loes me o' my little quernie!
Grind the gradden, grind it:
We'll a' get crowdie whan it's done,
And bannocks steeve to bind it.

The married man his jay may prize,
The lover prize his arles;
But gin the quernie gangna round,
They baith will soon be careless.
Sae loes me, &c.

The whisky gars the bark o' life
Drive merrily and rarely;
But gradden is the ballast gars
It steady gang and fairly.
Then loes me, &c.

Though winter steeks the door wi' drift,
And o'er the ingle hings us;
Let but the little quernie gae,
We're blythe, whatever dings us.
Then loes me, &c.

And how it cheers the herd at e'en,
And sets his heart-strings dirlin',
When, comin' frae the hungry hill,
He hears the quernie birlin'!
Then loes me, &c.

Though sturt and stride wi' young and auld,
And flytin' but and ben be;
Let but the quernie play, they'll soon
A' lown and fidgin'-fain be.
Then loes me, &c.

MY SWEET WEE LADDIE.

O blessings attend my sweet wee laddie,
That blinks sae bonnily now on my knee;
And thousands o' blessings attend on his daddie,
Tho' far awa' now frae his babie and me.

It's aft ha'e I sitten, and sair ha'e I grutten,
Till blear'd and blinded wi' tears was my e'e;
And aft I bethought me, how dearly I've bought
thee;
For dear hast thou been, and dear art thou to
me.

Yet blessings attend, &c.

O lanely and weary, cauld, friendless, and dreary,
To me the wide world's a wilderness a';
Yet still ae dear blossom I clasp to my bosom,
And oh! 'tis sae sweet—like the joy that's awa'!
And blessings attend, &c.

When thou lyeest sleeping, I hang o'er thee weep-
ing,
And bitter the tears that thy slumbers bedew;
Yet thy innocence smiling, sae sweetly beguiling,
Half mak's me forget that I sorrow e'er knew.
And blessings attend, &c.

Then smile, my sweet laddie—O smile like thy
daddie;
My heart will be light tho' the tear's in my e'e;
I canna believe he will ever deceive me,
Sae leal and sae kind as he kythed aye to be.
And blessings attend, &c.

And O, mid my mourning to see him returning!—
Wi' thee to his arms, when with rapture I fly—
Come weal or come wae then, nae fear I can hae
then,
And wha'll be sae blest as my babie and I!
Then blessings attend, &c.

BALADE.

(FROM THE OLD FRENCH OF GOWER.)

Now in this jolly time of May,
 To Eden I compare the ground;
 While sings the merle and popingay,
 Green herb and tree bloometh around,
 And all for Nature's feast are crown'd;
 Venus is Queen, all hearts obey,
 And none to Love may now say Nay.

When this I see, and how her sway
 Dame Nature over all extends;
 And all that lives, so warm, so gay,
 Each after kind to other tends,
 Till liking life and being blends;—
 What marvel, if my sighs bewray,
 That none to Love may now say Nay.

To nettles must the rose give way,
 And Care and Grief my garland weave;
 Nor ever Joy dispense one ray
 To cheer me, if my Lady leave
 My love unblest, and me bereave
 Of every hope to smile, and say
 That none to love may now say Nay.

Then go and try her ruth to move,
 If aught thy skill, my simple lay;
 For thou and I too well approve,
 That none to love may now say Nay.

GO TO HIM, THEN, IF THOU CAN'ST
 GO.

Go to him, then, if thou can'st go,
 Waste not a thought on me;
 My heart and mind are a' my store,—
 They ance were dear to thee.
 But there is music in his gold
 (I ne'er sae sweet could sing),
 That finds a chord in every breast
 In unison to ring.

The modest virtues dread the spell,
 The honest loves retire,
 The finer sympathies of soul
 Far other charms require.
 The breathings of my plaintive reed
 Sink dying in despair,
 The still small voice of gratitude,
 Even that is heard nae mair.

But if thy heart can suffer thee
 The powerful call obey,
 And mount the splendid bed that wealth
 And pride for thee display.
 Then gaily bid farewell to a'
 Love's trembling hopes and fears,
 While I my lanely pillow here
 Wash with unceasing tears.

Yet, in the fremmit arms of him
 That half thy worth ne'er knew,
 Oh! think na on my lang-tried love,
 How tender and how true!
 For sure 'twould break thy gentle heart
 My breaking heart to see,
 Wi' a' the wrangs and waes it's tholed,
 And yet maun thole for thee.

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING.

My wife's a winsome wee thing,
 A bonnie, blythesome wee thing,
 My dear, my constant wee thing,
 And evermair sall be;
 It warms my heart to view her,
 I canna chose but lo'e her,
 And oh! weel may I trow her
 How dearly she lo'es me!

For though her face sae fair be
 As nane could ever mair be;
 And though her wit sae rare be,
 As seenil do we see;
 Her beauty ne'er had gain'd me,
 Her wit had ne'er enchain'd me,
 Nor baith sae lang retained me,
 But for her love to me.

Whan wealth and pride disown'd me,
 A' views were dark around me,
 And sad and laigh she found me,
 As friendless worth could be;
 Whan ither hope gaed frae me,
 Her pity kind did stay me,
 And love for love she ga'e me;
 And that's the love for me.

And, till this heart is cald, I
 That charm o' life will hald by;
 And, though my wife grow auld, my
 Leal love aye young will be;
 For she's my winsome wee thing,
 My canty, blythesome wee thing,
 My tender, constant wee thing,
 And evermair sall be.

CHARLES GRAY.

BORN 1782 — DIED 1851.

CHARLES GRAY, long known as a successful song-writer, was born at Anstruther, Fifeshire, March 10, 1782. He was the schoolfellow of Dr. Chalmers, and Tennant the author of "Anster Fair," who were natives of the same town. In 1805 he obtained a commission in the Woolwich division of the Royal Marines, and continued in the service for over thirty-six years, when he retired on full pay. In 1811 he published a small volume of "Poems and Songs," which was well received, and a second edition of these was issued in 1815. In 1841, on retiring from the service, he took up his residence in Edinburgh, where he soon became a favourite in society, and was well known throughout the country for his extensive knowledge of Scottish song, his enthusiasm for everything connected with it, and his tasteful,

genial, and spirited contributions to it. In the same year, in compliance with the wish of some of his much-valued friends, conveyed in the form of a "Round-robin," he published his collected pieces in an elegant volume, entitled "Lays and Lyrics, by Charles Gray, F.A.S.E., Captain, Royal Marines." This volume is dedicated to his friend Professor Tennant, and contains a curious facsimile of the round-robin presented to him bearing the autographs of many of his brother poets. A Scottish reviewer, in criticizing the book, says, "Captain Gray strikes the Scottish harp with a bold and skilful hand, producing tones in accordance with the universal song of nature which will not readily be forgotten." He died after a long illness, April 13, 1851, leaving an only son, now a captain of marines.

THE LASS OF PITTENWEEM.

The sun looked through an evening cloud,
His golden rays glanced o'er the plain;
The lark upsprung, and caroll'd loud
Her vesper hymn of sweetest strain.
Far in the east the rainbow glow'd
In painted lines of liquid light;
Now all its vivid colours show'd—
Wax'd faint—then vanish'd from the sight.

As forth I walked, in pensive mood,
Down by yon ancient abbey wall,
Gay spring her vesture had renew'd,
And loud was heard the partridge' call:
The blackbird's song rang through the wood,
Rich in the red sun's parting gleam;
When fair before me, smiling, stood
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

O, I have wandered far and wide,
And ladies seen 'neath brighter skies,
Where trees shoot up in palmy pride,
And golden domes and spires arise:—
But here is one, to my surprise,
Sweet as a youthful poet's dream;
With love enthroned in her dark eyes—
The lovely lass of Pittenweem!

"Where dost thou wander, charming maid,
Now evening's shades begin to fall?"—
"To view fair nature's face," she said,
"For nature's charms are free to all!"—
"Speak ever thus in nature's praise;
Thou giv'st to me a darling theme;
On thee I'll lavish all my lays,
Thou lovely lass of Pittenweem!"

There is a magic charm in youth,
By which the heart of age is won:
That charm is innocence and truth,
And beauty is its summer sun!
Long may it shine on that fair face,
Where rosy health and pleasure beam;
Long lend its magic spell to grace
The lovely lass of Pittenweem.

WHEN AUTUMN.

When autumn has laid her sickle by,
And the stacks are theekit to haud them dry;
And the sapless leaves come down frae the trees,
And dance about in the fitfu' breeze;
And the robin again sits burd-alane,
And sings his sang on the auld peat stane;

When come is the hour o' gloamin' gray,
Oh! sweet is to me the minstrel's lay.

When winter is driving his cloud on the gale,
And spairgin' about his snaw and his hail,
And the door is steekit against the blast,
And the winnocks wi' wedges are firm and fast,
And the ribs are rypet, the cannal a-light,
And the fire on the hearth is bleezin' bright,
And the bicker is reamin' with pithy brown ale;
Oh! dear is to me a sang or a tale.

Then I tove awa' by the ingle side,
And tell o' the blasts I was wont to bide,
When the nichts were lang and the sea ran high,
And the moon hid her face in the depths of the sky,
And the mast was strained, and the canvas rent,
By some demon on message of mischief sent;
O! I bless my stars that at hame I can bide,
For dear, dear to me is my ain ingle-side.

SEQUEL TO MAGGIE LAUDER.

The cantle spring scarce rear'd her head,
And winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter cam' to Anster Fair,
And spier'd for Maggie Lauder;
A snug wee house in the East Green
Its shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,
Meg welcomed Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
An' to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Nook o' Fife,"
And merry Maggie vaunted,
That Hab himself ne'er played a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring—
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk an' loud reports
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves a true and carefu' wife
As ever was in Anster;
An' since the marriage knot was tied
Rob swears he couldna want her,
For he lo'es Maggie as his life,
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

LOUISA'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Louisa's but a lassie yet,
Her age is no twice nine;

She lang has been her mammie's pet,
I wish that she were mine!
She's licht o' heart and licht o' foot—
She's blythe as blythe can be;
She's dear to a' her friends about,
But dearer far to me!

A fairer face I may ha'e seen,
And passed it lightly by;—
Louisa's in her tartan sheen
Has fixed my wandering eye:
A thousand beauties there I trace
That ithers canna see;
My blessings on that bonnie face—
She's a' the world to me!

Oh, love has wiles at his command!
Whene'er we chance to meet,
The slightest pressure o' her hand
Mak's my fond bosom beat;
I hear the throbbing o' my heart
While nought but her I see;—
When shall I meet, nae mair to part,
Louisa, dear, wi' thee?

THE MINSTREL.¹

Keen blows the wind o'er Donocht-head,
The snaw drives snelly through the dale,
The gaberlunzie tirls my sneek,
And, shivering, tells his waefu' tale:
"Cauld is the night, O let me in,
And dinna let your minstrel fa',
And dinna let his winding sheet
Be naething but a wreath o' snaw.
"Full ninety winters ha'e I seen,
And piped whare gorcecks whirring flew,
And mony a day ye've danced, I ween,
To liltis which frae my drone I lew."
My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cried,
"Get up, gudeman, and let him in;
For weel ye ken the winter night
Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow! it's sweet!
E'en though she bans and scaulds a wee;
But when it's tuned to sorrow's tale,
O, haith, it's doubly dear to me!

¹ This song, with the exception of the concluding twelve lines added by Gray, has by some authorities been attributed to George Pickering of Newcastle. It appeared first in the *Edinburgh Herald* in 1794. "Donocht-head is not mine," said Burns; "I would give ten pounds it were."—Ed.

"Come in, auld carle! I'll steer my fire,
And mak' it bleeze a bonnie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye should nae stray sae far frae hame."

"Nae hame ha'e I," the minstrel said,
"Sad party strife o'eturned my ha';
And, weeping, at the eve o' life,
I wander through a wreath o' saw."
"Waes me, auld carle! sad is your tale—
Your wallet's toom, your cleeding thin;

Mine's no the hand to steek the door
When want and wae would fain be in."

We took him ben—we set him down,
And soon the ingle bleez'd fu' hie:
The auld man thought himself at hame,
And dried the tear-drap frae his e'e.
He took his pipes and play'd a spring—
Sad was the strain, and full of woe;
In fancy's ear it seemed to wail
A free-born nation's overthrow.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.

BORN 1782 — DIED 1849.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON, the Galloway poet, was born at Tanimaus, parish of Borgue, Galloway, August 15, 1782. In his youth weak eyesight prevented his progress at school, and afterwards unfitted him for the occupations of shepherd or ploughman. He therefore began life as a pedlar or packman, and wandered up and down his native district for thirty years singing his own verses, which soon became popular. In 1814 he issued a small 12mo volume entitled, "Tales in Verse and Miscellaneous Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Manners," by which he cleared £100. In 1828 a second edition of his poems appeared, with a memoir of Nicholson by Mr. Maediarmid of Dumfries. Latterly the poet fell into sadly dissipated habits, playing at fairs and markets with his bagpipes as a gaberlunzie or beggarman; and at last the grave closed in gloom over the ruins of a man of true genius. He died at Kildarroch in Borgue, May 16, 1849, aged sixty-seven.

Dr. John Brown says of Nicholson and his poems—"They are worth the knowing; none of them have the concentration and nerve of the 'Brownie,' but they are from the same brain and heart. 'The Country Lass,' a long poem, is excellent; with much of Crabbe's power and compression . . . Poor Nicholson, besides his turn for verse, was an exquisite musician, and sang with a powerful and sweet voice. One may imagine the delight of a

lonely town-end, when Willie the packman and the piper made his appearance, with his stories, and jokes, and ballads, his songs, and reels, and 'wanton wiles.' There is one story about him which has always appeared to me quite perfect. A farmer in a remote part of Galloway, one June morning before sunrise, was awakened by music; he had been dreaming of heaven, and when he found himself awake he still heard the strains. He looked out, and saw no one, but at the corner of a grass field he saw his cattle, and young colts and fillies, huddled together, and looking intently down into what he knew was an old quarry. He put on his clothes and walked across the field, everything but that strange wild melody still and silent in this 'the sweet hour of prime.' As he got nearer the 'beasts,' the sound was louder; the colts with their long manes, and the nowt with their wondering stare, took no notice of him, straining their necks forward entranced. There, in the old quarry, the young sun 'glintin' on his face, and resting on his pack, which had been his pillow, was our Wandering Willie, playing and singing like an angel—an Orpheus; an Orpheus.' What a picture! When reproved for fasting his health and time by the prosaic farmer, the poor fellow said: 'Me and this quarry are lang acquaint, and I've mair pleasure in pipin' to thae daft cows, than if the best leddies in the land were figurin' away afore me."

THE BROWNIE OF BLEDNOCH.¹

There cam' a strange wight to our town-en',
 An' the fient a body did him ken;
 He tirl'd na lang, but he glided ben
 Wi' a weary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
 When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast;
 Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest,
 O, sirs! 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
 Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack,
 As the shapeless phantom mumblin' spak—
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

O! had ye seen the bairns' fright,
 As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight;
 As they skulkit in 'tween the dark and the light,
 And graned out Aiken-drum!

"Sauf us!" quoth Jock, "d'ye see sic cen?"
 Cries Kate, "There's a hole where a nose should
 ha' been;
 An' the mouth's like a gash that a horn had ri'en:
 Wow! keep's frae Aiken-drum!"

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
 The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail;
 Rob's lingle brak as he men't the flail,
 At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
 A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
 But the glare o' his e'e hath nae bard exprest,
 Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
 But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
 An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between—
 What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
 As they trailed on the grun' by his taeless feet;
 E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
 To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain,
 The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
 While the young ane closer clasped her wean,
 And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the cantie auld wife cam till her breath,
 And she thoct the Bible might ward off scaith,
 Be it benshee, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
 But it feared na Aiken-drum.

"His presence protect us!" quoth the auld
 gudeman;
 "What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?"
 I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!"
 What a grane ga'e Aiken-drum!

"I lived in a lan' whare we saw nae sky,
 I dwalt in a spot whare a burn rins na by;
 But I'se dwell now wi' you if ye like to try—
 Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?"

"I'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
 I'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
 An' ba' the bairns wi' an unkenned tune,
 If ye'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

"I'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
 I'll kirm the kirm, and I'll turn the bread;
 An' the wildest filly that ever can rede,
 I'se tame't, quoth Aiken-drum.

"To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,
 To gather the dew frae the heather bell,
 An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
 Might gi'e pleasure to Aiken-drum.

"I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark;
 I use nae beddin', shoon, nor sark;
 But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' the dark,
 Is the wage o' Aiken-drum."

Quoth the wylie au'l wife, "The thing speaks
 weel;
 Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
 Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
 Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum."

But the wenches skirled, "He's no be here!
 His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;
 An' the feint a ane will the house come near,
 If they think but o' Aiken-drum.

"For a foul and a stalwart ghaist is he,
 Despair sits broodin' aboon his e'e-bree,

¹ "We would rather have written these lines than any amount of Aurora Leighs, Festuses, or such like, with all their mighty 'somethingness,' as Mr. Bailey would say. For they, are they not the 'native wood-notes wild' of one of nature's darlings? Here is the indescribable, inestimable, unmistakable impress of genius. Chaucer, had he been a Galloway man, might have written it, only he would have been more garrulous,

and less compact and stern. It is like 'Tam o' Shanter' in its living union of the comic, the pathetic, and the terrible. Shrewdness, tenderness, imagination, fancy, humour, word-music, dramatic power, even wit—all are here. I have often read it aloud to children, and it is worth any one's while to do it. You will find them repeating all over the house for days such lines as take their heart and tongue."—*Dr. John Brown.*

And unchancie to light o' a maiden's e'e,
Is the glower o' Aiken-drum."

"Puir clipmalabors! ye hae little wit;
Is'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?"
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
"Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum!"

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the
moon;
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum.

But he slade aye awa' or the sun was up,
He ne'er could look straught on Macmillan's cup:¹
They watch'd—but nane saw him his brose ever
sup,
Nor a spune sought Aiken-drum.

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he;
And the bairns they played harmless roun' his
knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' frippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the five first weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair-missed was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying, "Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For alas! I ha'e gotten baith fee an' leave—
O! luckless Aiken-drum!"

Awa', ye wrangling septic tribe,
Wi' your pro's an' your con's wad ye decide
'Gain the sponsible voice o' a hale country side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum?

Though the "Brownie o' Blednoch" lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual guests an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch Mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, an' the stars gied nae
light;
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sugh's like Aiken-drum.

THE BRAES OF GALLOWAY.

O lassie, wilt thou gang wi' me,
And leave thy friens i' the south countrie—
Thy former friens and sweethearts a',
And gang wi' me to Gallowa'?
O Gallowa' braes they wave wi' broom,
And heather-bells in bonnie bloom;
There's lordly seats, and livin's braw,
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'!

There's stately woods on mony a brae,
Where burns and birds in concert play;
The waukrife echo answers a',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

The simmer shiel I'll build for thee
Along the bonnie banks o' Dee,
Half circelin' roun' my father's ha',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

When autumn waves her flowin' horn,
And fields o' gowden grain are shorn,
I'll busk thee fine in pearlins braw,
To join the dance in Gallowa'.
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

At e'en, whan darkness shrouds the sight,
And lanely, langsome is the night,
Wi' tentie care my pipes I'll thraw,
Play "A' the way to Gallowa'".
O Gallowa' braes, &c.

Should fickle fortune on us frown,
Nae lack o' gear our love should drown;
Content should shield our haddin' sma',
Amang the braes o' Gallowa'.
Come while the blossom's on the broom,
And heather-bells sae bonnie bloom;
Come let us be the happiest twa
On a' the braes o' Gallowa'!

MY AIN BONNIE MAY.

O will ye go to yon burn side,
Amang the new-made hay,
And sport upon the flowery swaird,
My ain bonnie May?

¹ A communion cup belonging to the Rev. Mr. M'MILLAN, founder of a sect of Covenanters known by his name. The cup was long preserved by a disciple in the parish of Kirkeowan, and used as a test by which to ascertain the orthodoxy of suspected persons.—Ed.

The sun blinks blithe on yon burn side,
 Whare lambkins lightly play;
 The wild bird whistles to his mate,
 My ain bonnie May.

The waving woods, wi' mantle green,
 Shall shield us in the bower,
 Whare I'll pu' a posie for my May,
 O' mony a bonnie flower.
 My father maws ayont the burn,
 To spin my mammy's gane;
 And should they see thee here wi' me,
 I'd better been my lane.

The lightsome lammie little kens
 What troubles it await;
 When ance the flush o' spring is o'er,
 The fause bird lea'e its mate.
 The flow'rs will fade, the woods decay,
 And lose their bonnie green;

The sun wi' clouds may be o'ercastr,
 Before that it be c'en.

Ilk thing is in its season sweet;
 So love is, in its noon;
 But cank'ring time may soil the flower,
 And spoil its bonnie bloom.
 O, come then while the summer shines,
 And love is young and gay;
 Ere age his with'ring, wintry blast
 Blaws o'er me and my May.

For thee I'll tend the fleecy flocks,
 Or haud the halesome plough,
 And nightly clasp thee to my breast,
 And prove aye leal and true.
 The blush o'erspread her bonnie face,
 She had nae mair to say,
 But ga'e her hand, and walk'd alang,
 The youthfu', bloomin' May.

JOHN FINLAY.

BORN 1782—DIED 1810.

JOHN FINLAY, a man of fine genius and extensive scholarship, cut off prematurely, was born of parents in humble circumstances at Glasgow, December, 1782. After receiving a good education at one of the schools in his native city, he entered the university at the age of fourteen, and had for a classmate John Wilson, afterwards the renowned "Christopher North." At college young Finlay was highly distinguished for proficiency in his classes, for the elegance of his essays on the subjects prescribed to the students, as well as the talent shown in the poetical odes which he wrote on classical subjects. In 1802, while only about nineteen and still at college, he published "Wallace, or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems," of which a second edition with some additions appeared two years later, and a third was issued in 1817. Of the chief poem in this volume Professor Wilson says: "It is doubtless an imperfect composition, but it displays a wonderful power of versification, and contains many splendid descriptions of external nature. It possesses both the merits and defects which we look for in the early compositions of true

genius." In 1807 Finlay went to London in search of employment, and whilst there he contributed to the magazines many articles on antiquarian subjects. He returned to Glasgow in 1808, and in that year published a short collection of "Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads," which secured the favourable notice of Sir Walter Scott. "The beauty of some imitations of the old Scottish ballad," he writes, "with the good sense, learning, and modesty of the preliminary dissertations, must make all admirers of ancient lore regret the early loss of this accomplished young man." Mr. Finlay again left Glasgow in 1810 on a visit to his friend Wilson at Ellerslie, in Westmoreland, but on the way he was seized with illness at Moffat, where he died December 8, 1810, aged only twenty-eight. Besides the works above-mentioned, he edited an edition of Blair's "Grave," with excellent notes, wrote a *Life of Cervantes*, and superintended a new edition of Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. An affectionate and elegant tribute to Finlay's memory, written by Prof. Wilson, appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for November, 1817.

ARCHY O' KILSPINDIE.

Wae worth the heart that can be glad,
 Wae worth the tear that winna fa',
 For justice is fleemyt frae the land,
 An' the faith o' auld times is clean awa'.

Our nobles they ha'e sworn an aith,
 An' they gart our young king swear the same,
 That as lang as the crown was on his head
 He wad speak to nane o' the Douglas name.

An' wasna this a wearifou aith;
 For the crown frae his head had been tint and
 gane,
 Gin the Douglas hand hadna held it on,
 Whan anither to help him there was nane.

An' the king frae that day grew dowie and wae,
 For he liked in his heart the Douglas weel;
 For his foster-brither was Jamie o' Parkhead,
 An' Archy o' Kilspindie was his Gray Steel.

But Jamie was banisht an' Archy baith,
 An' they lived lang, lang ayont the sea,
 Till a' had forgotten them but the king;
 An' he whiles said, wi' a watery e'e,—
 "Gin they think on me as I think on them,
 I wot their life is but dreerie."—

It chanced he rode wi' hound and horn
 To hunt the dun and the red deer doun,
 An' wi' him was mony a gallant earl,
 And laird, and knight, and bold baron.

But nane was wi' him wad ever compare
 Wi' the Douglas so proud in tower and town,
 That were courtliest all in bower and hall,
 And the highest ever in renown.—

It was dawn when the hunters sounded the horn,
 By Stirlin's walls, sae fair to see;
 But the sun was far gane doun i' the west
 When they brittled the deer on Torwood-lee.

And wi' jovial din they rode hame to the town,
 Where Snawdon tower stands dark an' hie;
 Frae least to best they were plyin' the jest,
 An' the laugh was gaun round richt merrily:

When Murray cried loud,—“Wha's yon I see?
 Like a Douglas he looks, baith dark and grim;
 And for a' his sad and weary pace,
 Like them he's richt stark o' arm an' limb.”

The king's heart lap, and he shouted wi' glee,—
 “Yon stalworth makedom I ken richt weel;
 And I'se wad in pawn the hawk on my han',
 It's Archy Kilspindie, my ain Gray Steel;

We maun gi'e him grace o' a' his race,
 For Kilspindie was trusty aye, and leal.

But Lindsay spak' in waefou mood,—
 “Alas! my liege, that mauna be.”
 And stout Kilmaurs cries,—“He that dares
 Is a traitor to his ain countrie.”

And Glencairn, that aye was dowre and stern,
 Says,—“Where's the aith you sware to me?
 Gin ye speak to a man o' the Douglas clan,
 A gray groat for thy crown and thee.”—

When Kilspindie took haud o' the king's bridle
 reins,
 He louted low doun on his knee;
 The king a word he durstna speak,
 But he looked on him wistfullie.

He thoct on days that lang were gane,
 Till his heart was yearmin' and like to brast:
 As he turned him round his barons frowned;
 But Lindsay was dichtin his een fu' fast.

When he saw their looks his proud heart rose,
 An' he tried to speak richt hauchtillie;—
 “Gae tak' my bridle frae that auld man's grip;
 What sorrow gars him haud it sae sickerlie?”

An' he spurred his horse wi' gallant speed,
 But Archy followed him manfullie,
 And, though cased in steel frae shoulder to heel,
 He was first o' a' his companie.

As they passed he sat doun on a stane in the
 yett,
 For a' his gray hair there was nae ither biel;
 The king staid the hindmost o' the train,
 And he aft looked back to his auld Gray Steel.

Archy wi' grief was quite foredone,
 An' his arm fell weak that was ance like airn,
 And he sought for some cauld water to drink,
 But they durstna for that dowre Glencairn.

When this was tauld to our gracious king,
 A redwood furious man woxe he;
 He has ta'en the mazer cup in his han',
 And in finders a' he gart it flee:—
 “Had I kend my Gray Steel wanted a drink,
 He should hae had o' the red wine free.”

An' fu' sad at the table he sat him doun,
 An' he spak' but ae word at the dine:—
 “O! I wish my warst fae were but a king,
 Wi' as cruel counsellours as mine.”

I HEARD THE EVENING LINNET'S VOICE.

I heard the evening linnet's voice the woodland tufts among,
Yet sweeter were the tender notes of Isabella's song!
So soft into the ear they steal, so soft into the soul,
The deep'ning pain of love they soothe, and sorrow's pang control.

I look'd upon the pure brook that murmur'd through the glade,
And mingled in the melody that Isabella made;
Yet purer was the residence of Isabella's heart!
Above the reach of pride and guile, above the reach of art.

I look'd upon the azure of the deep unclouded sky,
Yet clearer was the blue serene of Isabella's eye!
Ne'er softer fell the rain-drop of the first relenting year,
Than falls from Isabella's eye the pity-melted tear.

All this my fancy prompted, ere a sigh of sorrow prov'd
How hopelessly, yet faithfully, and tenderly I lov'd!
Yet though bereft of hope I love, still will I love the more,
As distance binds the exile's heart to his dear native shore.

O! COME WITH ME.

O! come with me, for the queen of night
Is thron'd on high in her beauty bright;
'Tis now the silent hour of even,
When all is still in earth and heaven:
The cold flowers which the valleys strew,
Are sparkling bright wi' pearly dew,
And hush'd is e'en the bee's soft hum,
Then come with me, sweet Mary, come.

The opening blue-bell—Scotland's pride—
In heaven's pure azure deeply dyed;
The daisy meek frae the dewy dale,
The wild thyme, and the primrose pale,
Wi' the lily frae the glassy lake,
Of these a fragrant wreath I'll make,
And bind them mid' the locks that flow
In rich luxuriance from thy brow.

O! love, without thee what were life?
A bustling scene of care and strife:
A waste, where no green flowery glade
Is found, for shelter or for shade.
But, cheer'd by thee, the griefs we share
We can with calm composure bear:
For the darkest night o' care and toil
Is bright when blest by woman's smile.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

BORN 1784—DIED 1843.

WILLIAM TENNANT, LL.D., an accomplished linguist and poet, was born at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, May 15, 1784. Although born without any personal malformation, in infancy the future poet and professor lost the use of both his feet, and was obliged to move upon crutches for the rest of his life. The lame boy was educated at the burgh school of Anstruther, and was sent afterwards to the University of St. Andrews. In his twentieth year he went to Glasgow, where he was employed as clerk to his brother, a corn-factor in that city. His business was afterwards removed to Anstruther, but proving unsuccessful, he suddenly disappeared, leaving William to endure incarceration as if he had been the real debtor.

The introductory stanzas of "Anster Fair" are said to have been written whilst he was in durance. After sustaining unmerited reproach he was set free, when he returned to his father's roof, and devoted himself in earnest to authorship. The result was "Anster Fair," which was issued from the obscure press of an Anstruther publisher in 1812. Another little production deserves to be mentioned, as showing the cheerfulness with which he bore the calamity of his lameness—"The Anster Concert," a brochure of twelve pages, written in 1810, and published at Cupar in January, 1811, purporting to be by W. Crookley. In a few years "Anster Fair" found its way to Edinburgh, and attracted the notice of Lord Wood-

houselee, who wrote to the publisher for the name of the author, which he said could not long remain concealed; and Lord Jeffrey, in a criticism in the *Edinburgh Review*, declared the poem one of the most talented and remarkable productions of its kind that had yet appeared.

As it was not by literature that Tennant meant to maintain himself, he became a schoolmaster, the occupation for which he was educated. His first school was in the parish of Denino, a few miles from St. Andrews. It speaks not a little for his contented spirit and moderate wishes, that he accepted a situation yielding but £40 per annum at a time when he had obtained celebrity as a poet, and was known as one of the ablest linguists of the land. But, for the time being, he was content with his humble cottage, and access to the library of St. Andrews College; and here, without any other teacher than books, he made himself master of the Arabic, Persian, and Syriac languages. His next situation was the more lucrative one of parish schoolmaster at Lasswade, where he remained until January, 1819, when he was appointed a teacher of the classical and oriental languages in the newly established and richly endowed institution of Dollar.

Tennant's next publication was a poem called "Papisty Storm'd, or the Dingin' Doun o' the Cathedral," followed in 1822 by an epic under the title of the "Thane of Fife," having for its theme the invasion of the east coast of Fife by the Danes in the ninth century. The year after appeared "Cardinal Beaton, a Tragedy in five acts," and in 1825 he published another poem entitled "John Baliol." None of these publications met with success, nor did they add anything to the author's reputation. In 1831 the chair of oriental languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, became vacant, and Tennant offered himself as a candidate, but Dr. Scott of Corstorphine, a rival candidate, was preferred. He remained three years longer at Dollar, when the professorship again becoming vacant by the death of Dr. Scott, he was appointed to it. In this way, by a series of steps, he ascended from the lowest to one of the highest grades of Scottish academical distinction. Tennant's last work, published in 1845, was entitled "Hebrew Dramas, founded on Incidents in Bible History," and consisted

of three dramatic compositions. He was also the author of a Syriac and Chaldee grammar, and of a memoir of Allan Ramsay, published with his works, which he put forth as the pioneer of an edition of the Scottish poets. As a prose writer he never attained any distinction. He contributed numerous articles to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, none of which, however, exhibit any peculiar excellence. Tennant usually spent his summer months at his own villa of Devongrove, near Dollar, and here he breathed his last, October 15, 1848, in his sixty-fourth year. A memoir of his life and writings by Matthew Foster Conolly appeared in 1861.

The following unpublished letters, addressed to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, will be read with interest, as they refer to a new metrical translation of the Psalms, in regard to which Tennant had a spirited correspondence with the Ettrick Shepherd, afterwards collected and issued in a volume by Constable & Co. :—

"Devongrove, Dollar, 28th Sept. 1831.

"My dear Mrs. Grant,—I beg leave to send you herewith, according to promise, the corrected copy of our Scottish version of the Psalms, of which I spoke to you while I was in Edinburgh. I should be happy if you took the trouble to glance into it at your leisure moments. You will find the emendations made only on a few passages, and these, I think, the most objectionable and indefensible as relates either to the bad grammar or the false or double rhymes in the Scotticisms to be found in our psalmody. I have not ventured to touch any passage which I deemed not in some respect blameworthy; and very probably you may mark off some few slight passages which may admit of some gentle healing, but which by me have not been observed, or have not come within that scope of emendation which I prescribed to myself. If our present version, which is assuredly the best, is ever to be at all purified or emended, it should be done by gentle means and by making the smallest possible alterations, so that its present readers and admirers may read and admire on without being conscious of any violence committed—without having their attention distracted, and their time-confirmed respect shocked by any modern botches of superfluous

or glaring emendation. Whether I have done according to my own design and conception I do not know; but if correction is to be tried at all, assuredly it should proceed in this gentle manner. I should be glad not only to have your written opinion so soon as you have perused my attempted corrections, but that you yourself as an amusement (which I found a delightful one) should try your hand at correcting any false rhyme or return stanza, for instance in Psalms xviii. and xix., or any other you may deem deserving of it. . . .

"The volume of corrected Psalms you will please retain till I revisit Edinburgh, which perhaps, if weather be favourable, may be at Christmas.—I have the honour to be, my dear Mrs. Grant, your very faithful servant,

"WM. TENNANT."

"Devongrove, Dollar, 15th Dec. 1831.

"My dear Mrs. Grant,—It was with the utmost pleasure I received your esteemed letter of 28th ult., which I perused with much delight. I am glad indeed to find that you enjoy the same good health in which I left you in September. I shall be now fain to see your

remarks on the attempted emendations of our much-revered old Scottish Psalm-version. . . .

"Since I had the pleasure of seeing you I have been bereaved of my good old mother, who died at my house about four weeks ago. She lived with me after my father's death for the space of about three and a half years. She had enjoyed for several years very good health, and we were all happy together. What a blank has been created in our happy household by her departure! It will be a long time ere I become reconciled to it.

"Attached to this, I beg leave to send you a few lines written after her decease,—'To her Spinning-wheel'—an exercise in which she took great delight. I was much affected by the circumstance of her leaving the 'task of flax' unspun. I should be glad if you were pleased with the few stanzas written upon this familiar household subject.

"Should I be in Edinburgh at the Christmas holidays, I shall avail myself of that opportunity again to enjoy the pleasure of your conversation.—And believe me to be at all times, my dear Mrs. Grant, very sincerely your faithful servant,

WM. TENNANT."

ANSTER FAIR.¹

CANTO I.

While some of Troy and pettish heroes sing,
And some of Rome and chiefs of pious fame,
And some of men that thought it harmless thing
To smite off heads in Mars' bloody game,
And some of Eden's garden gay with spring,
And Hell's dominions, terrible to name,—
I sing a theme far livelier, happier, gladder,
I sing of Anster Fair, and bonny Maggie Lauder.

What time from east, from west, from south,
from north,
From every hamlet, town, and smoky city,
Laird, clown, and beau to Anster Fair came
forth—

The young, the gay, the handsome, and the
witty,
To try in various sport and game their worth,
Whilst prize before them Maggie sat, the pretty,

And after many a feat, and joke, and banter,
Fair Maggie's hand was won by mighty Rob the
Ranter.

Muse, that from top of thine old Greekish hill,
Didst the harp-fing'ring Theban younker
view,
And on his lips bid bees their sweets distil,
And gav'st the chariot that the white swans
drew—

O let me scoop, from thine ethereal rill,
Some little palmfuls of the blessed dew,
And lend the swan-drawn car, that safely I,
Like him, may scorn the earth, and burst into
the sky.

Our themes are like; for he the games extoll'd
Held in the chariot-shaken Grecian plains,
Where the vain victor, arrogant and bold,
Parsley or laurel got for all his pains.

¹ Allan Cunningham says of this charming poem, written in the *ottava rima* of the Italians:—"William Tennant, in his very original poem of 'Anster Fair,' gave Frere and Byron more than a hint for 'Whistle

Craft' and 'Beppo;' nor is it unjust to say that the imitators have not at all equalled the life, the *naïveté*, the ludicrous dashed with the solemn, and the witty with both, which characterize the poet of Dollar."—Ed.

I sing of sports more worthy to be told,
Where better prize the Scottish victor gains;
What were the crowns of Greece but wind and
bladder,
Compared with marriage-bed of bonnie Maggie
Lauder?

And O that King Apollo would but grant
A little spark of that transcendent flame,
That fir'd the Chian rhapsodist to chant
How vied the bowmen for Ulysses' dame;
And him of Rome to sing how Atalanta
Plied, dart in hand, the suitor-slaught'ring
game,
Till the bright gold, bowl'd forth along the grass,
Betray'd her to a spouse, and stopp'd the bound-
ing lass.

But lo! from bosom of yon southern cloud,
I see the chariot come which Pindar bore;
I see the swans, whose white necks, arching
proud,
Glitter with golden yoke, approach my shore:
For me they come!—O Phoebus, potent god!
Spare, spare me now—Enough, good king—no
more—
A little spark I ask'd in moderation,
Why scorch me ev'n to death with fiery inspira-
tion?

My pulse beats fire—my pericranium glows,
Like baker's oven, with poetic heat;
A thousand bright ideas, spurning prose,
Are in a twinkling hatch'd in Fancy's seat;
Zounds! they will fly out at my ears and nose,
If through my mouth they find not passage
fleet;
I hear them buzzing deep within my noddle,
Like bees that in their hives confus'dly hum and
huddle.

How now?—what's this?—my very eyes, I trow,
Drop on my hands their base prosaic scales;
My visual orbs are purg'd from film, and lo!
Instead of Anster's turnip-bearing vales,
I see old Fairyland's mirac'ulous show—
Her trees of tinsel kiss'd by freakish gales,
Her ouphes, that cloak'd in leaf-gold skim the
breeze,
And fairies swarming thick as mites in rotten
cheese.

I see the puny fair-chinn'd goblin rise
Suddenly glorious from his mustard-pot;
I see him wave his hand in seemly wise,
And button round him tight his fulgent coat;
While Maggie Lauder, in a great surprise,
Sits startled on her chair, yet fearing not;
I see him ope his dewy lips; I hear
The strange and strict command address'd to
Maggie's ear.

I see the Ranter with bagpipe on back,
As to the fair he rides jocosely on;
I see the crowds that press with speed not slack
Along each road that leads to Anster Loan;
I see the suitors, that, deep-sheathed in sack,
Hobble and tumble, bawl and swear, and
grogan;
I see—but fie, thou brainish Muse! what mean
These vapourings, and brags of what by thee is
seen?

Go to!—be cooler, and in order tell
To all my good co-townsmen list'ning round,
How every merry incident befel,
Whereby our loan shall ever be renown'd;
Say first, what elf or fairy could impel
Fair Mag, with wit, and wealth, and beauty
crown'd,
To put her suitors to such waggish test,
And give her happy bed to him that jumped best?

'Twas on a keen December night; John Frost
Drove through mid air his chariot, icy-wheel'd,
And from the sky's crisp ceiling star-embost,
Whiff'd off the clouds that the pure blue con-
ceal'd;
The hornless moon amid her brilliant host
Shone, and with silver-sheeted lake and field.
'Twas cutting cold; I'm sure each trav'ler's nose
Was pinch'd right red that night, and numb'd
were all his toes.

Not so were Maggie Lauder's toes, as she
In her warm chamber at her supper sate
(For 'twas that hour when burgesses agree
To eat their suppers ere the night grows late).
Alone she sat, and pensive as may be
A young fair lady, wishful of a mate;
Yet with her teeth held now and then a picking,
Her stomach to refresh, the breast-bone of a
chicken.

She thought upon her suitors, that with love
Besiege her chamber all the livelong day,
Aspiring each her virgin heart to move,
With courtship's every troublesome essay;
Calling her angel, sweetening, fondling, dove,
And other nicknames in love's friv'ulous way;
While she, though their addresses still she heard,
Held back from all her heart, and still no beau
prefer'd.

What, what! quo' Mag, must thus it be my doom
To spend my prime in maidhood's joyless state,
And waste away my sprightly body's bloom
In spouseless solitude without a mate,
Still toying with my suitors, as they come
Cringing in lowly courtship to my gate?
Fool that I am, to live unwed so long!
More fool, since I am woo'd by such a clam'rous
throng!

For was e'er heiress with much gold in chest,
 And dower'd with acres of wheat-bearing land,
 By such a pack of men, in am'rous quest,
 Fawningly spaniel'd to bestow her hand?
 Where'er I walk, the air that feeds my breast
 Is by the gusty sighs of lovers fann'd;
 Each wind that blows wafts love-cards to my lap,
 Whilst I—ah, stupid Mag!—avoid each am'rous
 trap!

Then come, let me my suitors' merits weigh,
 And in the worthiest lad my spouse select:—
 First, there's our Anster merchant, Norman Ray,
 A powder'd wight with golden buttons deck'd,
 That stinks with scent, and chats like popinjay,
 And struts with phiz tremendously erect:
 Four brigs has he, that on the broad sea swim,—
 He is a pompous fool—I cannot think of him.

Next is the maltster Andrew Strang, that takes
 His seat i' the bailies' loft on Sabbath-day,
 With paltry visage white as oaten-cakes,
 As if no blood runs gurgling in his clay;
 Heav'ns! what an awkward hunch the fellow
 makes,
 As to the priest he does the bow repay!
 Yet he is rich—a very wealthy man, true—
 But, by the holy rood, I will have none of
 Andrew.

Then for the lairds—there's Melvil of Carnbee,
 A handsome gallant, and a beau of spirit;
 Who can go down the dance so well as he?
 And who can fiddle with such manly merit?
 Ay, but he is too much the debauchee—
 His cheeks seem sponges oozing port and claret;
 In marrying him I should bestow myself ill,
 And so I'll not have you, thou fuddler, Harry
 Melvil!

There's Cunningham of Barns, that still assails
 With verse and billet-doux my gentle heart,
 A bookish squire, and good at telling tales,
 That rhymes and whines of Cupid, flame, and
 dart;
 But, oh! his mouth a sorry smell exhales,
 And on his nose sprouts horribly the wart;
 What though there be a fund of lore and fun in
 him?
 He has a rotten breath—I cannot think of Cun-
 ningham.

Why then, there's Allardyce, that plies his suit
 And battery of courtship more and more;
 Spruce Lochmalonie, that with booted foot
 Each morning wears the threshold of my door;
 Auchmoutie too, and Bruce, that persecute
 My tender heart with am'rous buffets sore:—
 Whom to my hand and bed should I promote?
 Eh-la! what sight is this?—what ails my mustard-
 pot?

Here broke the lady her soliloquy;
 For in a twink her pot of mustard, lo!
 Self-moved, like Jove's wheel'd stool that rolls
 on high,
 'Gan caper on her table to and fro,
 And hopp'd and fidgited before her eye,
 Spontaneous, here and there, a wond'rous
 show:
 As leaps, instinct with mercury, a bladder,
 So leaps the mustard-pot of bonnie Maggie
 Lauder.

Soon stopp'd its dance th' ignoble utensil,
 When from its round and small recess there
 came
 Thin curling wreaths of paly smoke, that still,
 Fed by some magic unapparent flame,
 Mount to the chamber's stucco'd roof, and fill
 Each nook with fragrance, and refresh the
 dame:
 Ne'er smelt a Phoenix-nest so sweet, I wot,
 As smelt the luscious fumes of Maggie's mustard-
 pot.

It reeked censer-like; then, strange to tell!
 Forth from the smoke, that thick and thicker
 grows,
 A fairy of the height of half an ell,
 In dwarfish pomp, majestically rose:
 His feet, upon the table 'stablished well,
 Stood trim and splendid in their snake-skin
 hose;
 Glean'd topaz-like the breeches he had on,
 Whose waistband like the bend of summer rain-
 bow shone.

His coat seem'd fashion'd of the threads of gold,
 That intertwine the clouds at sunset hour;
 And, certes, Iris with her shuttle bold
 Wove the rich garment in her lofty bower;
 To form its buttons were the Pleiads old
 Pluck'd from their sockets, sure by genie-power,
 And sew'd upon the coat's resplendent hem;
 Its neck was lovely green, each cuff a sapphire
 gem.

As when the churlish spirit of the Cape
 To Gama, voyaging to Mozambique,
 Up-popp'd from sea, a tangle-tassel'd shape,
 With mussels sticking inch-thick on his cheek,
 And 'gan with tortoise-shell his limbs to scrape,
 And yawn'd his monstrous blobberlips to speak;
 Brave Gama's hairs stood bristled at the sight,
 And on the tarry deck sunk down his men with
 fright.

So sudden (not so huge and grimly dire)
 Uprose to Maggie's stounded eyne the sprite,
 As fair a fairy as you could desire,
 With ruddy cheek, and chin and temples white;
 His eyes seem'd little points of sparkling fire,
 That, as he look'd, charm'd with inviting light;

He was, indeed, as bonny a fay and brisk,
As e'er on long moonbeam was seen to ride and
frisk.

Around his bosom, by a silken zone,
A little bagpipe gracefully was bound,
Whose pipes like hollow stalks of silver shone,
The glist'ring tiny avenues of sound;
Beneath his arm the windy bag, full-blown,
Heaved up its purple like an orange round,
And only waited orders to discharge
Its blast with charming groan into the sky at large.

He wav'd his hand to Maggie, as she sat
Amaz'd and startled on her carved chair;
Then took his petty feather-garnish'd hat
In honour to the lady from his hair,
And made a bow so dignifiedly flat,
That Mag was witched with his beaush air.
At last he spoke, with voice so soft, so kind,
So sweet, as if his throat with fiddle-strings was
lin'd:—

Lady! be not offended that I dare,
Thus forward and impertinently rude,
Emerge, uncall'd, into the upper air,
Intruding on a maiden's solitude.
Nay, do not be alarm'd, thou lady fair!
Why startle so?—I am a fairy good;
Not one of those that, envying beauteous maids,
Speckle their skins with moles, and fill with
spleens their heads.

For, as conceal'd in this clay-house of mine,
I overheard thee in a lowly voice,
Weighing thy lovers' merits, with design
Now on the worthiest lad to fix thy choice,
I have up-bolted from my paltry shrine,
To give thee, sweet-ey'd lass, my best advice;
For by the life of Oberon my king!
To pick good husband out is, sure, a ticklish
thing.

And never shall good Tommy Puck permit
Such an assemblage of unwonted charms
To cool some lecher's lewd licentious fit,
And sleep imbound by his boisterous arms:
What though his fields by twenty ploughs be split,
And golden wheat wave riches on his farms?
His house is shame—it cannot, shall not be;
A greater, happier doom, O Mag, awaiteth thee.

Strange are indeed the steps by which thou must
Thy glory's happy eminence attain;
But fate hath fix'd them, and 'tis fate's t' adjust
The mighty links that ends to means enchain;
Nor may poor Puck his little fingers thrust
Into the links to break Jove's steel in twain:
Then, Maggie, hear, and let my words descend
Into thy soul, for much it boots thee to attend.

To-morrow, when o'er th' Isle of May the sun
Lifts up his forehead bright with golden crown,

Call to thine house the light-heel'd men, that run
Afar on messages for Anster Town,—
Fellows of sp'rit, by none in speed outdone,
Of lofty voice, enough a drum to drown,
And bid them hie, post-haste, through all the
nation,
And publish, far and near, this famous procla-
mation:—

Let them proclaim, with voice's loudest tone,
That on your next approaching market-day,
Shall merry sports be held in Anster Loan,
With celebration notable and gay;
And that a prize, than gold or precious stone
More precious, shall the victor's toils repay,
Ev'n thy own form with beauties so replete,—
Nay, Maggie, start not thus!—thy marriage-bed,
my sweet.

First, on the loan shall ride full many an ass,
With stout whip-wielding rider on his back,
Intent with twinkling hoof to pelt the grass,
And pricking up his long ears at the crack;
Next o'er the ground the daring men shall pass,
Half-coffin'd in their cumbrances of sack,
With heads just peeping from their shrines of
bag,
Horribly hobbling round, and straining hard for
Mag.

Then shall the pipers groaningly begin
In squeaking rivalry their merry strain,
Till Bilyness shall echo back the din,
And Innergelly woods shall ring again;
Last, let each man that hopes thy hand to win
By witty product of prolific brain,
Approach, and, confident of Pallas' aid,
Claim by an hum'rous tale possession of thy bed.

Such are the wondrous tests, by which, my love!
The merits of thy husband must be tried,
And he that shall in these superior prove
(One proper husband shall the Fates provide),
Shall from the loan with thee triumphant move
Homeward, the jolly bridegroom and the bride,
And at thy house shall eat the marriage-feast,
When I'll pop up again!—Here Tommy Puck
surceast.

He ceas'd, and to his wee mouth, dewy wet,
His bagpipe's tube of silver up he held,
And underneath his down-press'd arm he set
His purple bag, that with a tempest swell'd;
He play'd and pip'd so sweet, that never yet
Mag had a piper heard that Puck excell'd;
Had Midas heard a tune so exquisite,
By Heav'n! his long base ears had quiver'd with
delight.

Tingle the fire-ir'ns, poker, tongs, and grate,
Responsive to the blithesome melody;

The tables and the chairs inanimate

Wish they had muscels now to trip it high;
Wave back and forwards at a wondrous rate,
The window-curtains, touch'd with sympathy;
Fork, knife, and trencher almost break their sloth,
And caper on their ends upon the table-cloth.

How then could Maggie, sprightly, smart, and young,

Withstand that bagpipe's blithe awak'ning air?
She, as her ear-drum caught the sounds, up-sprung

Like lightning, and despis'd her idle chair,
And into all the dance's graces flung

The bounding members of her body fair;
From nook to nook through all her room she tript,

And whirl'd like whirligig, and reel'd, and bobb'd, and skipt.

At last the little piper ceas'd to play,

And deftly bow'd, and said, "My dear, good-night;"

Then in a smoke evanish'd clean away,

With all his gaudy apparatus bright;
As breaks soap-bubble which a boy in play

Blows from his short tobacco-pipe aright,
So broke poor Puck from view, and on the spot
Y-smoking aloes-reek he left his mustard-pot.

Whereat the furious lady's wriggling feet

Forgot to patter in such pelting wise,
And down she gladly sunk upon her seat,
Fatigu'd and panting from her exercise;

She sat and mus'd awhile, as it was meet,
On what so late had occupied her eyes;
Then to her bedroom went, and doff'd her gown,
And laid upon her couch her charming person down.

Some say that Maggie slept so sound that night,

As never she had slept since she was born;
But sure am I, that, thoughtful of the sprite,

She twenty times upon her bed did turn;
For still appear'd to stand before her sight

The gaudy goblin, glorious from his urn,
And still, within the cavern of her ear,
Th' injunction echoing rung, so strict and strange to hear.

But when the silver-harness'd steeds, that draw

The car of morning up th' empyreal height,
Had snorted day upon North Berwick Law,

And from their glist'ring loose manes toss'd the light,

Immediately from bed she rose, (such awe
Of Tommy press'd her soul with anxious weight,)

And donn'd her tissued fragrant morning vest,
And to fulfil his charge her earliest care address'd.

Straight to her house she tarried not to call

Her messengers and heralds swift of foot,—

Men skill'd to hop o'er dikes and ditches; all

Gifted with sturdy brazen lungs to boot;

She bade them halt at every town, and bawl

Her proclamation out with mighty bruit,
Inviting loud, to Anster Loan and Fair,
The Scottish beau to jump for her sweet person there.

They took each man his staff into his hand;

They butt'd round their bellies close their coats;

They flew divided through the frozen land;—

Were never seen such swiftly-trav'ling Scots!
Nor ford, slough, mountain, could their speed withstand;

Such fleetness have the men that feed on oats!

They skirr'd, they flounder'd through the sleets and snows,

And puff'd against the winds, that bit in spite each nose.

They halted at each wall-fenc'd town renown'd,

And ev'ry lesser borough of the nation;

And with the trumpet's welkin-rifting sound,

And tuck of drum of loud reverberation,
Tow'rds the four wings of heav'n, they, round and round,

Proclaim'd in Stentor-like vociferation,
That, on th' approaching day of Anster market,
Should merry sports be held:—Hush! listen now, and hark it!—

"Ho! beau and pipers, wits and jumpers, ho!

Ye buxom blades that like to kiss the lasses;

Ye that are skill'd sew'd up in sacks to go;

Ye that excel in *horsemanship* of asses;

Ye that are smart at telling tales, and know

On Rhyme's two stilts to crutch it up Parnassus;

Ho! lads, your sacks, pipes, asses, tales, prepare
To jump, play, ride, and rhyme at Anster Loan and Fair!

"First, on the green turf shall each ass draw nigh,

Caparison'd or clouted for the race,

With mounted rider, sedulous to ply

Cudgel or whip, and win the foremost place;

Next, shall th' advent'rous men, that dare to try

Their bodies' springiness in hempen case,

Put on their bags, and, with ridic'ulous bound,

And sweat and huge turmoil, pass lab'ring o'er the ground.

"Then shall the pipers, gentlemen o' the drone,

Their pipes in gleesome competition screw,

And grace, with loud solemnity of groan,

Each his invented tune to th' audience new;

Last shall each witty bard, to whom is known

The craft of Helicon's rhyme-jingling crew,

His story tell in good poetic strains,

And make his learned tongue the midwife to his brains.

"And he whose tongue the wittiest tale shall tell,
 Whose bagpipe shall the sweetest tune resound,
 Whose heels, tho' clogg'd with sack, shall jump
 it well,
 Whose ass shall foot with fleetest hoof the ground,
 He who from all the rest shall bear the bell,
 With victory in every trial crown'd,
 He (mark it, lads!) to Maggie Lauder's house
 That self-same night shall go, and take her for
 his spouse."

Here ceas'd the criers of the sturdy lungs;
 But here the gossip Fame (whose body's pores
 Are nought but open ears and babbling tongues,
 That gape and wriggle on her hide in scores),
 Began to jabber o'er each city's throngs,
 Blaz'ning the news through all the Scottish shores;
 Nor had she blabb'd, methinks, so stoutly since
 Queen Dido's peace was broke by Troy's love-
 truant prince.

In every lowland vale and Highland glen
 She nois'd the approaching fun of Anster Fair;
 Ev'n when in sleep were laid the sons of men,
 Snoring away on good chaff beds their care,
 You might have heard her faintly murmur then,
 For lack of audience, to the midnight air,
 That from Fife's East Nook up to farthest Stornoway,
 Fair Maggie's loud report most rapidly was borne
 away.

And soon the mortals that design to strive
 By meritorious jumping for the prize,
 Train up their bodies, ere the day arrive,
 To th' lumpish sack-encumber'd exercise;
 You might have seen no less than four or five
 Hobbling in each town loan in awkward guise;
 E'en little boys, when from the school let out,
 Mimick'd the bigger beaux, and leap'd in pokes
 about.

Through cots and granges with industrious foot,
 By laird and knight were light-heel'd asses
 sought,
 So that no ass of any great repute
 For twenty Scots marks could have then been
 bought;
 Nor e'er, before or since, the long-ear'd brute
 Was such a goodly acquisition thought.
 The pipers vex'd their ears and pipes, t' invent
 Some tune that might the taste of Anster Mag
 content.

Each poet, too, whose lore-manured brain
 Is hot of soil, and sprouts up mushroom wit,
 Ponder'd his noddle into extreme pain
 T' excogitate some story nice and fit:
 When rack'd had been his skull some hours in
 vain,
 He, to relax his mind a little bit,

Plung'd deep into a sack his precious body,
 And school'd it for the race, and hopp'd around
 his study.

Such was the sore preparatory care
 Of all th' ambitious that for April sigh:
 Nor sigh the young alone for Anster Fair;
 Old men and wives, erewhile content to die,
 Who hardly can forsake their easy-chair,
 To take, abroad, farewell of sun and sky,
 With new desire of life now glowing, pray
 That they may just o'erlive our famous market-
 day.

TAMMY LITTLE.

Wee Tammy Little, honest man!
 I kent the body weel,
 As round the kintra-side he gaed,
 Careerin' wi' his creel.

He was sae slender and sae wee,
 That aye when blasts did blaw,
 He ballasted himself wi' stanes
 'Gainst bein' blawn awa.

A meikle stane the wee bit man
 In ilka coat-pouch clappit,
 That by the mighty gowlin' wind
 He michtna doun be swappit.

When he did chance within a wood,
 On simmer days to be,
 Aye he was frichted lest the craws
 Should heise him up on hie;

And aye he, wi' an aiken cud,
 The air did thump and beat,
 To stap the craws frae liftin' him
 Up to their nests for meat.

Ae day, when in a barn he lay,
 And thrashers thrang were thair,
 He in a moment vanish'd aff,
 And nae man could tell whair.

They lookit till the riggin' up,
 And round and round they lookit,
 At last they fand him underneath
 A firloft cruyled and crookit.

Ance as big Samuel passed him by,
 Big Samuel gave a sneeze,
 And wi' the sough o't he was cast
 Clean doun upon his knees.

His wife and he upon ane day
 Did chance to disagree,

And up she took the bellowses,
As wild as wife could be;

She gave ane puff intill his face,
And made him, like a feather,
Flee frae the tae side o' the house,
Resoundin' till the tither!

Ae simmer e'en, when as he through
Pitkirie forest past,
By three braid leaves, blawn aff the trees,
He doun to yird was cast;

A tirl o' wind the three braid leaves
Doun frae the forest dang:
Ane frae an ash, ane frae an elm,
Ane frae an aik-tree strang;

Ane strack him sair on the back-neck,
Ane on the nose him rappit,
Ane smote him on the vera heart,
And doun as dead he drappit.

But ah! but ah! a drearier dool
Ane hap'd at Ounston-dammy,
That heised him a' thegither up,
And maist extinguished Tammy;

For, as he cam slow-daunderin' doun,
In's hand his basket hingin',
And stauver'd ower the hei-road's breidth,
Frae side to side a-swingin';

There cam a blast frae Kelly-law,
As bald a blast as ever
Auld snivelin' Boreas blew abraid,
To mak' the warld shiver;

It liftit Tammy aff his feet,
Mair easy than a shavin',
And hurl'd him half-a-mile complete
Hie up 'tween earth and heaven.

That day pair Tammy had wi' stanes
No ballasted his body,
So that he flew, maist like a shot,
Ower corn-land and ower cloddy.

You've seen ane tumbler on a stage,
Tumble sax times and mair,
But Tammy weel sax hundred times
Gaed tumblin' through the air.

And whan the whirly-wind gave ower
He frae the lift fell plumb,
And in a blink stood stickin' fast
In Gaffer Glowr-weel's lum.

Ay—there his legs and body stack
Amang the smotherin' soot,

But, by a wonderfu' good luck,
His head kept peepin' out.

But Gaffer Glowr-weel, when he saw
A man stuck in his lum,
He swarf'd wi' drither clean awa,
And sat some seconds dumb.

It took five masons near an hour
A' riving at the lum
Wi' picks, (he was sae jamm'd therein,)
Ere Tammy out could come.

As for his basket—weel I wat,
His basket's fate and fa'
Was, as I've heard douce neighbors tell,
The queerest thing of a'.

The blast took up the body's creel
And laid it on a cloud,
That bare it, sailin' through the sky,
Richt ower the Firth's braid flood.

And whan the cloud did melt awa,
Then, then the creel cam' doun,
And fell'd the toun-clerk o' Dunbar
E'en in his ain gude toun;

The clerk stood yelpin' on the street,
At some bit strife that stirr'd him,
Doun cam' the creel, and to the yird
It dang him wi' a dirdom!

THE EPITAPH FOR TAMMY.

O Earth! O Earth! if thou hast but
A rabbit-hole to spair,
O grant the graff to Tammy's corp,
That it may nestle thair!

And press thou light on him, now dead,
That was sae slim and wee,
For weel I wat, when he was quick,
He lightly pressed on thee!

ODE TO PEACE.

Daughter of God! that sits on high,
Amid the dances of the sky,
And guidest with thy gentle sway
The planets on their tuneful way;
Sweet Peace! shall ne'er again
The smile of thy most holy face,
From thine ethereal dwelling-place
Rejoice the wretched weary race
Of discord-breathing men?

Too long, O gladness-giving queen!
 Thy tarrying in heaven has been;
 Too long o'er this fair blooming world
 The flag of blood has been unfurled,
 Polluting God's pure day;
 Whilst, as each maddening people reels,
 War onward drives his scythed wheels,
 And at his horse's bloody heels
 Shriek murder and dismay.

Oft have I wept to hear the cry
 Of widow wailing bitterly;
 To see the parent's silent tear
 For children fallen beneath the spear;
 And I have felt so sore
 The sense of human guilt and woe,
 That I, in virtue's passion'd glow,
 Have cursed (my soul was wounded so)
 The shape of man I bore!
 Then come from thy serene abode,
 Thou gladness-giving child of God!
 And cease the world's ensanguined strife,
 And reconcile my soul to life;
 For much I long to see,
 Ere to the grave I down descend,
 Thy hand her blessed branch extend,
 And to the world's remotest end
 Wave love and harmony!

TO MY MOTHER'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

(WRITTEN A FEW DAYS AFTER HER DEATH.)

Lo! silent now and motionless,
 Within the corner stands
 The busy little engine once
 Mov'd by my mother's hands.

I bought it for her, low and light,
 To turn in easy wise,
 Thereby t'invite her aged foot
 To gentle exercise.

How gladsomely she sat her down
 Her self-set task to ply!
 How lightsomely, beside the hearth,
 Did winter evenings fly!
 I question'd her of Thrift, and all
 Her linen-making toils;
 And she informed my ignorance
 All readily with smiles.

Idle awhile the engine stood
 In autumn's jolly reign;
 She chid herself for idleness,
 And sought her wheel again.
 She spread the flax all smooth; she warp'd
 It round the distaff fair;—
 Alas! her hand ne'er touch'd the work—
 She died—and left it there!

And now another hand must spin
 The flaxen remnant out;
 A foot of greater energy
 Must force the wheel about.
 No more my chamber with its hum,
 At eve, shall shaken be;
 A house-wife's thrift, a house-wife's toils,
 No more have charms for me!

Yet, little engine! though thy sound
 No more shall please mine ear,
 Yet ever to mine eye thou shalt
 Be a memorial dear.
 Ev'n for her sake that exercis'd
 Her aged foot on thee,
 I'll look on thee with love; and thou
 Shalt never part from me.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

BORN 1784—DIED 1846.

ALEXANDER RODGER, some of whose songs have been very popular, was born at East-Calder, Mid-Lothian, July 16, 1784. His father, at first a farmer, afterwards became tenant of an inn at Mid-Calder, where Alexander was sent to school. Five years later he removed to Edinburgh, and apprenticed his son to a silversmith there. In 1797 his affairs became

so much embarrassed that he removed to Ham-burg, and Alexander was sent to reside with relations in Glasgow, by whom he was apprenticed to a weaver. In 1803 he was induced to join the Glasgow Highland Volunteers, a corps principally composed of Highlanders, and it became a favourite amusement with him to hit off the peculiarities of his Celtic com-

panions-in-arms. In 1806 he married Agnes Turner, by whom he had a large family, some of whom removed to the United States. Adding a little to his income by giving lessons in music, the peaceful tenor of the poet's life continued unbroken until the year 1819, when he was led to connect himself with a Radical journal called the *Spirit of the Union*, originated with the design of creating disaffection to the government. The editor was transported for life; the poet was convicted of revolutionary practices, and sent to prison for a short time. Here his indignant spirit used to solace itself by singing aloud his own political compositions, which, being well spiced with Radicalism, were exceedingly distasteful to his jailers. Soon after his release he obtained a situation in the Barrowfield Works as an inspector of the cloths, which he retained for eleven years, and during this period he produced some of his best poems. In 1832 he left this excellent position to engage with a friend in the pawnbroking business—a vocation not at all suitable for the kind-hearted poet,

who afterwards abandoned it, and obtained a situation in the *Glasgow Chronicle* office. In 1836 he removed to the *Reformers' Gazette* office, where he remained until his death, highly esteemed by his employers and a wide circle of friends. Mr. Rodger's health began to fail during the summer of 1846, and he died on the 26th September of that year. A handsome monument was erected over his remains in the Necropolis of Glasgow.

Rodger's first appearance as an avowed author was in 1827, when a volume of his poems was published in Glasgow; and in 1833 a new and complete edition was issued. His poetry is a combination of humour and satire, and it is perhaps not too much to say that in his day he was the favourite lyric poet of the West of Scotland. In 1836 some two hundred of his admirers and fellow-citizens entertained him at a public dinner in Glasgow, and handed him a small silver box of sovereigns, "a fruit not often found in much profusion on the barren though sunny sides and slopes of Parnassus."

SHON M'NAB.

Nainsel pe Maister Shon M'Nab,
Pe auld's ta forty-five, man,
And mony troll affairs she's seen,
Since she was born alive, man;
She's seen the warl' turn upside down,
Ta shentleman turn poor man,
And him was ance ta beggar loon,
Get knocker 'pon him's door, man.

She's seen ta stane bow't owre ta purn,
And syne be ca'd ta prig, man;
She's seen ta whig ta tory turn,
Ta tory turn ta whig, man;
But a' ta troll things she pe seen
Wad teuk twa days to tell, man,
So, gin you likes, she'll told you shust
Ta story 'bout hersel', man:—

Nainsel was first ta herd ta kyes,
'Pon Morven's ponnies praes, man,
Whar tousand pleasant days she'll spent,
Pe pu ta nits and slaes, man;
An' ten she'll pe ta *herring-poot*,
An' syne she'll pe fish-cod, man,
Ta place tey'll call Newfoundhims-land,
Pe far payont ta proad, man.

But, och-hon-ee! one misty night
Nainsel will lost her way, man,
Her poat was trown'd, hersel got fright,
She'll mind till dying day, man.
So fait! she'll pe fish-cod no more,
But back to Morven cam', man,
An' tere she'll turn ta whisky still,
Pe prew ta wee trap tram, man.

But foul befa' ta gauger loon,
Pe put her in ta shail, man,
Whar she wad stood for mony a day,
Shust 'cause she no got bail, man;
But out she'll got—nae matters hoo,
And came to Glasgow toun, man,
Whar tousand wonders *mhore* she'll saw,
As she went up and down, man.

Te first thing she pe wonder at,
As she cam' doun ta street, man,
Was man's pe traw ta cart himsel,
Shust 'pon him's nain twa feet, man.
Och on! och on! her nainsel thought,
As she wad stood and glower, man,
Puir man! if they mak you ta horse—
Should gang 'pon a' your *four*, man.

And when she turned ta corner round,
 Ta black man tere she see, man,
 Pe grund ta music in ta kist,
 And sell him for pawbee, man;
 And aye she'll grund, and grund, and
 grund,

And turn her mill about, man,
 Pe strange! she will put nothing in,
 Yet aye teuk music out, man.

And when she'll saw ta people's walk
 In crowds alang ta street, man,
 She'll wonder whar tey a' got spoons
 To sup teir pick o meat, man;
 For in ta place whar she was porn,
 And tat right far awa, man,
 Ta teil a spoon in a' ta house,
 But only ane or twa, man.

She glower to see ta mattams, too,
 Wi' plack clout on teir face, man,
 Tey surely tid some graceless teed,
 Pe in sic black disrace, man;
 Or else what for tey'll ling ta clout
 Owre prow, and cheek, and chin, man,
 If no for shame to show teir face,
 For some ungodly sin, man?

Pe strange to see ta wee bit kirn
 Pe jaw the waters out, man,
 And ne'er rin dry, though she wad rin
 A' tay, like mountain spout, man:
 Pe stranger far to see ta lamps,
 Like spunkies in a raw, man,
 A' pruntin' pright for want o' oil,
 And teil a wick ava, man.

Ta Glasgow folk be unco folk,
 Hae tealings wi' ta teil, man,—
 Wi' fire tey grund ta tait o' woo,
 Wi' fire tey card ta meal, man,
 Wi' fire tey spin, wi' fire tey weave,
 Wi' fire do ilka turn, man;
 Na, some of tem will eat ta fire,
 And no him's pelly purn, man.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta coach be rin,
 Upon ta railman's raw, man,
 Nainsel will saw him teuk ta road,
 An' teil a horse to traw, man;
 Another coach to Paisley rin,
 Tey'll call him Lauchie's motion,
 But oich! she was plawn a' to bits,
 By rascal rogue M'Splosion.

Wi' fire tey mak' ta vessels rin
 Upon ta river Clyde, man,
 She saw't hersel, as sure's a gun,
 As she stood on ta side, man:

But gin you'll no believe her word,
 Gang to ta Proomielaw, man,
 You'll saw ta ship wi' twa mill-wheels
 Pe grund ta water sma', man.

Oich! sic a toun as Glasgow toun,
 She never see pefore, man,
 Te houses tere pe mile and mair,
 Wi' names 'pon ilka toor, man.
 An' in teir muckle windows tere,
 She'll saw't, sure's teath, for sale, man,
 Prawn shentlemans pe want ta head,
 An' leddies want ta tail, man.

She wonders what ta peoples do,
 Wi' a' ta praw things tere, man,
 Gie her ta prose, ta kilt, an' hose,
 For tem she wadna care, man.
 And aye gie her ta pickle sneesh,
 And wee drap barley pree, man,
 For a' ta praws in Glasgow toun,
 She no gie paw-prown-pee, man.

BEHAVE YOURSEL' BEFORE FOLK.

Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 And dinna be sae rude to me,
 As kiss me sae before folk.

It wadna gie me meikle pain,
 Gin we were seen and heard by nane,
 To tak' a kiss, or grant you ane,
 But, guid sake! no before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Whate'er you do when out o' view,
 Be cautious aye before folk.

Consider, lad, how folk will crack,
 And what a great affair they'll mak'
 O' naething but a simple smack,
 That's gi'en or ta'en before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Nor gi'e the tongue o' auld or young,
 Occasion to come o'er folk.

It's no through hatred o' a kiss
 That I sae plainly tell you this;
 But, losh! I tak' it sair amiss
 To be sae teased before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 When we're our lane ye may tak' ane,
 But fient a ane before folk.

I'm sure wi' you I've been as free
 As ony modest lass should be;
 But yet it doesna do to see
 Sic freedom used before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 I'll ne'er submit again to it—
 So mind you that—before folk.

Ye tell me that my face is fair;
 It may be sac—I dinna care—
 But saur again gar't blush sae sair
 As ye ha'e done before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Nor heat my cheeks wi' your mad freaks,
 But aye be dounce before folk.

Ye tell me that my lips are sweet,
 Sic tales, I doubt, are a' deceit;
 At ony rate, it's hardly meet
 To pree their sweets before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk;
 Gin that's the case, there's time and
 place,
 But surely no before folk.

But gin you really do insist
 That I should suffer to be kiss'd,
 Gae, get a license frae the priest,
 And mak' me yours before folk.
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 Behave yoursel' before folk,
 And when we're ane, baith flesh and
 bane,
 Ye may tak' ten—before folk.

THE ANSWER.

Can I behave, can I behave,
 Can I behave before folk,
 When, wily elf, your sleeky self,
 Gars me gang gyte before folk?

In a' ye do, in a' ye say,
 Ye've sic a pawkie, coaxing way,
 That my poor wits ye lead astray,
 An' ding me dollt before folk!
 Can I behave, &c.,
 Can I behave, &c.;
 While ye ensnare, can I forbear
 To kiss you, though before folk?

Can I behold that dimpling cheek,
 Whar love 'mang sunny smiles might
 beck,
 Yet, howlet-like, my e'e-lids steek,
 An' shun sic light, before folk?

Can I behave, &c.,
 Can I behave, &c.,
 When ilka smile becomes a wile,
 Enticing me before folk?

That lip, like Eve's forbidden fruit,
 Sweet, plump, and ripe, sae tempts me to't,
 That I maun pree't, though I should rue't,
 Ay, twenty times—before folk!
 Can I behave, &c.,
 Can I behave, &c.,
 When temptingly it offers me,
 So rich a treat—before folk?

That gowden hair sae sunny bright;
 That shapely neck o' snawy white;
 That tongue, even when it tries to flyte,
 Provokes me till't before folk!
 Can I behave, &c.,
 Can I behave, &c.,
 When ilka charm, young, fresh, an'
 warm,
 Cries, "Kiss me now"—before folk?

An' oh! that pawkie, rowin' e'e,
 Sae roguishly it blinks on me,
 I canna, for my saul, let be
 Frae kissing you before folk!
 Can I behave, &c.,
 Can I behave, &c.,
 When ilka glint conveys a hint
 To tak' a smack—before folk?

Ye own that, were we baith our lane,
 Ye wadna grudge to grant me ane;
 Weel, gin there be nae harm in't then,
 What harm is in't before folk?
 Can I behave, &c.,
 Can I behave, &c.?
 Sly hypocrite! an anchorite
 Could scarce desist—before folk!

But after a' that has been said,
 Since ye are willing to be wed,
 We'll hae a "blythesome bridal" made,
 When ye'll be mine before folk!
 Then I'll behave, then I'll behave,
 Then I'll behave before folk;
 For whereas then ye'll aft get "ten,"
 It winna be before folk!

SWEET BET OF ABERDEEN.

How brightly beams the bonnie moon
 Frae out the azure sky,
 While ilka little star aboon
 Seems sparkling bright wi' joy.

How calm the eve! how blest the hour!
 How soft the sylvan scene!
 How fit to meet thee, lovely flower,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen!

Now let us wander through the broom,
 And o'er the flowery lea;
 While simmer wafts her rich perfume
 Frae yonder hawthorn tree:
 There on yon mossy bank we'll rest,
 Where we've sae often been,
 Clasp'd to each other's throbbing breast,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

How sweet to view that face so meek,
 That dark expressive eye;
 To kiss that lovely blushing cheek,
 Those lips of coral dye;
 But oh! to hear thy seraph strains,
 Thy maiden sighs between,
 Makes rapture thrill through all my veins,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

Oh! what to us is wealth or rank?
 Or what is pomp or power?
 More dear this velvet mossy bank,
 This blest ecstatic hour:
 I'd covet not the monarch's throne,
 Nor diamond-studded queen,
 While blest wi' thee, and thee alone,
 Sweet Bet of Aberdeen.

ROBIN TAMSON.

My mither men't my auld breeks,
 An' wow! but they were duddy,
 And sent me to get Mally shod
 At Robin Tamson's smiddy;
 The smiddy stands beside the burn
 That wimples through the clachan,—
 I never yet gae by the door
 But aye I fa' a-laughin!

For Robin was a walthy carle,
 And had ae bonnie dochter,
 Yet ne'er wad let her tak' a man,
 Though mony lads had sought her;
 And what think ye o' my exploit?
 The time our mare was shoeing
 I slippit up beside the lass,
 An' briskly fell a-woeing.

An' aye she e'd my auld breeks
 The time that we sat crackin';
 Quo' I, my lass, ne'er mind the clouts,
 I've new anes for the makin';
 But gin you'll just come hame wi' me,
 An' lea' the carle your father,
 Ye'se get my breeks to keep in trim,
 Mysel' an' a' thegither.

Deed, lad, quo' she, your offer's fair,
 I really think I'll tak' it,
 Sae gang awa', get out the mare,
 We'll baith slip on the back o't;
 For gin I wait my father's time,
 I'll wait till I be fifty;
 But na, I'll marry in my prime,
 An' mak' a wife most thrifty.

Wow! Robin was an angry man
 At tyning o' his dochter,
 Through a' the kintra-side he ran,
 An' far an' near he sought her;
 But when he cam' to our fire-end,
 An' fand us baith thegither,
 Quo' I, gudeman, I've ta'en your bairn,
 An' ye may tak' my mither.

Auld Robin girn'd, an' sheuk his pow,
 Guid sooth! quo' he, you're merry;
 But I'll just tak' ye at your word,
 An' end this hurry-burry;
 So Robin an' our auld wife
 Agreed to creep thegither;
 Now I hae Robin Tamson's pet,
 An' Robin has my mither.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

BORN 1784—DIED 1842.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, who ranks next to Burns and Hogg as a writer of Scottish song, was descended from a long line of ancestors who were lords of that district of Ayrshire which still bears their name, until one of them lost the patrimonial estate by siding with Montrose during the wars of the Commonwealth. Allan was born at Blackwood, near

Dumfries, December 7, 1784. He was the fourth son of John Cunningham, a shrewd, upright, and intelligent man, and Elizabeth Harley, a lady of elegant personal accomplishments and good family. After receiving an ordinary education in the English branches at a school conducted by an enthusiastic Cameronian, Allan was apprenticed to his eldest brother James as a stone-mason; and he still continued to enjoy the benefit of his father's instructions, whom he describes as possessing "a warm heart, lively fancy, benevolent humour, and pleasant happy wit." Allan appears also, from the multifarious knowledge which his earliest productions betoken, to have been at this time a careful reader of every book that came within his reach. He commenced the writing of poetry at a very early age, having been inspired by the numerous songs and ballads with which his native district of Nithsdale is stored. In 1790 his father became land-steward to Mr. Millar of Dalswinton, and as Burns' farm of Ellisland was on the opposite side of the river Nith the young lad had opportunities of meeting the distinguished poet, whose appearance and habits left an indelible impression on his mind. At the age of eighteen he made the acquaintance of the Ettrick Shepherd, who in his *Reminiscences of Former Days* gives a most interesting account of their first meeting. Hogg afterwards visited the Cunninghams at Dalswinton, and was greatly impressed with Allan's genius. In later days the Shepherd sung his praise as a skilful Scottish poet in the "Queen's Wake:"—

"Of the old elm his harp was made,
That bent o'er Cluden's loneliest shade;
No gilded sculpture round her flamed,
For his own hand that harp had framed,
In stolen hours, when, labour done,
He strayed to view the parting sun.

That harp could make the matron stare,
Bristle the peasant's hoary hair,
Make patriot-breasts with ardour glow,
And warrior pant to meet the foe;
And long by Nith the maidens young
Shall chant the strains their minstrel sung.
At ewe-bucht, or at evening fold,
When resting on the daisied wold,
Combing their locks of waving gold,
Of the fair group, enrapt, shall name
Their lost, their darling Cunningham;
His was a song beloved in youth,
A tale of weir, a tale of truth."

Allan's brother Thomas, and his friend James Hogg, being contributors to the *Scots Magazine*, he was led to offer some poetical pieces to that periodical, which were at once accepted and published. When Cromeck visited Dumfries in search of materials for his *Reliques of Burns* young Cunningham was pointed out to him as one who could aid him in the work, and the London engraver advised him to collect the minstrelsy of Nithsdale and Galloway. Soon after his return home he received from Cunningham contributions of old songs which greatly delighted him, and he strongly recommended the young poet to come to London. Allan followed his advice, and was intrusted with editing the volume which appeared in 1810, entitled Cromeck's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. But the best of these, and especially the "Mermaid of Galloway," were the production of Cunningham's own pen, a fact which the sagacity of the Ettrick Shepherd and Professor Wilson soon detected and demonstrated, very much to the advantage of the young poet. Cromeck did not survive to learn the imposition which had been practised upon him. After the appearance of this work Cunningham was employed writing for the London press, but this proving a precarious source of income he returned to his original vocation, obtaining an engagement in the establishment of Sir Francis Chantrey, over which he soon became the superintendent. He retained this congenial position, where he was brought in contact with men of genius—artists, authors, soldiers, and statesmen—up to the date of his death, a period of nearly thirty years. His warm heart, his honest, upright, and independent character, attracted the affectionate esteem and respect of all who enjoyed the acquaintance of "honest Allan," as Sir Walter Scott commonly called him.

Although faithfully devoted to business, being not unfrequently occupied at the studio twelve hours a day, Cunningham soon became favourably known as a poet and man of letters. In 1813 he gave to the world a volume of lyrics entitled *Songs chiefly in the Rural Language of Scotland*, followed in 1822 by "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a dramatic poem founded on Border story and superstition. Sir Walter Scott, to whom the author had sent the MS. of this work for perusal, considered it

a beautiful dramatic poem rather than a play, and therefore better fitted for the closet than the stage. His next publication was two volumes of *Traditional Tales*, which he had contributed to *Blackwood's* and the *London Magazines* from 1819 to 1824. This was followed in 1825 by his valuable work the *Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern*, with an Introduction and Notes, in four volumes. *Paul Jones*, a romance in three volumes, appeared in 1826; and a second, also in three volumes, entitled *Sir Michael Scott* was published in 1828. "The Maid of Elvar," an epic poem in twelve parts written in the Spenserian stanza, followed. In 1833 the most popular of his prose works, *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, begun in 1829, was completed in six volumes. In 1834 his well-known edition of Burns, to which he prefixed a life of the poet and enriched with new anecdotes and information, was published, and met with most gratifying success. In 1836 he published *Lord Roldan*, a romance, like its predecessors, somewhat diffuse and improbable. Cunningham, in addition to the works enumerated, was a contributor to the *London Athenæum*, the author of a series of prose descriptions to accompany Major's *Cabinet Gallery of Pictures*, a "History of the Fine Arts" for the *Popular Encyclopedia*, some contributions to *Pilkington's Painters*, and a memoir of James Thomson for an illustrated edition of *The Seasons*. His last literary work was a *Life of Sir David Wilkie*. "Cunningham, who knew the painter well," says his biographer, "and loved him dearly as a congenial Scottish spirit, found in this production the last of his literary efforts, as he finished its final corrections only two days before he died." At the same time he had made considerable progress in an extended edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and a life of Chantrey was also expected from his pen; but before these could be accomplished both poet and sculptor, after a close union of twenty-nine years, had ended their labours and bequeathed their memorial to other hands. The last days of Chantrey were spent in drawing the tomb in which he wished to be buried in the churchyard of Norton in Derbyshire, the place of his nativity; and while showing the plans to his assistant he observed with a

look of anxiety, "But there will be no room for you." "Room for me," cried Allan Cunningham; "I would not lie like a toad in a stone, or in a place strong enough for another to covet. Oh! no; let me lie where the green grass and the daisies grow, waving under the winds of the blue heaven." The wish of both was satisfied, for Chantrey reposes under his mausoleum of granite, and Cunningham in the picturesque cemetery of Kensall Green. The artist by his will left the poet a legacy of £2000, but the constitution of the latter was so prematurely exhausted that he lived only a year after his employer. He was seized with an apoplectic attack, and died October 29, 1842, in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He left a widow and five children, one of whom, Peter Cunningham, was well and favourably known by his agreeable contributions to the current literature of the day. In 1847 he published an edition of his father's poems and songs, and in 1874 a life of Cunningham appeared from the pen of the Rev. D. Hogg.

Sir Walter Scott said of one of the songs of this tender and perhaps the most pathetic of all the Scottish minstrels, that "it was equal to Burns;" and on another occasion remarked, "'It's Hame and it's Hame' and 'A wet Sheet and a flowing Sea' are among the best songs going." An esteemed friend, Mrs. S. C. Hall, writes of Cunningham's ballads and lyrical pieces, that "they are exquisite in feeling, chaste and elegant in style, graceful in expression, and natural in conception; they will bear the strictest and most critical inspection of those who consider elaborate finish to be, at least, the second requisite of the writers of song." The Ettrick Shepherd, after recounting his first meeting with Cunningham, says, "I never missed an opportunity of meeting with Allan when it was in my power to do so. I was astonished at the luxuriousness of his fancy. It was boundless, but it was the luxury of a rich garden overrun with rampant weeds. He was likewise then a great mannerist in expression, and no man could mistake his verses for those of any other man. I remember seeing some imitations of Ossian by him, which I thought exceedingly good; and it struck me that that style of composition was peculiarly fitted for his vast and fervent imagination." His "style of poetry is greatly

changed of late for the better. I have never seen any style improved so much. It is free of all that crudeness and mannerism that once marked it so decidedly. He is now uniformly lively, serious, descriptive, or pathetic, as he

changes his subject; but formerly he jumbled all these together, as in a boiling cauldron, and when once he began it was impossible to calculate where or when he was going to end."

THE MERMAID OF GALLOWAY.

There's a maid has sat o' the green merse side,
Thae ten lang years and mair:
And every first nicht o' the new mune
She kames her yellow hair.

And aye while she sheds the yellow burning
gowd,
Fu' sweet she sings and hie;
Till the fairest bird in the greenwood
Is charmed wi' her melodie.

But wha e'er listens to that sweet sang,
Or gangs the fair dame te,
Ne'er hears the sang o' the lark again,
Nor waukens an earthlie e'e.

It fell in about the sweet summer month,
I' the first come o' the mune,
That she sat o' the tap o' a sea-weed rock,
A-kaming her silk locks down.

Her kame was o' the whitely pearl,
Her hand like new-won milk;
Her bosom was like the snawy curd
In a net o' sea-green silk.

She kamed her locks o'er her white shoulders,
A fleece baith wide and lang;
And ilka ringlet she shed frae her brows,
She raised a lightsome sang.

I' the very first lilt o' that sweet sang,
The birds forhood their young,
And they flew i' the gate o' the gray howlet,
To listen to the sweet maiden.

I' the second lilt o' that sweet sang,
O' sweetness it was sae fu',
The tod lap up ower our fauld-dike,
And diehtit his red-wat mou'.

I' the very third lilt o' that sweet sang,
Red lowed the new-woke moon:
The stars drappit blude on the yellow gowan
tap,
Sax miles round that maiden.

"I ha'e dwalt on the Nith," quoth the young
Covehill,
"Thae twenty years and three;
But the sweetest sang I ever heard
Comes through the greenwood to me.

"O, is it a voice frae twa earthlie lips,
That maks sic melodie?
It wad wyle the lark frae the morning lift,
And weel may it wyle me!"

"I dreamed a dreary dream, master,
Whilk I am rad ye rede;
I dreamed ye kissed a pair o' sweet lips,
That drapped o' red heart's blude."

"Come, haud my steed, ye little foot-page,
Shod wi' the red gowd roun';
Till I kiss the lips whilk sing sae sweet:"
And lightlie lap he down.

"Kiss nae the singer's lips, master,
Kiss nae the singer's chin;
Touch nae her hand," quoth the little foot-
page,
"If skaithless hame ye wad win.

"O, wha will sit in your toom saddle,
O wha will bruik your gluve;
And wha will fauld your erled bride
In the kindlie clasps o' luve?"

He took aff his hat, a' gowd i' the rim,
Knot wi' a siller ban';
He seem'd a' in lowe with his gowd raiment,
As through the greenwood he ran.

"The summer dew fa's saft, fair maid,
Aneath the siller mune;
But eerie is thy seat i' the rock,
Wash'd wi' the white sea faem.

"Come, wash me wi' thy lilie-white hand,
Below and 'boon the knee;
And I'll kame thae links o' yellow burning
gowd
Aboon thy bonnie blue e'e.

"How rosie are thy parting lips,
How lilie-white thy skin!
And, weel I wat, thae kissing een
Wad tempt a saint to sin!"

"Tak' aff thae bars and bobs o' gowd,
Wi' thy gared doublet fine;
And thrav me off thy green mantle,
Leafed wi' the siller twine.

"And a' in courtesie, fair kniecht,
A maiden's mind to win;
The gowd lacing o' thy green weeds
Wad harm her lillie skin."

Syne cuist he aff his green mantle,
Hemmed wi' the red gowd roun';
His costly doublet cuist he aff,
Wi' red gowd flowered down.

"Now ye maun kame my yellow hair,
Down wi' my pearlie kame;
Then rowe me in thy green mantle,
And tak' me maiden hame.

"But first come tak me 'neath the chin;
And, syne, come kiss my cheek;
And spread my hanks o' watery hair
I' the new-moon beam to dreep."

Sae first he kissed her dimpled chin,
Syne kissed her rosie cheek;
And lang he wooed her willing lips,
Like heather-hinnie sweet!

"O, if ye'll come to bonnie Cowehill,
'Mang primrose banks to woo,
I'll wash thee ilk day i' the new-milked milk,
And bind wi' gowd your brow.

"And, a' for a drink o' the clear water,
Ye'se hae the rosie wine;
And a' for the water-lillie white,
Ye'se ha'e thae arms o' mine!"

"But what will she say, your bonnie young
bride,
Busked wi' the siller fine;
When the rich kisses ye keepit for her lips,
Are left wi' vows on mine?"

He took his lips frae her red-rose mou',
His arm frae her waist sae sma';

"Sweet maiden, I'm in bridal speed—
It's time I were awa'.

"O gi'e me a token o' luvè, sweet may,
A leil luvè token true;"
She crapped a lock o' her yellow hair,
And knotted it round his brow.

"Oh, tie it nae sae strait, sweet may,
But wi' luvè's rose-knot kynde:
My heid is fu' o' burning pain;
Oh, saft ye maun it bind."

His skin turned a' o' the red-rose hue,
Wi' draps o' bludie sweat;
And he laid his head 'mang the water lilies:
"Sweet maiden, I maun sleep."

She tyed ae link o' her wat yellow hair
Abune his burning bree;
Amang his curling haffet locks
She knotted knurles three.

She weaved ower his brow the white lillie,
Wi' witch-knots mae than nine;
"Gif ye were seven times bridegroom ower,
This nicht ye sall be mine."

O, twice he turned his sinking head,
And twice he lifted his e'e;
O, twice he socht to lift the links
Were knotted owre his bree.

"Arise, sweet knight; your young bride waits,
And doubts her ale will soure;
And wistlie looks at the lillie-white sheets,
Down-spread in ladie-bouir."

And she has pinned the broidered silk
About her white hause bane;
Her princely petticoat is on,
Wi' gowd can stand its lane.

He faintlie, slowlie turned his cheek,
And faintlie lift his e'e;
And he strave to lowse the witching bands
Aboon his burning bree.

Then took she up his green mantle,
Of lowing gowd the hem;
Then took she up his silken cap,
Rich wi' a siller stem;
And she threw them wi' her lillie hand
Amang the white sea-faem.

She took the bride-ring frae his finger,
And threw it in the sea;
"That hand shall mense nae other ring
But wi' the will o' me."

She faulded him in her lillie arms,
And left her pearlie kame;
His fleecy locks trailed ower the sand,
As she took the white sea-faem.

First rase the star out ower the hill,
And neist the lovelier moon;
While the beauteous bride o' Gallowa'
Looked for her blythe bridegroom.

Lythlie she sang, while the new mune rase,
Blythe as a young bride may,
When the new mune lights her lamp o' luvè,
And blinks the bryde away.

"Nithsdale, thou art a gay garden,
Wi' monie a winsome flour;
But the princeliest rose in that gay garden
Maun blossom in my bouir.

"And I will keep the drapping dew
Frae my red rose's tap;
And the balmy blobs o' ilka leaf
I'll keep them drap by drap.
And I will wash my white bosom
A' wi' this heavenly sap."

And aye she sewed her silken snood,
And sang a bridal sang:
But aft the tears drapt frae her e'e,
Afore the gray morn cam'.

The sun lowed ruddy 'mang the dew,
Sae thick on bank and tree;
The ploughboy whistled at his darg,
The milkmaid answered hie;
But the lovelie bryde o' Gallowa'
Sat wi' a wat-shod e'e.

Ilk breath o' wind 'mang the forest leaves
She heard the bridegroom's tongue;
And she heard the brydal-coming lilt
In every bird that sung.

She sat high on the tap tower stane;
Nae waiting May was there;
She lowsed the gowd busk frae her breist,
The kame frae 'mang her hair;
She wypit the tear-blobs frae her e'e,
And lookit lang and sair!

First sang to her the blythe wee bird,
Frae aff the hawthorn green:
"Lowse out the love-curls frae your hair,
Ye plaited sae weel yestreen."

And the speckled wood-lark frae 'mang the
cluds
O' heaven, came singing down:
"Tak' out thae bride-knots frae your hair,
And let the locks hang down."
"Come, byde wi' me, ye pair o' sweet birds,
Come down and byde wi' me;
Ye sall peckle o' the bread and drink o' the
wine,
And gowd your cage sall be."

She laid the bride-cake 'neath her head,
And syne below her feet;
And laid her doun 'tween the lillie-white sheets,
And soundly did she sleep!

It was in the mid hour o' the nicht
Her siller bell did ring;
And soun't as if nae earthlie hand
Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touched that ladye's,
Cauld as the marble stane;
And a hand, cauld as the drifting snow,
Was laid on her breist-bane.

"O, cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie;
O, cauld, cauld is thy cheek;
And wring thae locks o' yellow hair,
Frae which the cauld draps dreip."

"O, seek another bridegroom, Marie,
On thae bosom faulds to sleep;
My bride is the yellow water-lilie,
It's leaves my bridal sheet!"

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain;
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet,
And time, and care, and birth-time woes,
Have dimmed thine eye and touched thy rose,
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend like dews, unsought,
With gleams of deep, enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower;
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded wife of mine
The best of all things not divine.

THE DOWNFALL OF DALZELL.

The wind is cold, the snow falls fast,
 The night is dark and late,
 As I lift aloud my voice and cry
 By the oppressor's gate.
 There is a voice in every hill,
 A tongue in every stone;
 The greenwood sings a song of joy,
 Since thou art dead and gone:
 A poet's voice is in each mouth,
 And songs of triumph swell,
 Glad songs that tell the gladsome earth
 The downfall of Dalzell.

As I raised up my voice to sing,
 I heard the green earth say,
 Sweet am I now to beast and bird,
 Since thou art past away;
 I hear no more the battle shout,
 The martyr's dying moans;
 My cottages and cities sing
 From their foundation stones;
 The carbine and the culverin's mute—
 The death-shot and the yell
 Are twin'd into a hymn of joy,
 For thy downfall, Dalzell.

I've trod thy banner in the dust,
 And caused the raven call
 From thy bride-chamber, to the owl
 Hatch'd on thy castle wall;
 I've made thy minstrel's music dumb,
 And silent now to fame
 Art thou, save when the orphan casts
 His curses on thy name.
 Now thou may'st say to good men's prayers
 A long and last farewell:
 There's hope for every sin save thine—
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

The grim pit opes for thee her gates,
 Where punish'd spirits wail,
 And ghastly death throws wide her door,
 And hails thee with, All hail!
 Deep from the grave there comes a voice,
 A voice with hollow tones,
 Such as a spirit's tongue would have
 That spoke through hollow bones:—
 Arise, ye martyr'd men, and shout
 From earth to howling hell;
 He comes, the persecutor comes!
 All hail to thee, Dalzell!

O'er an old battle-field there rushed
 A wind, and with a moan
 The sever'd limbs all rustling rose,
 Even fellow bone to bone.

Lo! there he goes, I heard them cry,
 Like babe in swathing band,
 Who shook the temples of the Lord,
 And pass'd them 'neath his brand!
 Curs'd be the spot where he was born,
 There let the adders dwell;
 And from his father's hearth-stone hiss:
 All hail to thee, Dalzell!

I saw thee growing like a tree—
 Thy green head touched the sky—
 But birds far from thy branches built,
 The wild deer pass'd thee by:
 No golden dew dropt on thy bough,
 Glad summer scorn'd to grace
 Thee with her flowers, nor shepherds woo'd
 Beside thy dwelling place:
 The axe has come and hewed thee down,
 Nor left one shoot to tell
 Where all thy stately glory grew;
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

An ancient man stands by thy gate,
 His head like thine is gray—
 Gray with the woes of many years—
 Years fourscore and a day.
 Five brave and stately sons were his;
 Two daughters, sweet and rare;
 An old dame dearer than them all,
 And lands both broad and fair:—
 Two broke their hearts when two were slain,
 And three in battle fell—
 An old man's curse shall cling to thee:
 Adieu, adieu, Dalzell!

And yet I sigh to think of thee,
 A warrior tried and true,
 As ever spurred a steed, when thick
 The splintering lances flew.
 I saw thee in thy stirrups stand,
 And hew thy foes down fast,
 When Grierson fled, and Maxwell fail'd,
 And Gordon stood aghast;
 And Graeme, saved by thy sword, raged fierce
 As one redeem'd from hell.
 I came to curse thee—and I weep:
 So go in peace, Dalzell.

SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

She's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
 She's gane to dwall in heaven;
 "Ye're owre pure," quo' the voice of God,
 "For dwelling out o' heaven!"

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
 Oh, what'll she do in heaven?

She'll mix her ain thought swi' angels' sangs,
And make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Lowly there thou lies, my lassie,
Lowly there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudeness' sell wi' thee.

I look'd on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-cold face;
Thou seem'd a lily new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I look'd on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I look'd on thy death-shut eye,
An' a lovelier light in the brow of Heaven
Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' Heaven,
That sang the evening psalm.

There's nought but dust now mine, lassie,
There's nought but dust now mine;
My soul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'?

DE BRUCE! DE BRUCE!

De Bruce! De Bruce!—with that proud call
Thy glens, green Galloway,
Grow bright with helm, and axe, and glaive,
And plumes in close array:
The English shafts are loosed, and see,
They fall like winter sleet;
The southern nobles urge their steeds,
Earth shudders 'neath their feet.
Flow gently on, thou gentle Orr,
Down to old Solway's flood;
The ruddy tide that stains thy streams
Is England's richest blood.

Flow gently onwards, gentle Orr,
Along thy greenwood banks;
King Robert raised his martial cry,
And broke the English ranks.
Black Douglas smiled and wiped his blade,
He and the gallant Græme;

And, as the lightning from the cloud,
Here fiery Randolph came;
And stubborn Maxwell too was here,
Who spared nor strength nor steel;
With him who won the winged spur
Which gleams on Johnstone's heel.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—yon silver star,
Fair Alice, it shines sweet—
The lonely Orr, the good greenwood,
The sod aneath our feet,
Yon pasture mountain green and large,
The sea that sweeps its foot—
Shall die—shall dry—shall cease to be,
And earth and air be mute;
The sage's word, the poet's song,
And woman's love, shall be
Things charming none, when Scotland's heart
Warms not with naming thee.

De Bruce! De Bruce!—on Dee's wild banks,
And on Orr's silver side,
Far other sounds are echoing now
Than war-shouts answering wide:
The reaper's horn rings merrily now;
Beneath the golden grain
The sickle shines, and maidens' songs
Glad all the glens again.
But minstrel-mirth, and homely joy,
And heavenly libertie—
De Bruce! De Bruce!—we owe them all
To thy good sword and thee.

Lord of the mighty heart and mind,
And theme of many a song!
Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful,
I see thee bound along,—
Thy helmet plume is seen afar,
That never bore a stain;
Thy mighty sword is flashing high,
Which never fell in vain.
Shout, Scotland, shout—till Carlisle wall
Gives back the sound agen,—
De Bruce! De Bruce!—less than a god,
But noblest of all men!

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh for a soft and gentle wind!
 I heard a fair one cry;
 But give to me the snoring breeze,
 And white waves heaving high;
 And white waves heaving high, my boys,
 The good ship tight and free—
 The world of waters is our home,
 And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
 And lightning in yon cloud;
 And hark the music, mariners!
 The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 The lightning flashing free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON-MILL.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
 The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,
 Its gentle breath among the flowers
 Scarce stirr'd the thistle's tap of down;
 The dappled swallow left the pool,
 The stars were blinking o'er the hill,
 When I met, among the hawthorns green,
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Her naked feet among the grass
 Shone like two dewy lilies fair;
 Her brow beam'd white aneath her locks,
 Black curling o'er her shoulders bare;
 Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth,
 Her lips had words and wit at will,
 And heaven seem'd looking through her een,
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Quoth I, Fair lass, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Where black-cocks crow, and plovers cry?
 Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,
 Six vales are lowing wi' my kye.
 I hae look'd lang for a weel-faur'd lass,
 By Nithsdale's holms, and many a hill—
 She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

I said, Sweet maiden, look nae down,
 But gie's a kiss, and come with me;
 A lovelier face O ne'er look'd up,—
 The tears were dropping frae her e'e.
 I hae a lad who's far awa',
 That weel could win a woman's will;
 My heart's already full of love,—
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

Now who is he could leave sic a lass,
 And seek for love in a far countrie?

Her tears dropp'd down like simmer dew;
 I fain wad kiss'd them frae her e'e.
 I took ae kiss o' her comely cheek—
 For pity's sake, kind sir, be still;
 My heart is full of other love,
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

She streek'd to heaven her twa white hands,
 And lifted up her watery e'e—
 Sae lang's my heart kens aught o' God,
 Or light is gladsome to my e'e;
 While woods grow green, and burns run clear,
 Till my last drop of blood be still,
 My heart shall haud nae other love,
 Quoth the lovely lass of Preston-mill.

There's comely maids on Dee's wild banks,
 And Nith's romantic vale is fu';
 By Ae and Clouden's hermit streams
 Dwells many a gentle dame, I trow.
 O! they are lights of a bonnie kind,
 As ever shone on vale and hill,
 But there's ae light puts them all out,—
 The lovely lass of Preston-mill.

IT'S HAME, AND IT'S HAME.

It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' its hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
 When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on
 the tree,
 The lark shall sing me hame in my ain countrie;
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
 The bonnie white rose it is withering an' a';
 But I'll water't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie,
 An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

There's naught now frae ruin my country can
 save,
 But the keys o' kind Heaven to open the grave,
 That a' the noble martyrs who died for loyalty,
 May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
 It's hame, and it's hame, hame fain wad I be,
 And it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great now are gane, a' who ventured to save;
 The new grass is springing on the tap o' their
 grave;
 But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in
 my e'e:
 "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie."
 It's hame, an' its hame, hame fain wad I be,
 An' it's hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

MY NANIE, O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
Mirk is the night, and rainie, O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in
storm,

I'll gang and see my Nanie, O;
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;
My kind and winsome Nanie, O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
And nane can do't but Nanie, O.

In preaching time sae meek she stauds,
Sae saintly and sae bonnie, O,
I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
For thieving looks at Nanie, O;
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;
The world's in love with Nanie, O;
That heart is hardly worth the wear
That wadna love my Nanie, O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
When dancing she moves finely, O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely, O;
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;
The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie, O;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, I dwell with Nanie, O.

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
O'er Tinwald-top so bonnie, O,
My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
When coming frae my Nanie, O;
My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O;
Nane ken o' me and Nanie, O;
The stars and moon may tell't aboon,
They winna wrang my Nanie, O!

SATURDAY'S SUN.

O Saturday's sun sinks down with a smile
On one who is weary and worn with his toil!—
Warmer is the kiss which his kind wife receives,
Fonder the look to his bonnie bairns he gives;
His gude mother is glad, though her race is nigh
run,

To smile wi' the weans at the setting of the sun:
The voice of prayer is heard, and the holy psalm
tune,

Wha wadna be glad when the sun gangs down?

Thy cheeks, my leal wife, may not keep the ripe
glow
Of sweet seventeen, when thy locks are like snow.

Though the sweet blinks of love are most flown
frae thy e'e,
Thou art fairer and dearer than ever to me.
I mind when I thought that the sun didna shine
On a form half so fair or a face so divine;
Thou wert woo'd in the parlour, and sought in
the ha';
I came and I won thee frae the wit o' them a'.

My hame is my mailen, weel stocket and fu',
My bairns are the flocks and the herds which I
lo'e;

My wife is the gold and delight of my e'e,
And worth a whole lordship of mailens to me.
O, who would fade away like a flower in the dew,
And no leave a sprout for kind Heaven to pu'?
Who would rot 'mang the mools like the stump
of a tree,

Wi' nae shoots the pride of the forest to be?

AWAKE, MY LOVE.

Awake, my love! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim gray;
Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew;
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs;
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake!

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes and clasp'd her shoon,
And from her home by Preston burn
Came forth, the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropt, now lowne, now hush—
The gold-spink answered from the bush—
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery gray,
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake—
To see the smoke, in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lonely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon caroling lark?
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warns its wild note with nuptial love—
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

THE THISTLE'S GROWN ABOON THE ROSE.

Full white the Bourbon lily blows,
And fairer haughty England's rose;
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
Green Ireland, of thy lovely isle.
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in lady's bower;
His crest, when high the soldier bears,
And spurs his courser on the spears,
O! there it blossoms—there it blows,—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

Bright like a steadfast star it smiles
Aboon the battle's burning files;
The mirkest cloud, the darkest night,
Shall ne'er make dim that beauteous light;
And the best blood that warms my vein
Shall flow ere it shall catch a stain.
Far has it shone on fields of fame,
From matchless Bruce till dauntless Græine,
From swarthy Spain to Siber's snows;—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

What conquer'd ay, what nobly spared,
What firm endured, and greatly dared?
What redden'd Egypt's burning sand?
What vanquish'd on Corunna's strand?
What pipe on green Maida blew shrill?
What dyed in blood Barossa hill?
Bade France's dearest life-blood rue
Dark Soignies and dread Waterloo?
That spirit which no terror knows;—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

I vow—and let men mete the grass
For his red grave who dares say less—
Men kinder at the festive board,
Men braver with the spear and sword,
Men higher famed for truth—more strong
In virtue, sovereign sense, and song,
Or maids more fair, or wives more true,
Than Scotland's, ne'er trode down the dew.
Round flies the song—the flagon flows,—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countrie.

O! gladness comes to many,
But sorrow comes to me,
As I look o'er the wide ocean
To my ain countrie.

O! it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the love I left in Galloway,
Wi' bonnie bairnies three.
My hamely hearth burnt bonnie,
An' smiled my fair Marie;
I've left my heart behind me
In my ain countrie.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I'll win back—O never,
To my ain countrie.
I'm leal to the high Heaven,
Which will be leal to me,
An' there I'll meet ye a' sune
Frae my ain countrie.

BONNIE LADY ANN.

There's kames o' hinnie 'tween my luve's lips,
And gowd amang her hair;
Her breists are lapt in a holy aye;
Nae mortal een keek there.
What lips daur kiss, or what hand daur touch,
Or what arm o' luve daur span,
The hinnie lips, the creamy lufe,
Or the waist o' Lady Ann?

She kisses the lips o' her bonnie red rose,
Wat wi' the blobs o' dew;
But nae gentle lip, nor semple lip,
Maun touch her ladie mou'.
But a broider'd belt, wi' a buckle o' gowd,
Her jimpy waist maun span;
Oh! she's an armfu' fit for heaven—
My bonnie Lady Ann.

Her bower casement is latticed wi' flowers,
Tied up wi' siller thread;
And comely sits she in the midst,
Men's langing een to feed:
She waves the ringlets frae her cheek,
Wi' her milky, milky hand;
An' her cheeks seem touch'd wi' the finger of
God,
My bonnie Lady Ann.

The mornin' clud is tasselt wi' gowd,
Like my luve's broidered cap;
And on the mantle that my luve wears
Is mony a gowden drap.

Her bonny e'e-bree's a holy arch,
 Cast by nae earthly han!
 And the breath o' heaven is atween the lips
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I wonderin' gaze on her stately steps,
 And I beet a hopeless flame!
 To my luv, alas! she maunna stoop:
 It would stain her honoured name.
 My een are bauld, they dwell on a place
 Where I daurna mint my hand;

But I water, and tend, and kiss the flowers
 O' my bonnie Lady Ann.

I'm but her father's gardener lad,
 And puir, puir is my fa';
 My auld mither gets my wee wee fee,
 Wi' fatherless bairnies twa.
 My lady comes, my lady gaes,
 Wi' a fou and kindly han';
 O! their blessin' maun mix wi' my luv,
 And fa' on Lady Ann.

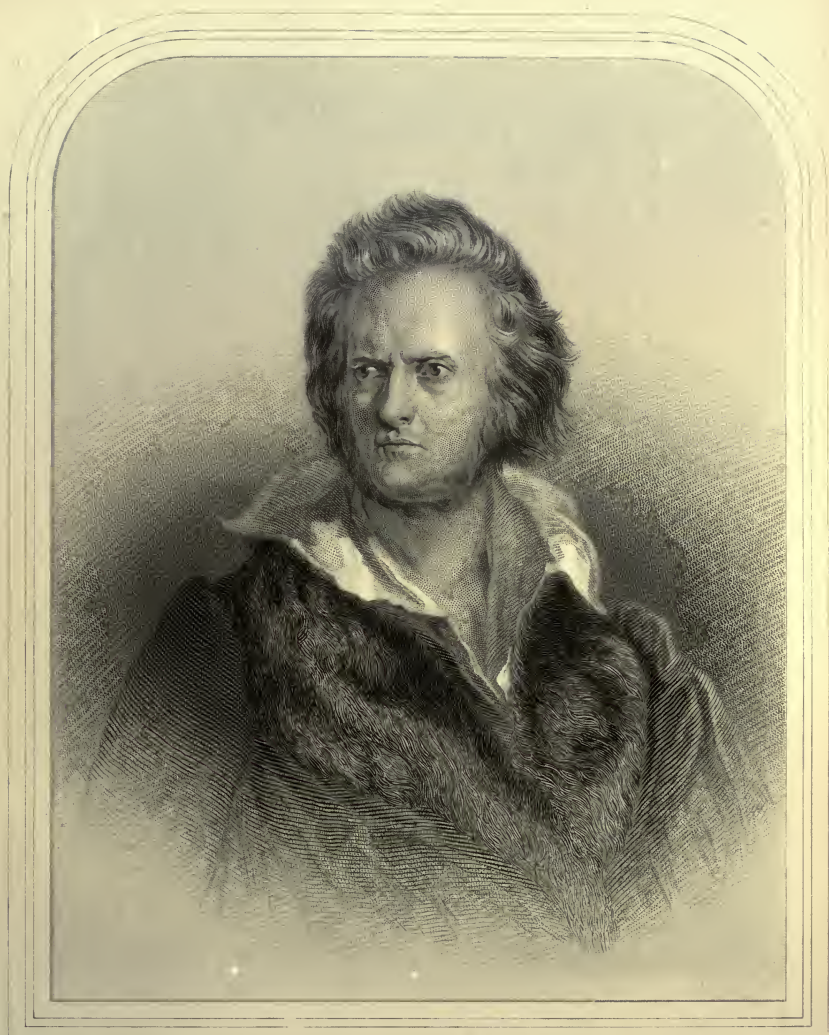
JOHN WILSON.

BORN 1785—DIED 1854.

JOHN WILSON, the distinguished poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer, was born at Paisley, May 18, 1785. His father was a prosperous gauze manufacturer in that town, and his mother, Margaret Sym, belonged to a wealthy Glasgow family. The boy's elementary education was received first at a school in Paisley, and afterwards at the manse of Mearns, a parish in Renfrewshire. In this rural situation the youth conned his lessons within doors; but the chief training for his future sphere consisted in many a long ramble among the beautiful scenery with which he was surrounded, and the frolics or conversation of the peasantry, among whom he soon became a general favourite. At the age of thirteen he was sent to the University of Glasgow, where he studied Greek and logic during three sessions under Professors Young and Jardine, and to the training especially of the latter he was indebted for those mental impulses which he afterwards prosecuted so successfully. In June, 1803, he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner; and there his diligence was attested by the knowledge of the best classical writers of antiquity which he afterwards displayed, and his native genius by the production of an English poem of fifty lines, which gained for him the Newdigate prize. In other kinds of college exercises—as boxing, leaping, running, rowing, and other athletic sports—he was also greatly distinguished. Having at

the age of twenty-one succeeded to a considerable fortune by the death of his father, he purchased the beautiful estate of Ellera, in Westmoreland, where he went to reside on leaving Oxford in 1807. Here he was at liberty to enjoy all the varied delights of poetic meditation, of congenial society, and of those endless out-door recreations which constituted no small part of his life. Five years after purchasing the Windermere property he married Miss Jane Penny, the daughter of a wealthy Liverpool merchant.

Wilson on leaving college resolved to become a member of the Scottish bar, and after the usual studies he was enrolled an advocate in 1815. It must not, however, be supposed that he was either the most anxious or industrious of barristers. In the same year the unfaithful stewardship of a maternal uncle deprived him of his fortune, and obliged him to remove from Ellera to Edinburgh. He had before this begun his literary and poetic career by the publication of an elegy on the death of the Rev. James Grahame, author of the "Sabbath," with which Joanna Baillie was so much pleased that she wrote to Sir Walter Scott for the name of the author. He also composed some beautiful stanzas entitled "The Magic Mirror," which appeared in the *Annual Register* for 1812. During the same year he produced *The Isle of Palms, and other Poems*, which at once stamped their author as one of the poets of the Lake school; but much as the "Isle of Palms"



A. Scott Lauder. R.S.A.

George Cook

JOHN WILSON.

(CHRISTOPHER NORTH)

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH

was admired in its day it has failed to endure the test of time. In 1816 he produced "The City of the Plague," a dramatic poem which even the envious Lord Byron placed among the great works of the age. But it too has failed to secure that enduring popularity accorded to the poems of his great contemporaries. Wilson's next publications were prose tales and sketches, entitled *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*, *The Foresters*, and *The Trials of Margaret Lindsay*. On the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1817 a new sphere of literary life, and one for which his future career proved he was as well fitted as any author then living, was opened to him. The magazine was started as the champion of Tory principles, in opposition to the *Edinburgh Review*, and so marked was the influence he exercised on its fortunes for upwards of a quarter of a century that he was universally regarded as its editor, although Mr. Blackwood the publisher performed the duties of that office himself. "Christopher North" was, however, the living soul and support of the magazine, so that in spite of all denials he continued to be proclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic the editor of *Maga*.

In 1820 he offered himself as a candidate for the chair of moral philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, made vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Brown, and notwithstanding an amount of opposition unprecedented in such an election, Wilson, to the general surprise of all classes, was elected. His competitor was no less a person than Sir William Hamilton, who, it appears, was the students' choice. The professor's first lecture is thus described by an eye-witness:—"There was a furious bitterness of feeling against him (Wilson) among the classes of which probably most of his pupils would consist, and although I had no prospect of being among them I went to his first lecture, prepared to join in a cabal which I understood was formed to put him down. The lecture-room was crowded to the ceiling. Such a collection of hard-browed scowling Scotchmen, muttering over their knob-sticks, I never saw. The professor entered with a bold step amid profound silence. Everyone expected some deprecatory or propitiatory introduction of himself and his subject, upon which the mass was to decide against

him, reason or no reason; but he began in a voice of thunder right into *the matter* of his lecture, kept up unflinchingly and unhesitatingly, without a pause, a flow of rhetoric such as Dugald Stewart or Thomas Brown, his predecessors, never delivered in the same place. Not a word, not a murmur escaped his captivated, I ought to say his conquered audience, and at the end they gave him a right-down unanimous burst of applause. Those who came to scoff remained to praise." Wilson occupied this important chair for thirty years. In 1851 he received a pension from the government of £300 per annum, and in the same year he resigned his professorship without making the usual claim of a retiring allowance. Till within a short period preceding his death he resided during the summer months at Ellera, where he dispensed a princely hospitality, and his splendid regattas on Lake Windermere won for him the title of "Admiral of the Lake." He died at his residence in Gloucester Place, Edinburgh, April 3, 1854. His remains were interred in the Dean Cemetery, and the funeral, which was a public one, was attended by thousands, who thus testified their respect for one of the noblest Scotchmen of the nineteenth century. In February, 1865, a noble statue of Wilson, executed in bronze by John Steell of Edinburgh, was erected in that city on the same day that a marble statue of Allan Ramsay, by the same distinguished artist, was inaugurated.

In 1825 Wilson's entire poetical works were published in two volumes, followed in 1842 by three volumes of prose contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, under the title of *Recreations of Christopher North*. After his death a complete edition of his works, under the editorial supervision of his son-in-law Professor Ferrier, was published; and in 1862 appeared an interesting memoir of his life by his daughter, the late Mrs. Gordon.

The poetical productions of John Wilson, by which he commenced his career as an aspirant for the honours of authorship, notwithstanding their many beauties, will not preserve his name; his fame rests more securely upon those matchless papers which appeared through a long series of years in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. "By nature," says an eminent writer, "Wilson was Scotland's brightest sun

save Burns; and he, Scott, and Burns must rank everlastingly together as the first three of her men of genius." "His poems," writes Mrs. S. C. Hall, "are full of beauty: they have all the freshness of the heather: a true relish for nature breaks out in all of them: they are the earnest breathings of a happy and buoyant spirit: a giving out, as it were, of the breath that had been inhaled among the mountains."

A LAY OF FAIRY-LAND.

<p>It is upon the Sabbath-day, at rising of the sun, That to Glenmore's black forest-side a shepherdess hath gone, From eagle and from raven to guard her little flock, And read her Bible as she sits on greensward or on rock.</p> <p>Her widow-mother wept to hear her whispered prayer so sweet, Then through the silence bless'd the sound of her soft parting feet; And thought, "While thou art praising God amid the hills so calm, Far off this broken voice, my child! will join the morning psalm."</p> <p>So down upon her rushy couch her moisten'd cheek she laid, And away into the morning hush is flown her Highland maid; In heaven the stars are all bedim'd, but in its dewy mirth A star more beautiful than they is shining on the earth.</p> <p>In the deep mountain-hollow the dreamy day is done, For close the peace of Sabbath brings the rise and set of sun; The mother through her lowly door looks forth unto the green, Yet the shadow of her shepherdess is nowhere to be seen.</p> <p>Within her loving bosom stirs one faint throb of fear— "Oh! why so late!"—a footstep—and she knows her child is near; So out into the evening the gladden'd mother goes, And between her and the crimson light her daughter's beauty glows.</p>	<p>The heather-balm is fragrant—the heather-bloom is fair, But 'tis neither heather-balm nor bloom that wreathes round Mhairi's hair; Round her white brows so innocent, and her blue quiet eyes That look out bright, in smiling light, beneath the flowery dies.</p> <p>These flowers by far too beautiful among our hills to grow, These gem-crowned stalks too tender to bear one flake of snow, Not all the glens of Caledon could yield so bright a band, That in its lustre breathes and blooms of some warm foreign land.</p> <p>"The hawk hath long been sleeping upon the pillar-stone, And what hath kept my Mhairi in the moorlands all alone? And where got she those lovely flowers mine old eyes dimly see? Where'er they grew, it must have been upon a lovely tree."</p> <p>"Sit down beneath our elder-shade, and I my tale will tell"— And speaking, on her mother's lap the wondrous chaplet fell; It seemed as if its blissful breath did her worn heart restore, Till the faded eyes of age did beam as they had beamed of yore.</p> <p>"The day was something dim—but the gracious sunshine fell On me, and on my sheep and lambs, and our own little dell, Some lay down in the warmth, and some began to feed, And I took out the holy Book, and thereupon did read.</p>
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"And while that I was reading of Him who
for us died,
And blood and water shed for us from out his
blessed side,
An angel's voice above my head came singing
o'er and o'er,
In Abenethy-wood it sank, now rose in dark
Glenmore.

"Mid lonely hills, on Sabbath, all by myself,
to hear
That voice, unto my beating heart did bring
a joyful fear;
For well I knew the wild song that wavered
o'er my head
Must be from some celestial thing, or from the
happy dead.

"I looked up from my Bible, and lo! before
me stood,
In her green graceful garments, the Lady of
the Wood;
Silent she was and motionless, but when her
eyes met mine,
I knew she came to do me good, her smile was
so divine.

"She laid her hand as soft as light upon your
daughter's hair,
And up that white arm flowed my heart into
her bosom fair;
And all at once I loved her well as she my
mate had been,
Though she had come from Fairy Land and
was the Fairy Queen."

Then started Mhairi's mother at that wild
word of fear,
For a daughter had been lost to her for many
a hopeless year;
The child had gone at sunrise among the hills
to roam,
But many a sunset since had been, and none
hath brought her home.

Some thought that Fhaum, the savage shape
that on the mountain dwells,
Had somewhere left her lying dead among the
heather-bells,
And others said the River red had caught her
in her glee,
And her fair body swept unseen into the
unseen sea.

But thoughts come to a mother's breast a
mother only knows,
And grief, although it never dies, in fancy
finds repose;

By day she feels the dismal truth that death
has ta'en her child,
At night she hears her singing still and danc-
ing o'er the wild.

And then her country's legends lend all their
lovely faith,
Till sleep reveals a silent land, but not a land
of death—
Where, happy in her innocence, her living
child doth play
With those fair elves that wafted her from her
own world away.

"Look not so mournful, mother! 'tis not a
tale of woe—
The Fairy Queen stooped down and left a kiss
upon my brow,
And faster than mine own two doves e'er
stoop'd unto my hand,
Our flight was through the ether—then we
dropt on Fairy-land.

"Along a river-side that ran wide-winding
thro' a wood,
We walked, the Fairy Queen and I, in loving
solitude;
And there, serenely on the trees, in all their
rich attire,
Sat crested birds whose plumage seem'd to
burn with harmless fire.

"No sound was in our steps,—as on the ether
mute—
For the velvet moss lay greenly deep beneath
the gliding foot,
Till we came to a waterfall, and 'mid the rain-
bow, there
The mermaids and the fairies played in water
and in air.

"And sure there was sweet singing, for it at
once did breathe
From all the woods and waters, and from the
caves beneath;
But when those happy creatures beheld their
lovely queen,
The music died away at once, as if it ne'er
had been,—

"And hovering in the rainbow and floating on
the wave,
Each little head so beautiful, some show of
homage gave,
And bending down bright lengths of hair that
glisten'd in its dew,
Seemed as the sun ten thousand rays against
the water threw.

"Soft the music rose again—but we left it far behind,
Though strains o'ertook us now and then, on some small breath of wind;
Our guide into that brightening bliss was aye that brightening stream,
Till lo! a palace silently unfolded like a dream.

"Then thought I of the lovely tales, and music lovelier still,
My elder sister used to sing at evening on the hill,
When I was but a little child, too young to watch the sheep,
And on her kind knees laid my head in very joy to sleep.

"Tales of the silent people, and their green silent land!
—But the gates of that bright Palace did suddenly expand,
And filled with green-robed Fairies was seen an ample hall,
Where she who held my hand in hers was the loveliest of them all.

"Round her in happy heavings flowed that bright glistening crowd,
Yet though a thousand voices hailed, the murmur was not loud,
And o'er their plum'd and flowery heads there sang a whispering breeze,
When as before their Queen all sank, down slowly on their knees.

"Then said the Queen, 'Seven years to-day since mine own infant's birth—
And we must send her Nourice this evening back to earth;
Though sweet her home beneath the sun—far other home than this—
So I have brought her sister small, to see her in her bliss.

"'Luhana! bind thy frontlet upon my Mhairi's brow,
That she on earth may show the flowers that in our gardens grow.'
And from the heavenly odours breathed round my head, I knew
How delicate must be their shape, how beautiful their hue!

"Then near and nearer still I heard small peals of laughter sweet,
And the infant Fay came dancing in with her white twinkling feet,

While in green rows the smiling Elves fell back on either side,
And up that avenue the Fay did like a sun-beam glide.

"But who came then into the hall? one long since mourned as dead!
Oh! never had the mould been strewn o'er such a star-like head!
On me alone she pour'd her voice, on me alone her eyes,
And, as she gazed, I thought upon the deep-blue cloudless skies.

"Well knew I my fair sister! and her unforgett'n face!
Strange meeting one so beautiful in that bewildering place!
And like two solitary rills that by themselves flowed on,
And had been long divided—we melted into one.

"When that the shower was all wept out of our delightful tears,
And love rose in our hearts that had been buried there for years,
You well may think another shower straight-way began to fall,
Even for our mother and our home to leave, to leave that heavenly Hall!

"I may not tell the sobbing and weeping that was there,
And how the mortal Nourice left her fairy in despair,
But promised, duly every year, to visit the sad child,
As soon as by our forest-side the first pale primrose smiled.

"While they two were embracing, the Palace it was gone,
And I and my dear sister stood by the great Burial-stone;
While both of us our river saw in twilight glimmering by,
And knew at once the dark Cairngorm in his own silent sky."

The child hath long been speaking to one who may not hear,
For a deadly joy came suddenly upon a deadly fear,
And though the mother fell not down, she lay on Mhairi's breast,
And her face was white as that of one whose soul has gone to rest.

She sits beneath the elder-shade in that long
mortal swoon,
And piteously on her wan cheek looks down
the gentle moon;
And when her senses are restored, whom sees
she at her side,
But Her believed in childhood to have wan-
dered off and died!

In these small hands, so lily-white, is water
from the spring,
And a grateful coolness drops from it as from
an angel's wing,
And to her mother's pale lips her rosy lips are
laid,
While these long soft eye-lashes drop tears on
her hoary head.

She stirs not in her child's embrace, but yields
her old gray hairs
Unto the heavenly dew of tears, the heavenly
breath of prayers—
No voice hath she to bless her child, till that
strong fit go by,
But gazeth on the long-lost face, and then
upon the sky.

The Sabbath morn was beautiful—and the
long Sabbath-day—
The evening-star rose beautiful when day-light
died away;
Morn, day, and twilight, this lone Glen flowed
over with delight,
But the fulness of all mortal joy hath blessed
the Sabbath night.

MY COTTAGE.

"One small spot
Where my tired mind may rest and call it home.
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit."

SOUTHERY'S Hymn to the Penates.

Here have I found at last a home of peace
To hide me from the world; far from its noise,
To feed that spirit, which, though sprung from
earth,
And linked to human beings by the bond
Of earthly love, hath yet a loftier aim
Than perishable joy, and through the calm
That sleeps amid the mountain-solitude,
Can hear the billows of eternity,
And hear delighted.

Many a mystic gleam,
Lovely though faint, of imaged happiness

Fell on my youthful heart, as oft her light
Smiles on a wandering cloud, ere the fair moon
Hath risen in the sky. And oh! ye dreams
That to such spiritual happiness could shape
The lonely reveries of my boyish days,
Are ye at last fulfilled? Ye fairy scenes,
That to the doubting gaze of prophecy
Rose lovely, with your fields of sunny green,
Your sparkling rivulets and hanging groves
Of more than rainbow lustre, where the swing
Of woods primeval darkened the still depth
Of lakes bold-sweeping round their guardian hills
Even like the arms of Ocean, where the roar
Sullen and far from mountain cataract
Was heard amid the silence, like a thought
Of solemn mood that tames the dancing soul
When swarming with delights;—ye fairy scenes!
Fancied no more, but bursting on my heart
In living beauty, with adoring song
I bid you hail! and with as holy love
As ever beautified the eye of saint
Hymning his midnight orisons, to you
I consecrate my life,—till the dim stain
Left by those worldly and unhallowed thoughts
That taint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed,
My spirit travel like a summer sun,
Itself all glory, and its path all joy.

Nor will the musing penance of the soul,
Performed by moonlight, or the setting sun,
To hymn of swinging oak, or the wild flow
Of mountain torrent, ever lead her on
To virtue, but through peace. For Nature speaks
A parent's language, and, in tones as mild
As e'er hushed infant on its mother's breast,
Wins us to learn her lore. Yea! even to guilt,
Though in her image something terrible
Weigh down his being with a load of awe,
Love mingles with her wrath, like tender light
Streamed o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er
Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful.
His blessings sanctify even senseless things,
And the wide world in cheerful loveliness,
Returns to him its joy. The summer air,
Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul,
Stirs with its own delight: the verdant earth,
Like beauty waking from a happy dream,
Lies smiling: each fair cloud to him appears
A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace;
And the wild wave, that wantons on the sea,
A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest
The man who thus beholds the golden chain
Linking his soul to outward Nature fair,
Full of the living God!

And where, ye haunts
Of grandeur and of beauty! shall the heart,
That yearns for high communion with its God,
Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you?
The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth
Linger delighted here: here guilt might come,

With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy,
 And in a moment be restored to Heaven.
 Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face,
 Might be beguiled to smiles,—almost forget
 His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book,
 Read characters so lovely, that his heart
 Would, as it blessed them, feel a rising swell
 Almost like joy!—O earthly paradise!
 Of many a secret anguish hast thou healed
 Him, who now greets thee with a joyful strain.

And oh! if in those elevated hopes
 That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves
 That bring the future close upon the soul,
 And nobly dare its dangers,—if in joy
 Whose vital spring is more than innocence,
 Yea! faith and adoration!—if the soul
 Of man may trust to these—and they are strong,
 Strong as the prayer of dying penitent,—
 My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou!
 Oh mighty One! whose saving love has stolen
 On the deep peace of moonbeams to my heart,—
 Thou! who with looks of mercy oft hast cheered
 The starry silence, when, at noon of night,
 On some wild mountain thou hast not declined
 The homage of thy lonely worshipper,—
 Bear witness, Thou! that, both in joy and grief,
 The love of nature long hath been with me
 The love of virtue:—that the solitude
 Of the remotest hills to me hath been
 Thy temple:—that the fountain's happy voice
 Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has
 stunned
 My spirit in the roaring cataract!

Such solitude to me! Yet are there hearts,—
 Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorned
 With sense of moral beauty,—to the joy
 That dwells within the Almighty's outward shrine,
 Senseless and cold. Ay, there are men who see
 The broad sun sinking in a blaze of light,
 Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail
 With adoration the departing God;
 Who on the night-sky, when a cloudless moon
 Glides in still beauty through unnumbered stars,
 Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall
 Of darkness screened the glory from their souls.
 With humble pride I bless the Holy One
 For sights to these denied. And oh! how oft
 In seasons of depression,—when the lamp
 Of life burned dim, and all unpleasant thoughts
 Subdued the proud aspirations of the soul,—
 When doubts and fears withheld the timid eye
 From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense
 Of human frailty turned the past to pain,
 How oft have I remembered that a world
 Of glory lay around me, that a source
 Of lofty solace lay in every star,
 And that no being need behold the sun,
 And grieve, that knew Who hung him in the sky.
 Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief

To airy joy: and seeing that the mind
 Of man, though still the image of his God,
 Leaned by his will on various happiness,
 I felt that all was good; that faculties,
 Though low, might constitute, if rightly used,
 True wisdom; and when man hath here attained
 The purpose of his being, he will sit
 Near mercy's throne, whether his course hath been
 Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, as with wing
 Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here
 Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see,
 Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun
 That made Winander one wide wave of gold,
 When first in transport from the mountain-top
 I hailed the heavenly vision! Not a cloud
 Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,
 Not one of all those sister-isles that sleep
 Together, like a happy family
 Of beauty and of love, but will arise
 To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell
 That Nature gently leads unto the grave
 All who have read her heart, and kept their own
 In kindred holiness.

But ere that hour
 Of awful triumph, I do hope that years
 Await me, when the unconscious power of joy
 Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul
 Will humanize the heart, and I shall be
 More worthy to be loved by those whose love
 Is highest praise:—that by the living light
 That burns for ever in affection's breast,
 I shall behold how fair and beautiful
 A human form may be.—Oh, there are thoughts
 That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds
 Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven
 On earth, at dewy nightfall, visitant,
 Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts,
 My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee.
 And if thy voice e'er melt into my soul
 With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face
 E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light
 From our own cottage hearth;—O Mary! then
 My overpowered spirit will recline
 Upon thy inmost heart, till it become,
 O sinless seraph! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth—that oftentimes to the eye
 Of solitary lover seems o'erhung
 With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles
 With ineffectual beauty on his heart,—
 Be clothed with everlasting joy; like land
 Of blooming faëry, or of boyhood's dreams
 Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn
 My vision from the glories of the scene
 To read them in thine eyes; and hidden grace,
 That slumbers in the crimson clouds of even,
 Will reach my spirit through their varying light,
 Though viewless in the sky. Wandering with thee,

A thousand beauties never seen before
Will glide with sweet surprise into my soul,
Even in those fields where each particular tree
Was looked on as a friend,—where I had been
Frequent, for years, among the lonely glens.

Nor, 'mid the quiet of reflecting bliss,
Will the faint image of the distant world
Ne'er float before us:—Cities will arise
Among the clouds that circle round the sun,
Gorgeous with tower and temple. The night-voice
Of flood and mountain to our ear will seem
Like life's loud stir:—And, as the dream dissolves,
With burning spirit we will smile to see
Only the moon rejoicing in the sky,
And the still grandeur of the eternal hills.

Yet, though the fulness of domestic joy
Bless our united beings, and the home
Be ever happy where thy smiles are seen,
Though human voice might never touch our ear
From lip of friend or brother;—yet, oh! think
What pure benevolence will warm our hearts,
When with the undelaying steps of love
Through yon o'ershadowing wood we dimly see
A coming friend, far distant then believed,
And all unlooked for. When the short distrust
Of unexpected joy no more constrains,
And the eye's welcome brings him to our arms,
With gladdened spirit he will quickly own
That true love ne'er was selfish, and that man
Ne'er knew the whole affection of his heart
Till resting on another's. If from scenes
Of noisy life he come, and in his soul
The love of Nature, like a long-past dream,
If e'er it stir, yield but a dim delight,
Oh! we shall lead him where the genial power
Of beauty, working by the wavy green
Of hill-ascending wood, the misty gleam
Of lakes reposing in their peaceful vales,
And, lovelier than the loveliness below,
The moonlight heaven, shall to his blood restore
An undisturbed flow, such as he felt
Pervade his being, morning, noon, and night,
When youth's bright years passed happily away
Among his native hills, and all he knew
Of crowded cities was from passing tale
Of traveller, half-believed, and soon forgotten.

And fear not, Mary! that, when winter comes,
These solitary mountains will resign
The beauty that pervades their mighty frames,
Even like a living soul. The gleams of light
Hurrying in joyful tumult o'er the cliffs,
And giving to our musings many a burst
Of sudden grandeur, even as if the eye
Of God were wandering o'er the lovely wild,
Pleased with his own creation;—the still joy
Of cloudless skies; and the delighted voice
Of hymning fountains,—these will leave awhile
The altered earth:—But other attributes

Of nature's heart will rule, and in the storm
We shall behold the same prevailing Power
That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify,
With adoration, the delight of love.

I lift my eyes upon the radiant moon,
That long unnoticed o'er my head has held
Her solitary walk, and as her light
Recalls my wandering soul, I start to feel
That all has been a dream. Alone I stand
Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream
Of time, while to my ear its waters sound
With a strange rushing music. O my soul!
Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou
These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

LINES WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND BURIAL-GROUND.

How mournfully this burial-ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves!
The cold wan light that glimmers here,
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer;
If here, with solitary hum,
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
To brighter leaves he booms away.
The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
Alighteth softly on a mound,
And, like an image, sitting there
For hours amid the doleful air,
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
Some wild and mystical communion,
Connecting with his parent sea
This lonesome, stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place
Of some extinguished kingly race,
Whose name on earth, no longer known,
Hath mouldered with the mouldering stone,
That nearest grave, yet brown with mould,
Seems but one summer twilight old;
Both late and frequent hath the bier
Been on its mournful visit here;
And yon green spot of sunny rest
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
On Sabbath twinketh through this dell;
How beautiful those graves and fair,
That, lying round the house of prayer,
Sleep in the shadow of its grace!
But death hath chosen this rueful place
For his own undivided reign!

And nothing tells that e'er again
The sleepers will forsake their bed—
Now, and for everlasting dead,
For hope with memory seems fled!

Wild-screaming bird! unto the sea
Winging thy flight reluctantly,
Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs,
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes,
At once from thy wild shriek I know
What means this place so steeped in woe!
Here, they who perished on the deep
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep;
For ocean from his wrathful breast
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie—
'Tis the shipwrecked seamen's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
Shipwrecked before on desert rocks,
And by some wandering vessel taken
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
Home-bound, here have met the blast
That wrecked them on death's shore at last!
Old friendless men, who had no tears
To shed, nor any place for fears
In hearts by misery fortified, —
And, without terror, sternly died.
Here many a creature, moving bright
And glorious in full manhood's might,
Who dared with an untroubled eye
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above the mountain wave,
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,
All flung like sea-weeds to the land;
A whole crew lying side by side,
Death-dashed at once, in all their pride.
And here the bright-haired, fair-faced boy,
Who took with him all earthly joy
From one who weeps both night and day,
For her sweet son borne far away,
Escaped at last the cruel deep,
In all his beauty lies asleep;
While she would yield all hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale cold face!

Oh! I could wail in lonely fear,
For many a woeful ghost sits here,
All weeping with their fixed eyes!
And what a dismal sound of sighs
Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretched prey!
And lo! a white-winged vessel sails
In sunshine, gathering all the gales
Fast freshening from yon isle of pines,
That o'er the clear sea waves and shines.

I turn me to the ghostly crowd,
All smeared with dust, without a shroud,
And silent every blue-swollen lip!
Then gazing on the sunny ship,
And listening to the glad some cheers
Of all her thoughtless mariners,
I seem to hear in every breath
The hollow under-tones of Death,
Who, all unheard by those who sing,
Keeps tune with low wild murmuring,
And points with his lean bony hand
To the pale ghosts sitting on this strand,
Then dives beneath the rushing prow,
Till on some moonless night of woe
He drives her shivering from the steep
Down—down a thousand fathoms deep.

ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER.

(EXTRACTS.)

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming
head;
Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?—
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the
morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain
and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore:
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.
Up, up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of
thy breast,
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers lie still!
Though your branches now toss in the storm of
delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless
height,
One moment—thou bright apparition!—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the
day.
His voyage is o'er!—as if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the brush of the dell;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—

A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
Magnificent prison inclosing the free!
With rock-wall encircled, with precipice crowned,
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.

Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep

One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear as the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,

Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Looking up through the radiance as bright and as bold.

Yes; fierce looks thy nature, even hushed in repose—

In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death,

In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—

In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,—

In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more,—

Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign!

—But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet;

And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,

As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

(EXTRACTS.)

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?

**

Oh! can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent;
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim?

Oh! vision fair! that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm;
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise.
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul.

Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn,
Like a thin veil that half-concealed
The light of soul, and half-revealed,
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer clouds as travel light
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awak'st—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstasy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!

MARY GRAY'S SONG.

I walk'd by mysel' owre the sweet braes o' Yarrow,
When the earth wi' the gowans o' July was
dress'd;
But the sang o' the bonnie burn sounded like
sorrow,
Round ilka house cauld as a last-simmer's nest.

I look'd through the lift o' the blue smiling
morning,
But never a wee cloud o' mist could I see,
On its way up to heaven, the cottage adorning,
Hanging white owre the green o' its sheltering
tree.

By the outside I kenn'd that the inn was forsaken,
That nae tread o' footsteps was heard on the
floor;
Oh, loud craw'd the cock whare was nane to
awaken,
And the wild raven croak'd on the seat by the
door!

Sic silence—sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering!
I heard nae lass singing when herding hersheep;
I met nae bright garlands o' wee rosy children,
Dancing on to the school-house, just waken'd
frae sleep.

I pass'd by the school-house, when strangers were
coming,
Whose windows with glad faces seem'd all alive;
Ae moment I hearken'd, but heard nae sweet
humming,
For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I pass'd by the pool where the lasses at dawning
Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin'
and din;
But the foam in the silence o' nature was fa'ing,
And nae laughing rose loud through the roar
of the linn.

I gaed into a small town, when sick o' my roaming,
Whare ance play'd the viol, the tabor, and flute;
'Twas the hour loved by labour, the soft smiling
gloaming,
Yet the green round the cross-stane was empty
and mute.

To the yellow-flower'd meadow, and scant rigs o'
tillage,
The sheep a' neglected had come frae the glen;
The cushat-doo coo'd in the midst o' the village,
And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o'
men!

Sweet Denholm! not thus when I lived in thy
bosom,
Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week;
Then nane was sae weary that love would nae
rouse him,
And grief gaed to dance wi' a laugh on his
cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my een, as the moonshine was
beaming
On the kirk tower that rose up sae silent and
white;

The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,
But the still finger tauld not the hour o' the
night.

The mirk-time passed slowly in sighing and
weeping;
I waken'd, and nature lay silent in mirth;
Owre a' holy Scotland the Sabbath was sleeping,
And heaven in beauty came down on the earth.

The morning smiled on—but nae kirk-bell was
ringing;
Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the
hill;
The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm tune was
singing,
And I miss'd the wee voices sae sweet and sae
shrill.

I look'd owre the quiet o' death's empty dwelling,
The laverock walk'd mute 'mid the sorrowful
scene,
And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould were
swelling
Owre the kirk-yard o' Denholm, last simmer
sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither;
The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed;
At play the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither;
At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd
lay dead.

Oh! in spring-time 'tis eerie, when winter is over,
And birds should be glintin' owre forest and
lea,
When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves
cover,
And nae blackbird sings loud frae the tap o'
his tree.

But eerier far, when the spring land rejoices,
And laughs back to heaven with gratitude
bright,
To hearken, and naewhere hear sweet human
voices,
When man's soul is dark in the season o' light!

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heartfelt revelry;
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;
With accents blithe as voice of May
Chanting glad nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,—
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,

And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love!

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace:—
Though happy still,—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loneliness;
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams!
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed!
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time;
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When, earth's affections nearly o'er,
With Peace behind and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul, then harp and hymn
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality.

THE PAST.

How wild and dim this life appears!
One long, deep, heavy sigh!
When o'er our eyes, half closed in tears,
The images of former years
Are faintly glimmering by!
And still forgotten while they go,
As on the sea-beach wave on wave
Dissolves at once in snow.
Upon the blue and silent sky
The amber clouds one moment lie,
And like a dream are gone!
Though beautiful the moonbeams play
On the lake's bosom bright as they,
And the soul intensely loves their stay,
Soon as the radiance melts away
We scarce believe it shone!
Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell,
And we wish they ne'er may fade—
They cease! and the soul is a silent cell,

Where music never played.
Dream follows dream through the long night
hours,
Each lovelier than the last—
But ere the breath of morning flowers,
That gorgeous world flies past.
And many a sweet angelic cheek,
Whose smiles of love and kindness speak,
Glides by us on this earth—
While in a day we cannot tell
Where shone the face we loved so well
In sadness or in mirth.

THE EVENING CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul!
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll,
Right onwards to the golden gates of heaven,
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

LOUGHRIG TARN.

Thou guardian Naiad of this little lake,
Whose banks in unprofaned nature sleep,
(And that in waters lone and beautiful
Dwell spirits radiant as the homes they love,
Have poets still believed) O! surely blest
Beyond all genii or of wood or wave,
Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,
Art thou! yea, happier even than summer cloud
Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow
O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beauteous as blest, O Naiad, thou must be!
For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,
Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,
Circled thy spirit, as the crowding stars
Shine round the placid moon. Lov'st thou to
sink
Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts
With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,
The unsunn'd verdure, soft as cygnet's down,
Meets thy descending feet without a sound.
Lov'st thou to sport upon the watery gleam?
Lucid as air around thy head it lies
Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light;

While, all around, the water-lilies strive
To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen.
Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:
How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt
In the clear water! neither sand nor stone
Bars herb or wild-flower from the dewy sound,
Like spring's own voice now rippling round the
Tarn.

There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat
Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;
Or bee's wide murmur as it fills the broom
That yellows round thy bed. O! gentle glades,
Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,
In steadfast smiles of more essential light,
Lying, like azure streaks of placid sky
Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves
Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling
bowers;

For there, in peace reclined, her half-closed eye
Through the long vista sees her darling lake
Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast
Such solitary dreams as now have fill'd
My busy fancy; dreams that rise in peace,
And thither lead, partaking in their flight
Of human interests and earthly joys.
Imagination fondly leans on truth,
And sober scenes of dim reality
To her seem lovely as the western sky
To the rapt Persian worshipping the sun.
Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart
Assigned a guardian spirit, renders back
To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude,
Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been a darling haunt of mine,
And still warm blessings gush'd into my heart,
Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.
But now thy mild and gentle character,
More deeply felt than ever, seems to blend
Its essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune
Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last,
In one high moment of inspired bliss,
Borne through the spirit like an angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves!
Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
And hears a music in the breath of man,
Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun
Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,
Devoutly blending in his happy soul
Thoughts both of earth and heaven!—Yon
mountain-side,
Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,
Appears to me a paradise preserved
From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wreath

Of smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to
heaven,
In its straight silence, holy as a spire
Rear'd o'er the house of God.

Thy sanctity
Time yet hath revered; and I deeply feel
That innocence her shrine shall here preserve
For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,
Circled by mountains trod but by the feet
Of venturous shepherd, from all visitants
Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,
Guards thee;—and wooded knolls fantastical
Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,
That by the Brathay's often-varied voice
Cheer'd as it winds along, in beauty fades
'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere!

O gentlest lake! from all unhallow'd things
By grandeur guarded in thy loveliness,
Ne'er may thy poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dies,
And shadow'd in thy stillness like the heavens.
May innocence for ever lead me here,
To form amid the silence high resolves
For future life; resolves that, born in peace,
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
As infants in their play, when brought to bear
On the world's business, shall assert their power
And majesty—and lead me boldly on
Like giants conquering in a noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer
To all who worship nature, that the hours,
Pass'd tranquilly with her, fade not away
For ever like the clouds, but in the soul
Possess a sacred, silent dwelling-place,
Where with a smiling visage memory sits,
And startles oft the virtuous with a show
Of unsuspected treasures. Yea, sweet lake!
Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart
Thy lovely presence, with a thousand dreams
Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wave,
Though many a dreary mile of mist and snow
Between us interposed. And even now,
When yon bright star hath risen to warn me
home,

I bid thee farewell in the certain hope
That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping eyes
Shed cheering visions and with freshest joy
Make me salute the dawn. Nor may the hymn
Now sung by me unto thy listening woods
Be wholly vain,—but haply it may yield
A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart;
Who, blessing at its close the unknown bard,
May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks
Frame visions of his own, and other songs
More beautiful to Nature and to thee!

ROBERT GRANT.

BORN 1785—DIED 1838.

The Right Hon. Sir ROBERT GRANT, governor of Bombay, was born in the county of Inverness in 1785. He was descended from one of the most ancient families in Scotland. With his elder brother Charles, the late Lord Glenelg, he was entered a member of Magdalene College, in the University of Cambridge, of which they both became fellows. Here he graduated with the highest honours in 1806, and adopting the profession of the law he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1807. In 1813 he published a pamphlet entitled "The Expediency Maintained of Continuing the System by which the Trade and Government of India are now Regulated," and also "A Sketch of the History of the East India Company from its First Foundation to the Passing of the Regulating Act of 1773." He held the office of King's Sergeant in the Duchy Court of Lancaster, and was made one of the Commissioners

of Bankrupts. In 1826 he was elected to Parliament for the Inverness district of burghs; and he afterwards sat for Norwich and the new borough of Finsbury. He was appointed one of the commissioners of the Board of Control, was sworn a privy-councillor in 1831, and the year following was appointed Judge-Advocate-General. In June, 1834, he received the appointment of governor of Bombay, and continued to discharge the duties of this important office till the time of his death, which took place at Dapoorie July 9, 1838, in his fifty-third year. An elegant volume, entitled "Sacred Poems, by Sir Robert Grant," was published by Lord Glenelg in 1839. In the preface he says:—"Many of them have already appeared in print, either in periodical publications or in collections of sacred poetry; but a few are now published for the first time."

LITANY.

Saviour! when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:
O! by all thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O! turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode;

By the anguished sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold,
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany.

By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the wail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

By the deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God:
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany.

“WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT
THEE?”

Lord of earth! thy bounteous hand
Well this glorious frame hath planned;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,
Friendship—gem transcending price,
Love—a flower from Paradise.
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me!
Whom have I in earth but thee?

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light:
There, in Love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high,
Blaze—a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumber'd seraph-strings.
Oh! that world is passing fair;
Yet, if thou wert absent there,
What were all its joys to me!
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest!
I was lost—thy accents mild
Homeward lur'd thy wandering child:
I was blind—thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe.
Yet should once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine,
What were earth or heaven to me!
Whom have I in each but thee?

“BLESSED IS THE MAN WHOM THOU
CHASTENEST.”

O Saviour! whose mercy, severe in its kindness,
Has chasten'd my wanderings and guided my
way;

Ador'd be the power which illumin'd my blind-
ness,
And wean'd me from phantoms that smil'd to
betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I follow'd the rainbow—I caught at the toy;

And still, in displeasure, thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blush'd bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in
the beam;—
Sweet whisper'd the breeze, but it whisper'd of
woe;
And bitterness flow'd in the soft flowing stream.

So cur'd of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turn'd to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloom'd but to
fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as
the morn;
Thou show'dst me the path—it was dark and
uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with
thorn.

I dream'd of celestial rewards and renown;
I grasped at the triumph which blesses the
brave;
I ask'd for the palm-branch, the robe, and the
crown;
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a
grave.

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will
My hopes and my longings I fain would resign;
O! give me the heart that can wait and be still,
Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from
woe—
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of
God.

COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Still he who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

THE BROOKLET.

Sweet brooklet ever gliding,
Now high the mountain riding,
The lone vale now dividing,
Whither away?

"With pilgrim course I flow,
Or in summer's scorching glow,
Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
Nor stop, nor stay;
For oh! by high behest,
To a bright abode of rest,

In my parent ocean's breast
I hasten away!"

Many a dark morass,
Many a craggy pass,
Thy feeble force must pass;

Yet, yet delay!
"Tho' the marsh be dire and deep,
Tho' the crag be stern and steep,
On, on my course must sweep,
I may not stay;
For oh! be it east or west,
To a home of glorious rest
In the bright sea's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

The warbling bowers beside thee,
The laughing flowers that hide thee,
With soft accord they chide thee,
Sweet brooklet, stay!

"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
Of my winding way;
But ceaseless still, in quest
Of that everlasting rest
In my parent's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

Know'st thou that dread abyss?
Is it a scene of bliss?
Oh! rather cling to this,
Sweet brooklet, stay!

"O! who shall fitly tell
What wonders there may dwell
That world of mystery well
Might strike dismay;
But I know 'tis my parent's breast,
There held, I must need be blest,
And with joy to that promised rest
I hasten away!"

GEORGE BEATTIE.

BORN 1786—DIED 1823.

GEORGE BEATTIE, a man who, both from the value of the poetry he left behind him, and the tragic nature of the closing years of his brief life, has claims on the sympathetic remembrance of a generation other than his own, was born in 1786 in the parish of St. Cyrus, in the south-east corner of Kincardineshire.

The son of a crofter, who in the season could take to salmon-fishing to help him to support his family, he was born and brought up in a small cottage, which boasted only of a "but and a ben," along with his three brothers and two sisters, who went regularly every morning in merry band to the parish school. These

were the days of simple homely pleasures and rural festivities, when the more serious business of life was enlivened at stated periods by the merrymakings of Hallowe'en, Hogmanay, Yule, Pasch Saturday, and carlin play at harvest-home, and George's nature seems to have been considerably influenced by the frolic and simplicity of these rustic rites. When he was about thirteen years of age his father obtained a situation in the excise, and this led the family to remove to Montrose, a distance of about five miles. It was probably with some sorrow that the children left their pretty country home, and it is said that George walked all the distance to their new abode with a tame "kae" (jackdaw) on his shoulder.

Some time after the family settled at Montrose George was sent to learn a trade, but he continued at it a very short time. He managed to procure a situation as clerk in an office in Aberdeen. His employer died six weeks later, however, and left to his clerk a legacy of £50. This was quite a little capital to the young man. He returned to Montrose, and entered the office of the procurator-fiscal of the place. After passing a year or two in Edinburgh he commenced business for himself in Montrose as a writer. In this capacity he succeeded well, and attracted many friends by the kindness of his manner, the accuracy of his official habits, and his conversational gifts.

He soon established for himself the reputation of being both a humorist and a poet by his poem of "John o' Arnha," the first sketch of which appeared in the columns of the *Montrose Review* in 1815. In this shape the poem is bare and meagre compared with its finished form. It was afterwards extended to four times its original length, and made much richer and fuller.

Six years later the tragic interest of Beattie's life begins, but we cannot more than briefly outline the story. After successfully wooing a certain lady, she inherits a large fortune, and, abandoning the humble poet for a more aristocratic suitor, who is suddenly smitten with her solid charms, the sensitive Beattie is so overwhelmed with grief and despair that he provides himself with a pistol, walks out to a favourite resort known as the Auld Kirkyard, and is found the following day lying dead by the side of his sister's grave. Since the time of his death (September 29, 1823) his poetical writings have passed through several editions. The latest collection is accompanied by an interesting memoir of the poet from the pen of A. S. McCyrus, M.A.; also memoranda from manuscripts left by Beattie. His principal poem, "John o' Arnha," is full of wild rollicking fun and humour, and has been well called an amplified and localized "Tam o' Shanter." Mingled with its grotesque imagery there is a vein of deep pathos.

JOHN O' ARNHA'.

(EXTRACT.)

It was in May, ae bonny morn,
When dewie draps refresh'd the corn,
And tipt ilk stem wi' crystal bead,
That glissent o'er the spangelt mead
Like gleam o' swords in fairy wars,
As thick and clear as heaven's stars;
While Phœbus shot his gowden rays
Asklent the lawn—a dazzling blaze;
The wind but gently kissed the trees,
To waft their balm upon the breeze;
The bee commenced her eident tour,
Culling sweets frae ilka flower;
The whins in yellow bloom were clad,
And ilka bush a bridal bed;
A' nature smil'd serene and fair;
The la'rocks chantit i' the air;

The lammies frisket o'er the lea—
Wi' music rang ilk bush and tree.

Now "sighs and vows," and kisses sweet—
The sound of lightly-tripping feet—
Love's tender tale—the sweet return—
The plaints of some still doomed to mourn;
The rustic jest and merry tale
Came floating on the balmy gale;
For smiling, on the road were seen
Baith lads and lasses, trig and clean,
Linkin' blythely pair and pair,
To grace Montrose's annual fair!—
Montrose, "wham ne'er a town surpasses"
For Growling Guild and ruling Asses!
For pedants, with each apt specific

To render barren brains prolific;
 For poetasters, who conspire
 To rob Apollo of his lyre,
 Although they never laid a leg
 Athort his godship's trusty naig;
 For preachers, writers, and physicians—
 Parasites and politicians:
 And all accomplished, grave, and wise,
 Or sae appear in their own eyes!
 To wit and lair, too, make pretence,
 E'en sometimes "deviate into sense!"
 A path right kittle, steep, and latent,
 And only to a few made patent.
 So, lest it might offend the sentry,
 I winna seek to force an entry,
 But leav't to bards inspir'd and holy,
 And tread the open field of folly;
 For certes, as the world goes,
 Nonsense in rhyme's as free's in prose;
 And are we not distinctly told
 By Hudibras, in days of old,
 That "Those who write in rhyme still make
 The one verse for the other's sake;
 And one for sense and one for rhyme
 Is quite sufficient at a time."

As for your critics, ruin seize them,
 I ken I canna sing to please them;
 A reason guid—I dinna try—
 They're but a despicable fry,
 That vend their venom and their ink,
 Their praise and paper eke for clink.
 Thae judges partial, self-elekit,
 Why should their sentence be respectit;
 Why should the silly squeamish fools
 Think fouk will mind their measur'd rules;
 They spill not ink for fame or glory,
 Nor paper blacken *con amore*;
 'Tis Mammon aye their pens inspire,
 They praise or damn alike for hire:
 An', chapman-like, their critic treasure
 Is bought and sold again by measure;
 Some barrister new ta'en degrees
 (Whase purse is lank for lack o' fees),
 Or churchman just come frae the college,
 Wi' skull weel cramm'd wi' classic knowledge,
 Draw pen to laud some weary bard,
 Or deal damnation by the yard.
 But first they toss them up a maik,
 To learn what course they ought to take;
 If "tails," the critics quickly damn him,
 If "heads," wi' fousome flattery cram him.
 In either case they're paid their wages,
 Just by the number o' their pages.

How soon are mortals led astray—
 Already I am off my way;
 I've left my bonny tale, to fesh in

A wicked scandalous digression;
 By bards of yore who sang of gods,
 Clep'd underplots and episodes:
 But, "Muse, be kind, an' dinna fash us
 To flee awa' ayont Parnassus,"
 Or fill our brains wi' lies and fiction,
 Else fouk will scunner at your diction.

I sing not of an ancient knight,
 Wi' polish'd lance and armour bright;
 Nor, as we say, wi' book bedeckit
 In iron cap and jinglin' jeket,
 High mounted on a champion steed,
 Enough to fley puir fouk to deid—
 Or modern Dux, wi' noddin' crest,
 An' starnies glancin' on his breast—
 Or garter wappin' round his knee
 To celebrate his chivalry;—
 Heroes fit for southern bardies!
 Mine walks a-foot and wields his gardies;
 Or, at the warst, his aiken rung,
 Wi' which he never yet was dung,
 Unless by more than mortal foe—
 By demons frae the shades below—
 As will be seen in proper time,
 Provided I can muster rhyme.

The valiant hero of my story
 Now rang'd the fair in all his glory,
 A winsome strapper trim and fettle,
 Courting strife, to show his mettle,
 An' gain him favours wi' the fair—
 For dastard coofs they dinna care.
 Your snools in love, and cowards in war,
 Frae maiden grace are banished far;
 An' John had stak'd his life, I ween,
 For favour frae a lassie's een;
 Stark love his noble heart had fir'd—
 To deeds o' pith his soul aspir'd;
 Tho' these, in distant climes, he'd shown,
 'Twas meet to act them in his own.

Now thrice he wav'd his hat in air—
 Thrice dar'd the bravest i' the fair.
 The Horner also wav'd his bonnet,
 But wish'd belyve he hadna dunc it;
 For scarcely could ye counted sax,
 Before a double round o' whacks
 Were shower'd upon his banes like hail,
 Right, left, and centre, crack pell-mell—
 Sair to bide, and terrible to tell.
 The hardest head could ne'er resist
 The fury of his pond'rous fist;
 He hit him on the ribs sic dirds,
 They raird and roove like rotten girds;
 His carcass, too, for a' the warl',
 Was like a butt or porter barrel.
 Now John gaed round him like a cooper,

An' showed himsel' a smart tub hooper;
 Wi' mony a snell an' vengefu' paik,
 He gar'd his sides an' midriff ake;
 Upon his head-piece neist he hammert,
 Until the Horner reel'd and stammert;
 He cried out, "Mercy! plague upon it!"
 Up gaed his heels—aff flew his bonnet,
 An' raise to sic a fearfu' height,
 It soon was lost to mortal sight:
 Some said, that witnessed the transaction,
 'Twas cleikit by the moon's attraction,
 Or nabbit by the fairy legions,
 To whirl them through the airy regions.

THE DREAM.

Last night I dreamed a dream of horror. Me-
 thought

That, at the hour of midnight, the bell tolled,
 With slow and solemn peal; and straight, beneath
 The pale cold moon, a thousand spectres moved,
 In "dread array," along "the church-way path,"
 All swathed in winding-sheets as white as snow—
 A ghastly crew! Methought I saw the graves
 Yawn and yield up their charge; and I heard the
 Coffins crack, and the deadal drapery
 Rustle against their hollow sides, like the
 Wing of the renovated chrysol,
 As they flutter against the ruins of
 Their winter dormitory, when the voice
 Of spring awakes them from their drowsy couch,
 To float aloft upon the buxom air.

Although the round full moon shone bright
 and clear,

Yet did none of these awful phantoms cast
 Their shadows on the wan and silent earth,
 Nor was the passing breeze interrupted
 By their presence. Some skimmed along the
 earth,

And others sailed aloft on the thin air;
 And I observed, when they came between me
 And the moon, they interrupted not her
 Pale rays; for I saw her majestic orb
 Distinct, round, and clear, through their indistinct
 And airy forms; and although they moved
 Betwixt me and the tomb-stones, yet I read
 Their sculpture (deeply shaded by the bright
 And piercing beams of the moon) as distinctly
 As if nought, dead or living, interposed
 Between my eyes and the cold monuments.

The bell ceased to toll; and when the last peal
 Died away on the ear, these awful forms
 Congregated in various groups, and seemed
 To hold converse. The sound of their voices

Was solemn and low, and they spoke the language
 Of the "days of other years." In seeming
 Woe, they spoke of events long gone by; and
 marvelled at the changes that had taken
 Place since they left this mortal scene, to sleep
 Within the dark and narrow house. Voices
 Issued from the mould, where no forms were seen;
 These were still more hollow and sepulchral;
 They were as the sound of the cold, bleak wind,
 In the dark and dank vaults of death, when
 It moans low and mournful, through the crannies
 Of their massive doors, shattered by the hand
 Of time—a serenade for owls most meet,
 And such the raven loves, and hoarsely croaks
 His hollow response from the blasted yew.
 Often have I heard, when but a stripling,
 'Twas meet to speak a troubled ghost, to give
 It peace to sleep within the silent grave.
 With clammy brow, and joints palsied with fear,
 I said, in broken accents, "What means this
 Awful congress, this wild and wan array
 Of shadowy shapes, gliding here, and moaning
 At the silent, solemn hour of midnight?
 Have the crying sins, and unwhipt crimes
 Of mortals, in these latter days, reached you
 Ev'n in the grave, where silence ever reigns,
 At least as we believe? Or complain ye
 Of holy rites unpaid,—or of the crowd
 Whose careless steps those sacred haunts pro-
 fane."

Straight a fleshless hand, cold as ice, was pressed
 Upon my lips; and the spectres vanished
 Like dew before the morning sun: and as
 They faded on my sight a sound was heard
 Like the peal of many organs, solemn,
 Loud, and sonorous; or like the awful
 Voice of thunder in the sky,—or mighty
 Tempest, roaring in a boundless forest,
 Uprooting trees, razing habitations,
 And sweeping the earth with desolation;
 Or like the voice of millions, raised in song;
 Or the dark ocean, howling in its wrath;
 Or, rather, like all these together, in
 One wild concert joined. Now the mighty coil
 Died gradually away, till it resembled
 The last murmur of the blast on the hill;
 Of storms, when it lulls itself to rest; and
 The echo of its wrath is faintly heard
 In the valley; or the last sigh of the
 Æolian harp, when the breeze, that erewhile
 Kissed its trembling strings, is spent and breath-
 less!

The next whisper was still lower; and the last
 Was so faint and feeble that nothing seemed
 To live between it and silence itself.
 The awful stillness was more appalling
 Than its dread precursor; and I awoke
 In terror! But I never shall forget
 What I heard and saw in that horrid dream.

JOHN DONALD CARRICK.

BORN 1787 — DIED 1837.

JOHN DONALD CARRICK, a meritorious but unsuccessful literary man, and the author of numerous songs and poems chiefly of a humorous character, was born at Glasgow, April, 1787. His parents, being in humble circumstances, could only afford their son an ordinary education; and at an early age he was placed in the office of an architect in his native city. In his twentieth year, unknown to his parents, he left Glasgow, and travelled to London on foot, there to seek his fortune. On his arrival he offered his services in various places in vain, but at last found employment with a fellow-countryman who took compassion on the friendless lad. For some time he was employed by a house in the pottery business, and in 1811 he returned to Glasgow, and opened a large china and stoneware establishment, in which trade he continued for fourteen years. In 1825, being deeply read in old Scottish literature, he began the preparation of a "Life of Sir William Wallace," which was written for *Constable's Miscellany*. The same year he gave up his own business, and was for some time employed by a Glasgow house as their tra-

velling agent in the West Highlands. Afterwards he became assistant editor of the *Scots Times*, a newspaper then published in Glasgow. To the first volume of *Whistle-Binkie* Mr. Carrick contributed the subjoined and many other songs, which he used to sing with inimitable effect. In 1833 he went to Perth as editor of the *Advertiser*, and the year following accepted the editorship of the *Kilmarnock Journal*. In 1835 he returned to Glasgow, owing to ill health, and superintended the first edition of the *Laird of Logan*, an unrivalled collection of Scottish anecdote and facetiæ, to which he was the principal contributor. Mr. Carrick died August 17, 1837, and was interred in the burying-ground of the High Church of his native city. His biographer says:—"We may observe generally, that as a descriptive painter of the comic and ludicrous aspects of man and society, and as equally skilful in the analysis of human character, combined with a rare and never-failing humour, a pungent but not malicious irony, and great ease and perspicuity of expression, few writers have surpassed John Donald Carrick."

THE MUIRLAN' COTTARS.

"The snaw flees thicker o'er the muir, and
heavier grows the lift;
The shepherd closer wraps his plaid to screen
him frae the drift;
I fear this night will tell a tale among our
foldless sheep,
That will mak many a farmer sigh—God grant
nae widows weep!

"I'm blythe, guidman, to see you there, wi'
elshin an' wi' lingle
Sae eydent at your cobbling wark beside the
cosie ingle;
It brings to mind that fearfu' nicht, i' the spring
that's now awa',
When you was carried thowlass hame, frae
'neath a wreath o' snaw.

"That time I often think upon, and make it
aye my care,
On nights like this, to snod up a' the beds we
hae to spare;
In case some drift-driven strangers come for-
foughten to our beild,
An' welcome, welcome they shall be to what
the house can yield.

"'Twas God that saved you on that nicht,
when a' was black despair,
An' gratitude is due to him for makin' you
his care;
Then let us show our grateful sense of the
kindness he bestowed,
An' cheer the poor wayfaring man that wanders
frae his road.

"There's cauld and drift without, guidman,
might drive a body blin',
But, Praise be blessed for a' that's guid, there's
meat and drink within;
An' be he beggar, be he prince, that Heaven
directs this way,
His bed it shall be warm and clean, his fare
the best we hae."

The guidman heard her silentlie, an' threw
his elshin by,
For his kindlie heart began to swell, and the
tear was in his eye;
He rose and pressed his faithfu' wife sae loving
to his breast,
While on her neck a holy kiss his feelings deep
expressed.

"Yes, Mirran, yes, 'twas God himself that
helped us in our strait,
An' gratitude is due to him—his kindness it
was great;
An' much I thank thee thus to mak' the
stranger's state thy care,
An' bless thy tender heart, for sure the grace
of God is there."

Nor prince nor beggar was decreed their kind-
ness to partake;
The hours sped on their stealthy pace as silent
as the flake,
Till on the startled ear there came a feeble
cry of woe,
As if of some benighted one fast sinking in the
snow.

But help was near—an' soon a youth, in hod-
den gray attire,
Benumbed with cold, extended, lay before the
cottars' fire;
Kind Mirran thow'd his frozen hands, the
guidman rubbed his breast,
An' soon the stranger's glowin' cheeks return-
ing life confess'd.

How it comes the gracious deeds which we to
others show,
Return again to our own hearts wi' joyous
overflow!
So fared it with our simple ones, who found
the youth to be
Their only son, whom they were told had
perish'd far at sea.

The couch they had with pious care for some
lone stranger spread—
Heaven gave it as a resting-place for their
lov'd wanderer's head:

Thus aft it comes the gracious deeds which we
to others show
Return again to our own hearts with joyous
overflow..

THE SONG OF THE SLAVE.

O England! dear home of the lovely and true,
Loved home of the brave and the free,
Though distant—though wayward—the path I
pursue,
My thoughts shall ne'er wander from thee.
Deep, in my heart's core,
Rests the print of thy shore,
From a die whose impression fades never,
And the motto impressed
By this die on my breast
Is "England, dear England, for ever,"
May blessings rest on thee for ever!

As Queen, she sits throned with her sceptre of
light
Aloft on the white-crested wave,
While billows surround her, as guards of her right
To an island where breathes not a slave.
And her sceptre of light
Shall, through regions of night,
Shed a radiance like darts from day's quiver,
Till the unfetter'd slaves,
To the queen of the waves,
Shout "Freedom and England for ever,
May blessings rest on thee for ever!

How often hath fame, with his trumpet's loud
blast,
Praised the crimes of mock heroes in war,
Whose joy was to revel o'er nations laid waste,
And drag the fallen foe to their car!
But a new law from heaven,
Hath by England been given
To fame—and from which she'll ne'er sever—
"No hero but he
Who saves and sets free,"
Saith England, free England, for ever,
May blessings rest on thee for ever!

THE HARP AND THE HAGGIS.

At that tide when the voice of the turtle is dumb,
And winter wi' drap at his nose doth come,—
A whistle to mak' o' the castle lum,
To souf his music sae sairle, O!
And the roast on the speet is sapless and sma';
And meat is scant in chamber and ha',
And the knights hae ceased their merry guffaw,
For lack o' their warm canarie, O!

Then the Harp and the Haggis began a dispute,
'Bout whilk o' their charms were in highest repute;
The Haggis at first as a haddie was mute,

An' the Harp went on wi' her vapourin', O!
An' lofty and loud were the tones she assumed,
An' boasted how ladies and knights gaily plumed,
Through rich gilded halls, all so sweetly perfumed,
To the sound of her strings went a caperin', O!

"While the Haggis," she said, "was a beggarly
slave,
An' never was seen 'mang the fair an' the brave;"
"Fuff! fuff!" quo' the Haggis, "thou vile lying
knave,

Come tell us the use of thy twanging, O?
Can it fill a toom wame? can it help a man's pack?
A minstrel when out may come in for his snack,
But when starving at hame will it keep him, alack!
Fra trying his hand at the hanging, O?"

The twa they grew wud as wud could be,
But a minstrel boy they chanced to see,
Wha stood list'ning bye, an' to settle the plea,
They begged he would try his endeavour, O!
For the twa in their wrath had all reason forgot,
And stood boiling with rage just like peas in a
pot.

But a haggis, ye ken, aye looks best when it's *hot*,
So his bowels were moved in his favour, O!

"Nocht pleases the lug half sae weel as a tune,
An' whar hings the lug wad be fed wi' a spoon?"
The Harp in a triumph cried, "Laddie, weel
done,"

An' her strings wi' delight fell a tinkling, O!
"The Harp's a braw thing," continued the youth,

"But what is the harp to put in the mouth?
It fills nae the wame, it slaiks nae the drouth,—
At least—that is *my* way o' thinking, O!

"A tune's but an *air*, but a haggis is *meat*,—
An' wha plays the tune that a body can eat?—
When a haggis is seen wi' a sheep's head and feet,
My word she has gallant attendance, O!
A man wi' sic fare may ne'er pree the tangs,
But laugh at lank hunger though sharp be her
fangs;
But the bard that maun live by the wind o' his
sangs,
Waes me, has a pair dependence, O!

"How often we hear, wi' the tear in our eye,
How the pair starving minstrel, exposed to the
sky,
Lays his head on his harp, and breathes out his
last sigh,

Without e'er a friend within hearing, O!
But wha ever heard of a minstrel so crost,—
Lay his head on a haggis to gie up the ghost?—
O never, since time took his scythe frae the post,
An' truntled awa' to the shearing, O!

"Now I'll settle your plea in the crack o' a whup:
Gie the haggis the lead be't to dine or to sup:—
Till the bags are well filled, there can no drone
get up,—
Is a saying I learned from my mither, O!
When the feasting is owre, let the harp loudly
twang,
An' soothe ilka lug wi' the charms o' her sang,—
An' the wish of my heart is, wherever ye gang,
Gude grant ye may be thegither, O!"

ALEXANDER LAING.

BORN 1787 — DIED 1857.

ALEXANDER LAING, familiarly known as "the Brechin poet," was born at Brechin, Forfarshire, May 14, 1787. His education at school was exceedingly limited, having been there only during two winters; but the want was largely supplied by the careful home-training of his parents and his own self-application. When only eight years old he was employed herding cattle during the summer months, and while thus engaged he read many of the modern Scottish poets. He was afterwards apprenticed to the flax-dressing busi-

ness, at which he continued for fourteen years, when he was accidentally disabled by a heavy plank falling upon his shoulder. On recovering from the accident he turned packman, a business which he carried on until within a short period of his death.

Laing's effusions first appeared in the columns of provincial newspapers. In 1819 several songs from his pen were published in the *Harp of Caledonia*, edited by John Struthers, and he subsequently became a contributor to the *Harp of Renfrewshire* and Smith's *Scottish*

Minstrel. In 1846 he published by subscription a collected edition of his poems and songs under the designation of *Wayside Flowers*. A second edition appeared in 1850, and a few days before the poet's death a third edition was published, with illustrative notes and additions by the author. His extensive and reliable information regarding the poets and poetry of Scotland brought him into correspondence with some of the more celebrated poets of the day, from many of whom he received presentation copies of their works. He edited two editions of Burns; furnished his friend Allan Cunningham with numerous notes for his four volumes of Scottish songs; compiled the biographical notices for the

Angus Album, published in 1833; contributed *facetiae* to the *Laird of Logan*; and edited an edition of his favourite song-writer Robert Tannahill. It is also worthy of mention that the improvement which took place in the penny chap-book and ballad literature of Scotland was owing in some measure to Laing, who carefully superintended the Brechin editions of those once celebrated pieces, often enriching them with short historical or biographical sketches.

Mr. Laing died at Brechin, October 14, 1857, aged seventy. A handsome marble tablet has been erected over his grave by the church in Brechin, of which he was for many years a consistent and valued office-bearer.

ARCHIE ALLAN.

Ay! poor Archie Allan—I hope he's no poor!
A mair dainty neebour ne'er entered ane's door—
An' he's worn awa' frae an ill-doin' kin,
Frae a world o' trouble, o' sorrow, an' sin.
Wad ye hear o' the hardships that Archie befel?
Then listen a-wee, an' his story I'll tell.

Now twice twenty towmonts an' twenty are gane
Sin' Archie an' I could ha'e ranket as men—
Sin' we cou'd ha'e left ony twa o' our eild,
At a' kinds o' farm-wark, at hame or a-field;
Sin' we cou'd ha'e carried the best bow o' bere,
An' thrown the fore-hammer out-owre ony pair.
An! then we were forward, an' flinty, an' young,
An' never ance ken'd what it was to be dung;
We were lang fellow-servants and neebours fu' dear:

Folk ne'er thocht o' flittin' then ilka half-year.

When he was the bridegroom, an' Mary his bride,
Mysel' an' my Jeanie were best man an' maid:
'Twas a promise atween us—they cou'dna refuse—
Had our bridal been first, they had gotten the gloe's.

Aweel, they were married, an' mony were there,
An' Luve never low'd on a happier pair;
For Archie had nae woman's skaith he could rue,
An' Mary was sakeless o' breaking her vow.
They had lo'ed ither lang, an' the day was to be
When their ain gather'd penny wad set them up free;

Sae clear o' the world, an' cantie, an' weel,
They thrave out an' in, like the buss i' the beil';
Their wants werena monie, their family was sma'—

Themsel's an' but ae lassie-bairn was a';
Sae wi' workin' an' winnin', wi' savin' an' care,
They gather'd an' gather'd nae that little gear.

Yet nae narrow bodies—nae niggards were they—
Nae slaves to the world, to want, an' to ha'e;
Tho' they ken'd weel aneuch a' the bouk o' their ain,

They wad tak', they wad gi'e—they wad borrow or len';

When a friend or a neebour gaed speerin' their weel,

They had meal i' the bannock, an' maut i' the yill;
They had hearts that could part, they had hands that were free,

An' leuks that bade welcome, as warm as cou'd be;
Gaed ye in—cam' ye out, they were aye, aye the same;

There's few now-a-days 'mang our neebours like them!

Thus, blythesome an' happy, time hasten'd awa',
Till their dochter was twenty, or twenty an' twa,
Whan she, a' the comfort an' hope o' their days,
Fell into some dowie, some ling'rin' disease.

Lang ill was the lassie, an' muckle she bure,
Monie cures they gi'ed till her, but death winna cure;

She dwyn'd like a gowan 'mang newly mawn grass;
Some luve disappointment, they said, ail'd the lass—

Ay! happen what may, there maun aye be a meap:

Her grave wasna sad, an' her truff wasna green,
Whan Mary, her mither, a' broken an' pin'd
Wi' trachle o' body, wi' trouble o' mind.

Was reliev'd frae her sorrows—was also weel
sair'd,
An' laid by her bairn i' the silent kirk-yard!

O! sirs, sic a change! it was waesome to see;
But life's like a journey, an' changes maun be;
When the day o' prosperity seems but at noon,
The nicht o' adversity often comes down:
I've lived till my locks are as white as the snaw,
Till the friends of my youth are a' dead an' awa';
At death-bed an' burial nae stranger I've been,
But sorrow like Archie's I've never yet seen;
The death o' his lassie I ken'd it was sair,
But the death o' her mither was harder to bear;
For a' that was lovely, an' a' that was leal,
He had lost i' the death o' his Mary Macneill!

Whan the buryin' was bye, an' relations a' gane;
Whan left i' the house, was an' wearie, his lane,
As a neebour wad do, I gaed yont the gate-end,
An hour i' the gloamin' wi' Archie to spend;
For the fate o' our neighbour may sune be our fa',
An' neebours are near us when kindred's awa'.
We spak' o' the changes that time ever brings,
Of the frail fadin' nature o' a' earthly things,
Of life an' its blessings—that we ha'e them in len';
That the Giver, when he wills, has a right to his
ain;
That here though we ha'e nae continuin' hame,
How the promise is sure i' the Peace-maker's
name,
To them that wi' patience, wi' firmness, and faith,
Believe in his merits, and trust in his death;
To them, though the coffin, an' pale windin'-sheet,
Though the cauld grave divide them, in heaven
they shall meet—
Shall yet ha'e a blythe an' a blest meetin' there,
To ken separation an' sorrow nae mair.

Thus kindly conversin', we often beguiled
The hours o' the gloamin', till three summers
smil'd;
Till time in its progress had yielded relief,
Had dealt wi' his mem'ry, an' lessen'd his grief—
Though nae like the man I had seen him, 'tis true,
Yet fell knief an' cantie my auld neebour grew.

Sometime then-about, as it happened to be,
I hadna seen Archie for twa weeks or three,
Whan ae night a near neebour woman cam' ben,
An' says, "Ha'e ye heard o' the news that's
a-gaun?
It's been tell'd me sin' mornin' by mae folk nor
ane,
That our friend Archie Allan was beuket yes-
treen."

"Aweel, weel," quo' I, "it e'en may be sae,
There's aye heart wi' auld fook, we'll a' get a day;"
But when it was tell'd wha the bride was to be,
I heard, but said naething—I thoct it a lie!

'Twas a' very gude he shou'd marry again—
A man in a house is but drearie his lane;
But to think he wad ever tak ane for a wife,
Wha had liv'd sic a loose an' a throwither life—
Wha had been far an' near whar it cou'dna be
nam'd,
An' was come o' a family but little esteem'd—
To think he wad tak' her! I cou'dna believ't;
But I was, an' mony forbye were deceiv't;
For, the Sabbath thereafter, wha think ye was
cried?
But Archibald Allan an' Marg'ret Muresyde!

Weel, how they forgather'd an' a' that befel,
Tho' it's painful to speak o't, ye'll wish me to tell.
She cam' in-about here as it happened to fa',
An' was nearest door neebour to him that's awa';
An' seein' a fu' house an' a free-hearted man,
That ken'dna the warld, wi' her wiles she began—
Seem'd sober an' decent as ony ye'll see,
As quiet an' prudent as woman cou'd be—
Was aye brawly busket, an' tidy, an' clean,
An' aye at the kirk on the Sabbath was seen—
Was better nor monie, an' marrow't by few,
Till a' cam' about as she wish'd it to do;
But scarcely her hand and her troth he had ta'en,
Till she kyth'd in her ain dowie colours again.
They had a short courtship, a brief honeymoon!
It's aye rue'd at leisure what's owre rashly dune.

We've a' our ain fau'ts an' our failin's, atweel,
But Maggy Muresyde! she's a bauld Ne'er-do-
weel!

An' the warst o' it was, in an unlucky hour
She'd gotten ilk plack o' the purse in her pow'r;
An' sune did she lift it, an' sune, sune it gaed—
In pennies 'twas gathered, in pounds it wasspread;
Her worthless relations, an' ithers siclike,
Cam' in about swarmin' like bees till a bike;
An' they feasted, an' drank, an' profaned the
blest Name,

An' Sabbath an' Saturday—a' was the same.
Waes me! it was sair upon Archie to see
The walth he had won, an' laid up a' sae free,
To comfort an' keep him when aillin', or auld,
Sae squander'd by creatures sae worthless an'
bauld;

An' sair was he troubled to think o' their sin,
An' the awfu' account they wad ha'e to gi'e in;
Yet, griev'd as he was at the rash lives they led,
He durstna ance say it was ill that they did!

But time an' your patience wad fail me to tell
How she spent an' abus'd baith his means an'
himsel',

For constant an' on, as the rin o' the burn,
Her hand it was never but in an ill turn—
Till siller, an' gear, an' a' credit were gane—
Till he hadna a penny, or aught o' his ain—
Till age an' vexation had wrinkl'd his brow—
Till he hadna a morsel to put in his mou'!

Aweel, neither able to want nor to win,
Ae mornin' last week, ere the day-light cam' in,
Thro' the lang eerie muirs, an' the cauld plashy
snow,

Wi' his staff in his hand he had wander'd awa',
To seek a fa'n bit for his daily supply,
An' to thole the down-leuk o' the proud an' the
high.

O! had I but seen him when he gaed a-field,
I wad ta'en him inbye to my ain couthie bield;
An' wi' my auld neebour shar'd frankly an' free,
My bannock, my bed, an' my hindmost bawbee!

How far he had gane—how he'd far'd thro' the
day,

What trials he had met wi', I canna weel say;
But whan the gray hour o' the gloamin' fell down,
He sought the fire-side o' some distant farm-
town—

Wi' the door halfin's up, an' the sneek in his
han',

He faintly inquir'd—wad they lodge a poor man?
The mistress gaz'd on him, an' drylie she spak',
“We may lodge you the nicht, but ye maunna
come back”—

Said beggars and gang'rels were grown unco rife—
Speer'd what place he cam' frae—gin he had a
wife?

Ay! that was a question! O! sirs, it was sair;
Had he no ha'en a *wife*, he had never been there!
Cauld, cauld at their backs thro' the evenin' he
sat,

An' cauld was the bed an' the beddin' he gat,
The floor an' the roof-tree was a' they could spare,
An' he lay down, alas! but to rise never mair.
Was he lang or sair ill, there was nane heard nor
saw,

Gin day-light poor Archie had worn awa'!
Wha ane wad ha'e thocht it that he wad ha'e
been

A beggar, an' dee't in a barn a' his lane!
But we needna think *this* will, or *that* winna be,
For, the langer we live, the mae uncos we see.

THE BROWNIE OF FEARNDEN.

Thair livit ane man on Norinsyde,
Whan Jamis helde his aine;
He had ane maylen faire and wyde,
And servants nyne or tene.

He had ane servant dwellying neir,
Worthe all his maydis and men;
And wha was this gyn ye wald speir?
The Brownie of Fearnden!

Whan thair was corne to thresh or dichte,
Or barne or byre to clene,

He had ane bizzzy houre at nicht,
Atweene the twall and ane;

And thouch the sna' was never so deip,
So wyld the wynde or rayne,
He ran ane errant in a weip,
The Brownie of Fearnden!

Ae nicht the gudewyfe of the house
Fell sicke as sicke could be,
And for the skilly mammy-wyfe
She wantit ane to gae;

The nicht was darke, and never a sparke
Wald venture down the glen,
For feir that he micht heir or see
The Brownie of Fearnden!

But Brownie was na far to seeke,
For weil he heard the stryfe;
And ablynis thocht, as weil he mychte,
They sune wald tyne the wyfe:

He affe and brankis the ryding mear,
And throch the wynde and rayne;
And sune was at the skilly wyfe's,
Wha livit owre the den!

He pullit the sneke, and out he spak',
That she micht bettere heir,
“Thair is a mothere wald gve byrth,
But hasna strengthe to beir.

“O ryse! O ryse! and hape you weil,
To keip you fra the rayne.”
“Whaur do you want me?” quoth the wyfe.
“O whaur but owre the den!”

Whan baythe waur mountit on the mear,
And ryding up the glen;
“O watt ye, laddy,” quoth the wyfe,
“Gyne we be neir the den?”

“Are we com neir the den?” she said;
“Tush! wyshte, ye fule!” quoth he,
“For waure na ye ha'e in your armis,
This nicht ye wynna see!”

They sune waur landit at the doore,
The wyfe he handit down—
“I've lefte the house but ae haufe houre,
I am a clever loun!”

“What mak's your feit sae brayde?” quoth she,
“And what sae reid your een?”
“I've wandert mony a weary foote,
And unco sichtis I've seen!

“But mynd the wyfe, and mynd the weane,
And see that all gae richt;

And keip the beyld of biggit land
Till aynce the mornynge licht:

"And gyne they speir wha brocht you heir,
'Cause they waur scaunte of men!
Even tell them that ye rade ahint
The Brownie of Fearnden."

THE TRYSTING-TREE.

The evening sun has closed the day,
An' silence sleeps on hill an' plain;
The yellow moon is on her way
Wi' a' her glinting starry train.
The moment dear to love an' me—
The happy moment now is near,
When by our lanely trysting-tree
I'll meet my lov'd Eliza dear.

Where mild the vernal mornings rise,
An' meek the summer e'enings fa';
Where soft the breeze of autumn sighs,
An' light the blasts o' winter blaw;
Where Keithock winds her silver stream,
By birken tree an' blooming thorn;
Of love and bliss we fondly dream,
Till often dawns the early morn.

Her voice like warbled music sweet,
Would lead the minstrels of the grove;
Her form, where a' the graces meet,
Would melt the coldest heart to love;
Her wistfu' look, an' winning smile,
So sweetly kind, so chastely gay,
Would sorrow's mirkest hour beguile,
And chase the deepest grief away.

My lov'd Eliza! wert thou mine!
My own endear'd—endearing wife,
How blest! around thy heart to twine,
In a' the changing scenes of life;
Though beauty, fancy, rapture, flies
When age his chilling touch imparts;
Yet time, while breaking other ties,
Will closer bind our hands and hearts.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

An' O! may I never live single again,
I wish I may never live single again;
I ha'e a gudeman, an' a hame o' my ain,
An' O! may I never live single again.
I've twa bonnie bairnies, the fairest of a',
They cheer up my heart when their daddie's
awa';

I've ane at my foot, and I've ane on my knee;
An' fondly they look, an' say "Mammie" to me.

At gloamin' their daddie comes in frae the
plough,
The blink in his e'e, an' the smile on his brow,
Says, "How are ye, lassie, O! how are ye a',
An' how's the wee bodies sin' I gaed awa'?"
He sings i' the e'enin' fu' cheery an' gay,
He tells o' the toil and the news o' the day;
The twa bonnie lammies he tak's on his knee,
An' blinks o'er the ingle fu' couthie to me.

O happy's the father that's happy at hame,
An' blythe is the mither that's blythe o' the
name,

The cares o' the world they fear na to dree—
The world is naething to Johnny an' me.
Though crosses will mingle wi' mitherly cares,
Awa', bonnie lassies—awa' wi' your fears;
Gin ye get a laddie that's loving and fain,
Ye'll wish ye may never live single again.

ADAM GLEN.

Pawkie Adam Glen,
Piper o' the clachan,
When he stoitet ben,
Sairly was he pechan;
Spak' a wee, but tint his win',
Hurklit down, an' hostit syne,
Blew his beik, an' dichtit's een,
An' whaistl't a' forfoughten.

But, his coughin' dune,
Cheerie kyth't the bodie,
Crackit like a gun,
An' leugh to Auntie Madie;
Cried, "My callans, name a spring,
'Jinglin' John,' or onything,
For weel I'd like to see the fling
O' ilka lass an' laddie."

Blythe the dancers flew,
Usquebae was plenty,
Blythe the piper blew,
Tho' shakin' han's wi' ninety.
Seven times his bridal vow
Ruthless fate had broken thro':
Wha wad thoct his comin' now
Was for our maiden auntie!

She had ne'er been sought,
Cheerie hope was fadin',
Dowie is the thoct
To live and dee a maiden.

How it comes, we canna ken,
Wanders aye maun wait their ain,
Madge is hecht to Adam Glen,
An' sune we'll ha'e a weddin'.

AULD EPPIE.

Auld Eppie, poor bodie, she wins on the brae,
In yon little cot-house aneath the auld tree;
Far aff frae a' ithers, an' fu', fu' o' flaws,
Wi' rough divot sunks haudin' up the mud wa's;
The storm-tattered riggin' a' row'd here an' there,
An' the reekit lum-framin' a' broken an' bare,
The lang raggit eaves hangin' down the laigh door,
An' ae wee bit winnock amaisht happit ower;
The green boor-tree bushes a' wavin' aroun',
An gray siller willow-wands kissin' the grun'!

"Auld Eppie's a weird-wife," sae runs the rude
tale,
For ae nicht some chiels, comin' hame frae their
ale,

Cam' in by her biggin', an' watchin' apart,
They saw Eppie turnin' the bouk o' black art;
An' O! the strange sights an' the uncos that fell,
Nae livin' cou'd think o', nae language cou'd tell.
Nae body leuks near her, unless it may be
When cloudie nicht closes the day's dowin' e'e,
That some, wi' rewards an' assurance, slip ben,
The weils an' the waes o' the future to ken!

Auld Eppie's nae weird-wife, though she gets the
name,
She's wae for hersel', but she's waer for them;
For tho' ne'er a frien'ly foot enters her door,
She's blest wi' a frien' in the Friend o' the Poor.

Her comfort she draws frae the VOLUME O' LIGHT,
An' aye reads a portion o't mornin' an' nicht—
In a' crooks and crosses, she calmly obeys,
E'en seasons o' sorrow are seasons o' praise.
She opens an' closes the day on her knee—
That's a' the *strange sicht* ony body can see.

THE YOUNG INQUIRER AND AGED CHRISTIAN.

"Old man! I would speak a word or two!
I long have wished to learn of you—
Your kindred and friends to the grave are gone,
And helpless and poor you are left alone,
Yet, aged Pilgrim, as happy you seem
As Youth with its gay and golden dream!
Oh! tell me—I would fain possess
The secret of your happiness."

"Young man! your answer is shortly given,
My will is the sovereign will of Heaven,
Believing, whatever my lot may be,
That all things work for good to me—
And trusting alone to saving grace
For the blessings of pardon, hope, and peace,
I rest on the promise now and ever—
'My loving-kindness faileth never.'

"Young man! would you my happiness share,
With humble heart and fervent prayer—
The voice of the contrite sinner raise
To God your life and length of days—
That He as a father, forgetful of none,
Would give you the portion of a son,
As He in Christ hath given to me
The hope of a happy eternity!"

ALEXANDER CARLILE.

BORN 1788—DIED 1860.

ALEXANDER CARLILE, the author of several spirited songs, was born at Paisley, the birth-place of so many poets, in the year 1788. He was educated first at the grammar-school of his native town, and then in the University of Glasgow. He afterwards established himself in Paisley as a manufacturer, and devoted much of his leisure time to literature, contributing to the leading magazines both in prose and verse. In 1855 he collected and published

his poetical compositions under the title of *Poems*. His popular song "Wha's at the Window?" composed in early life, finds a place in all the collections of Scottish songs. Mr. Carlile, who was greatly interested in all movements tending to benefit the social and moral welfare of his fellow-citizens, died in his native town, August 4, 1860, aged seventy-two. A friend who was well acquainted with him, as well as his most estimable and accom-

plished brother, the Rev. Dr. Carlile of Dublin, tells us that he was one to whom the words of the old dramatist might most truthfully be applied:—

“A most incomparable man, breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continueat goodness;”

WHA'S AT THE WINDOW?

Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha?

Oh, wha's at the window, wha, wha?

Wha but blithe Jamie Glen,

He's come sax miles and ten,

To tak' bonnie Jeanie awa', awa',

To tak' bonnie Jeanie awa'.

He has plighted his troth, and a', and a',

Leal love to gi'e, and a', and a',

And sae has she dune,

By a' that's abune,

For he loe's her, she lo'es him, 'bune a', bune a',

He lo'es her, she lo'es him, 'bune a'.

Bridal-maidens are braw, braw,

Bridal-maidens are braw, braw;

But the bride's modest e'e,

And warm cheek are to me

'Bune pearlins, and brooches, and a', and a',

'Bune pearlins, and brooches, and a'.

It's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha',

It's mirth on the green, in the ha', the ha';

There's quaffing and laughing,

There's dancing and daffing,

And the bride's father's blithest of a', of a',

The bride's father's blithest of a'.

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,

It's no that she's Jamie's ava, ava,

That my heart is sae weary,

When a' the lave's cheerie,

But it's just that she'll aye be awa', awa',

It's just that she'll aye be awa'.

THE VALE OF KILLEAN.

Oh yes, there's a valley as calm and as sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters
meet;

So bland in its beauty, so rich in its green,
'Mid Scotia's dark mountains—the Vale of
Killean.

and Dr. Rogers, in his *Century of Scottish Life*, remarks “that during his latter years, when I knew him, he was a grave and reverend-looking old man. He was much in his library, which was well stored with the best books.”

The flocks on its soft lap so peacefully roam,
The stream seeks the deep lake as the child seeks
its home,

That has wander'd all day, to its lullaby close,
Singing blithe 'mid the wild-flowers, and fain
would repose.

How solemn the broad hills that curtain around
This sanctuary of nature, 'mid a wilderness found,
Whose echoes low whisper, “Bid the world fare-
well,

And with lowly contentment here peacefully
dwell!”

Then build me a cot by that lake's verdant shore,
'Mid the world's wild turmoil I'll mingle no more,
And the tidings evoking the sigh and the tear,
Of man's crimes and his follies, no more shall I
hear.

Young Morn, as on tiptoe he ushers the day,
Will teach fading Hope to rekindle her ray;
And pale Eve, with her rapture tear, soft will
impart

To the soul her own meekness—a rich glow to
the heart.

The heavings of passion all rocked to sweet rest,
As repose its still waters, so repose shall this
breast;

And 'mid brightness and calmness my spirit shall
rise

Like the mist from the mountain, to blend with
the skies.

THE CORBIE AND CRAW.

The corbie wi' his rousy throat,

Cried frae the leafless tree,

“Come o'er the loch, come o'er the loch,

Come o'er the loch to me.”

The craw put up his sooty head,

And look'd o'er the nest where he lay,

And gied a flaf wi' his rusty wings,

And cried, “Whare tae? whare tae?”

Cor. “To pike a dead man that's lying
Ahint yon meikle stane.”

Cra. "Is he fat, is he fat, is he fat, is he fat?
If no, we may let him alane."

Cor. "He cam' frae merry England, to steal
The sheep, and kill the deer."

Cra. "I'll come, I'll come, for an Englishman
Is aye the best o' cheer."

Cor. "O we may breakfast on his breast,
And on his back may dine;
For the lave a' fled to their ain countrie,
And they've ne'er been back sinsyne."

MY BROTHERS ARE THE STATELY TREES.

My brothers are the stately trees
That in the forests grow;
The simple flowers my sisters are,
That on the green bank blow.
With them, with them, I am a child
Whose heart with mirth is dancing wild.

The daisy, with its tear of joy,
Gay greets me as I stray;
How sweet a voice of welcome comes
From every trembling spray!

How light, how bright, the golden-wing'd hours
I spend among those songs and flowers!

I love the spirit of the wind,
His varied tones I know;
His voice of soothing majesty,
Of love and sobbing woe;
Whate'er his varied theme may be,
With his my spirit mingles free.

I love to tread the grass-green path,
Far up the winding stream;
For there in nature's loneliness
The day is one bright dream,
And still the pilgrim waters tell
Of wanderings wild by wood and dell.

Or up the mountain's brow I toil
Beneath a wid'ning sky,
Seas, forests, lakes and rivers wide,
Crowding the wondering eye.
Then, then, my soul on eagle's wings,
To cloudless regions upwards springs!

The stars—the stars! I know each one,
With all its soul of love,
They beckon me to come and live
In their tearless homes above;
And then I spurn earth's songs and flowers,
And pant to breathe in heaven's own bowers.

THOMAS PRINGLE.

BORN 1789—DIED 1834.

THOMAS PRINGLE, a poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Blacklaw, in Roxburghshire, January 5, 1789. When young he met with an accident by which his right hip-joint was dislocated, and he was obliged ever after to use crutches. In his fourteenth year he was sent to the grammar-school at Kelso, and three years afterwards entered the University of Edinburgh. In the year 1808 he obtained a situation in the General Register House, and in 1811, in conjunction with his friend Robert Story, published a satirical poem entitled "The Institute," which obtained for its young authors great praise but small profit. In 1816 he became a contributor to Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*; he also composed an excellent imitation of Sir Walter Scott's poetical style for the Ettrick Shepherd's *Poetic Mirror*.

In the following year he assumed the editorship of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, projected by James Hogg and himself, and published by William Blackwood, as a rival to the *Scots Magazine*. Brewster, Cleghorn, Lockhart, the Shepherd, and Professor Wilson were among the contributors to this periodical, which afterwards became the famous *Blackwood's Magazine*. Pringle soon withdrew from its management, but he continued to be the conductor of the *Edinburgh Star* newspaper and editor of Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine and Literary Miscellany*. Before this time he had married, and finding the emoluments from these literary sources insufficient to maintain his family, he was fain to abandon them and return in 1819 to his old place in the Register House.

Pringle published during the same year the "Autumnal Excursion, and other Poems," but the poetical field at that season was so pre-occupied by greater singers, that his little volume, though appreciated by the judicious few, brought him but small profit. In 1820, in company with his brothers and other relatives and friends, in all twenty-four persons, he embarked for South Africa, where they landed in safety, and took possession of a tract of twenty thousand acres assigned to them by the government, which they named Glen Lynden. The poet afterward removed to Cape Town, where he filled the position of government librarian, and kept a large boarding-school. Here, after some difficulty, he established the *South African Journal*, a magazine which appeared in Dutch and English, and he also assumed the editorship of a weekly newspaper. But ere long he had disagreements with the governor, Lord Charles Somerset, and weary of his Caffreland exile he returned to England in 1826, and obtained the appointment of secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, a post which he retained until the abolition of slavery in the colonies of Great Britain rendered the society unnecessary. Meantime he was a constant contributor of prose and verse to the chief periodicals of the day; edited an annual, *Friendship's Offering*; and published a "Narrative of his Residence in South Africa," also "Ephemerides, or Occasional Poems." Failing health induced him to decide to remove to a warmer climate as the only means of saving his life, and he was preparing to return to the

Cape with his wife and sister-in-law, when he became worse, and died December 5, 1834. His remains were interred in Bunhill Fields, and a tombstone with an elegant inscription marks the spot where they lie.

Pringle's poetical works, with a memoir written by Leitch Ritchie, were published in 1839. Many of his compositions exhibit a highly cultivated taste, combined with deep and generous feeling. The fine pastoral lyric "O, the Ewe-bughting's bonnie," left unfinished by Lady Grizzel Baillie (see vol. i. p. 91), was completed by our author. Allan Cunningham wrote:—"Thomas Pringle is a poet and philanthropist: in poetry he has shown a feeling for the romantic and the lovely, and in philanthropy he has laboured to introduce liberty, knowledge, and religion, in the room of slavery and ignorance." Another Scottish poet says:—"His poetry has great merit. It is distinguished by elegance rather than strength, but he has many forcible passages. The versification is sweet, the style simple and free from all superfluous epithets, and the descriptions are the result of his own observations. His 'African Sketches,' which consist of poetical exhibitions of the scenery, the characteristic habits of animals, and the modes of native life in South Africa, are alone sufficient to entitle him to no mean rank as a poet." The first of our selections was greatly admired by Sir Walter Scott and many other distinguished poets of Pringle's period. Coleridge was so highly delighted that he did little else for several days than read and recite it.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since
fled,
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my native land! whose magical name

Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my
prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was
new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone;
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none.
My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
Awearied of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger
may scan
I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and
 strife;

The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
 And the scornor's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
 And malice and meanness and falsehood and
 folly,

Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
 Oh, then! there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the Desert alone to ride!

There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
 The only law of the Desert land—
 But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
 For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side;
 Away—away from the dwellings of men,
 By the wild-deer's haunt and the buffalo's glen;
 By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
 Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest
 graze;

And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
 By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild
 vine;

And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
 And the river horse gambols unscared in the flood;
 And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
 In the Vley, where the wild ass is drinking his
 fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
 O'er the brown Karroo where the bleating cry
 Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
 Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
 In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;
 And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
 Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
 And the timorous quagga's wild whistling neigh
 Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
 And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
 Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
 And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
 Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
 And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
 Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
 And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,
 Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent bush-boy alone by my side:
 Away—away in the wilderness vast,
 Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
 And the quivered Korana or Bechuan

Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
 A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
 Which man hath abandoned from famine and
 fear;

Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
 And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow
 stone;

Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
 Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
 And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
 Is the pilgrim's fare by the Salt Lake's brink:
 A region of drought, where no river glides,
 Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
 Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
 Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
 Are found—to refresh the aching eye:
 But the barren earth and the burning sky,
 And the black horizon round and round,
 Without a living sight or sound,
 Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
 That this is—Nature's solitude.

And here—while the night winds round me sigh,
 And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
 As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
 Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
 And feel as a moth in the mighty hand
 That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
 A "still small voice" comes through the wild
 (Like a father consoling his fretful child)
 Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
 Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

THE LION AND GIRAFFE.

Would'st thou view the lion's den?
 Search afar from haunts of men—
 Where the reed-encircled rill
 Oozes from the rocky hill,
 By its verdure far deserted
 'Mid the desert brown and wide.

Close beside the sedgy brim,
 Couchant, lurks the lion grim,
 Watching till the close of day
 Brings the death-devoted prey.
 Heedless at the ambush'd brink
 The tall giraffe stoops down to drink;
 Upon him straight the savage springs
 With cruel joy. The desert rings
 With clanging sound of desperate strife—
 The prey is strong, and he strives for life.
 Plunging off with frantic bound
 To shake the tyrant to the ground,
 He shrieks—he rushes through the waste
 With glaring eye and headlong haste.
 In vain!—the spoiler on his prize
 Rides proudly—tearing as he flies
 For life—the victim's utmost speed
 Is mustered in this hour of need.

For life—for life—his giant might
He strains, and pours his soul in flight;
And mad with terror, thirst, and pain,
Spurns with wild hoof the thundering plain.
'Tis vain; the thirsty sands are drinking
His streaming blood—his strength is sinking;
The victor's fangs are in his veins—
His flanks are streaked with sanguine stains—
His panting breast in foam and gore
Is bathed—he reels—his race is o'er.
He falls—and with convulsive throes,
Resigns his throat to the ravening foe!
—And lo! ere quivering life is fled,
The vultures, wheeling overhead,
Swoop down, to watch in gaunt array,
Till the gorged tyrant quits his prey.

COME AWA', COME AWA'.

Come awa', come awa',
An' o'er the march wi' me, lassie;
Leave your southern woads a',
My winsome bride to be, lassie!
Lands nor gear I proffer you,
Nor gauds to busk ye fine, lassie;
But I've a heart that's leal and true,
And a' that heart is thine, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And see the kindly north, lassie,
Out o'er the peaks o' Lammerlair,
And by the links o' Forth, lassie!
And when we tread the heather-bell,
Aboon Demayt lea, lassie,
You'll view the land o' flood and fell,
The noble north countrie, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
And leave your southland hame, lassie;
The kirk is near, the ring is here,
And I'm your Donald Graeme, lassie!
Rock and reel and spinning-wheel,
And English cottage trig, lassie;
Haste, leave them a', wi' me to speel
The braces 'yont Stirling brig, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
I ken your heart is mine, lassie;
And true love shall make up for a'
For whilk ye might repine, lassie!
Your father he has gi'en consent,
Your step-dame looks na kind, lassie;
O that our feet were on the bent,
An' the lowlands far behind, lassie!

Come awa', come awa',
Ye'll ne'er hae cause to rue, lassie;

My cot blinks blithe beneath the shaw,
By bonnie Ayondhu, lassie!
There's birk and slae on ilka brae,
And brackens waving fair, lassie,
And gleaming lochs and mountains gray—
Can aught wi' them compare, lassie?
Come awa', come awa', &c.

FAREWELL TO TEVIOTDALE.

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot mountains blue.

Farewell, ye hills of glorious deeds,
And streams renown'd in song—
Farewell ye braes and blossom'd meads,
Our hearts have lov'd so long.

Farewell, the blythesome broomy knowes,
Where thyme and harebells grow—
Farewell, the hoary, haunted howes,
O'erhung with birk and sloe.

The mossy cave and mouldering tower,
That skirt our native dell—
The martyr's grave, and lover's bower,
We bid a sad farewell!

Home of our love! our father's home!
Land of the brave and free!
The sail is flapping on the foam
That bears us far from thee!

We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main—
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!

Our native land—our native vale—
A long and last adieu!
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Scotland's mountains blue!

MAID OF MY HEART.

Maid of my heart—a long farewell!
The bark is launch'd, the billows swell,
And the vernal gales are blowing free,
To bear me far from love and thee!

I hate ambition's haughty name,
And the heartless pride of wealth and fame;
Yet now I haste through ocean's roar
To woo them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief
 To him who bears a darker grief?
 Can absence calm this feverish thrill?
 —Ah, no!—for thou wilt haunt me still!

Thy artless grace, thy open truth,
 Thy form that breath'd of love and youth,
 Thy voice by nature fram'd to suit
 The tone of love's enchanted lute!

Thy dimpling cheek and deep-blue eye,
 Where tender thought and feeling lie!
 Thine eyelid like the evening cloud
 That comes the star of love to shroud!

Each witchery of soul and sense,
 Enshrin'd in angel innocence,
 Combin'd to frame the fatal spell—
 That blest—and broke my heart—Farewell!

JOHN BURTT.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1866.

The Rev. JOHN BURTT was born at Knockmarloch House, in the parish of Riccarton, Ayrshire, May 26, 1789. While he was still a child he lost his mother, and went to reside with his maternal grandfather, with whom he spent his boyhood, during which time he attended school and became a good classical scholar. He was then sent to learn the weaving trade, but he soon abandoned the loom and returned to his books. In his sixteenth year he was decoyed into a small boat by a press-gang, carried on board the *Magnificent*, a ship-of-war stationed near Greenock, and compelled to serve as a common sailor. Effecting his escape after being five years in the service, he returned to Scotland and opened a private school at Kilmarnock. In 1816 he removed to Glasgow, where he attended the medical lectures at the university.

During his career as a sailor Burttt had occupied many of his leisure hours in the composition of verses, and had also written some lyrics during the period of his teaching at Kilmarnock. These he collected and published at Glasgow in 1817. The same year he proceeded to the United States, and soon after entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey, where he studied theology. On leaving that institution Burttt for some time acted as a domestic missionary of the Presbyterian Church at Trenton and Philadelphia, until called to a ministerial charge at Salem, N.J. In 1831

he removed to Philadelphia and assumed the editorship of a weekly journal named *The Presbyterian*. Two years later he became the pastor of a church in Cincinnati, at the same time acting as editor of *The Standard*. In 1842 he accepted the charge of a congregation at Blackwoodtown, where he remained until 1859, when the infirmities of age induced him to resign and retire to Salem, N.J., where he died, March 24, 1866. Mr. Burttt married Miss Mary N. Fisher of Philadelphia, Sept. 29, 1820. Of his family a daughter survives, to whom the writer is chiefly indebted for the particulars of her father's career; and two sons, one of whom has served his country as a surgeon both in the army and navy, while the other is doing his Master's work as a missionary among the American Indians.

During the first years of Mr. Burttt's residence in the New World he wrote a number of poems, which, with those published in Scotland, were issued in 1819, at Bridgeton, N.J., with the title of *Horæ Poeticæ*. Later in life he occasionally contributed verses to the columns of *The Presbyterian* and other religious periodicals. "The Rev. John Burttt," remarks a correspondent, writing to us in 1875, "was a man of great excellence of character, and in the vigour of his years was one of our best preachers and poets. His was truly a remarkable life, with the golden ending so seldom allotted to the children of song."

ON THE DIVINE MERCY.

Shall the wanderer's harp of sorrow
 Always tell the tale of woe?
 Shall the night no joyful morrow
 Of unclouded transport know?
 Shall the bosom filled with sadness—
 Shall the boiling blood of madness
 Never know the calm of peace,
 Balm of hope and beam of bliss?

Wake, my harp! nor weak nor mildly
 Let thy notes of rapture swell:
 Wake, my harp! and warbling wildly,
 Of immortal triumphs tell.
 Holy fire—seraphic feeling—
 O'er my melting mind are stealing;
 Heavenward rolls my raptured eye,
 Loud I strike the harp of joy!

Weeping orphan! God has found thee,
 Led thee to thy mother's breast;
 Wandering stranger! all around thee
 Smiles the blissful home of rest.
 Strengthen'd is the arm of weakness;
 Cool'd the fever'd heart of sickness;
 Mortal strifes and pangs are o'er—
 Mortals live to die no more.

Sons of earth! behold Him bending—
 God, your Father, from above;
 Peace and mercy sweetly blending
 With His tender looks of love.
 Sweeter than a seraph's vespers
 Is the welcome which He whispers;—
 "Come, ye weary and oppress,
 Come, ye heavy laden—rest!

"Rest ye from the care and sorrow,
 Which in seasons past ye knew:
 'Tis an everlasting morrow—
 Scenes of endless bliss ye view:
 From the snares of guilt and error,
 From the grasp of death and terror
 Rest secure!—on Me depend—
 Me, your Father and your Friend."

THE FAREWELL.

O welcome winter! w' thy storms,
 Thy frosts, an' hills o' sna';
 Dismantle nature o' her charms,
 For I maun lea' them a'.
 I've mourn'd the gowan wither'd laid
 Upon its wallow bier;

I've seen the rosebud drooping fade
 Beneath the dewy tear.

Then fare ye weel, my frien's sae dear,
 For I maun lea' you a'.
 O will ye sometimes shed a tear
 For me, when far awa'?
 For me, when far frae hame and you,
 Where ceaseless tempests blaw,
 Will ye repeat my last adieu,
 An' mourn that I'm awa'?

I've seen the wood, where rude winds rave,
 In gay green mantle drest;
 But now its leafless branches wave
 Wild whistling in the blast:
 So perish'd a' my youthfu' joy,
 An' left me thus to mourn;
 The vernal sun will gild the sky,
 But joy will ne'er return.
 Then fare ye weel, &c.

In vain will spring her gowans spread
 Owre the green swairded lea:
 The rose beneath the hawthorn shade
 Will bloom in vain for me:
 In vain will spring bedeck the bowers
 Wi' buds and blossoms braw—
 The gloomy storm already lowers
 That drives me far awa'.
 Then fare ye weel, &c.

O winter! spare the peacefu' scene
 Where early joys I knew;
 Still be its fields unfading green,
 Its sky unclouded blue.
 Ye lads and lasses! when sae blythe
 The social crack ye ca',
 O spare the tribute of a sigh
 For me, when far awa'!
 Then fare ye weel, &c.

O'ER THE MIST-SHROUDED CLIFFS.¹

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the gray moun-
 tain straying,
 Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave;
 What woes wring my heart, while intently sur-
 veying
 The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the
 wave.

¹ This song enjoyed for many years the distinction of being attributed to Burns, and of being included in several editions of his poems. It celebrates Burt's first love, who died young, and was written at Kilmarnock when in his twenty-second year, before he bade adieu to Scotland.—ED.

Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,
 Ere ye toss me afar from my loved native shore;
 Where the flower that bloom'd sweetest in Coila's
 green vale,
 The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more!

No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll
 wander,
 And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the
 wave;
 No more shall my arms cling with fondness around
 her,
 For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her
 grave.
 No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my
 breast—

I haste with the storm to a far distant shore,
 Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
 And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.

O! LASSIE I LO'E DEAREST!

O! lassie I lo'e dearest!
 Mair fair to me than fairest,
 Mair rare to me than rarest,
 How sweet to think o' thee.
 When blythe the blue-ey'd dawnin'
 Steals saftly o'er the lawnin',
 And furls night's sable awnin',
 I love to think o' thee.

An' while the honey'd dew-drap
 Still trembles at the flower-tap,
 The fairest bud I pu't up,
 An' kiss't for sake o' thee.
 An' when by stream or fountain,
 In glen, or on the mountain,
 The lingering moments counting,
 I pause an' think o' thee.

When the sun's red rays are streamin',
 Warm on the meadow beamin',
 Or on the loch wild gleamin',
 My heart is fu' o' thee.

An' tardy-footed gloamin',
 Out-owre the hills slow comin',
 Still finds me lanely roamin',
 And thinkin' still o' thee.

When soughs the distant billow,
 An' night blasts shake the willow,
 Stretch'd on my lanely pillow,
 My dreams are a' o' thee.
 Then think when frien's caress thee,
 Oh, think when cares distress thee,
 Oh, think when pleasures bless thee,
 O' him that thinks o' thee.

SWEET THE BARD.

Sweet the bard, and sweet his strain,
 Breath'd where mirth and friendship reign,
 O'er ilk woodland, hill, and plain,
 And loch o' Caledonia.
 Sweet the rural scenes he drew,
 Sweet the fairy tints he threw
 O'er the page, to nature true,
 And dear to Caledonia.
 But the strain so lov'd is o'er,
 And the bard so lov'd no more
 Shall his magic stanzas pour
 To love and Caledonia.

Ayr and Doon may row their floods,
 Birds may warble through the woods,
 Dews may gem the opening buds,
 And daisies bloom fu' bonnie, O;
 Lads fu' blythe and lasses fain
 Still may love, but ne'er again
 Will they wake the gifted strain
 O' Burns and Caledonia.
 While, his native vales among,
 Love is felt, or beauty sung,
 Hearts will beat and harps be strung
 To Burns and Caledonia.

WILLIAM KNOX.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1825.

WILLIAM KNOX, the author of the pathetic poem which was so great a favourite with the late President Lincoln, beginning,

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!"

was born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire, August 17, 1789. His parents were in comfortable circumstances, and he received a liberal education, first at the parish

school of Lilliesleaf, and afterwards at the grammar-school of Musselburgh. In 1812 he became lessee of a farm near Langholm, but he was so unsuccessful as a farmer that at the end of five years he gave up his lease, and commenced that precarious literary life which he continued to the close. From his early youth he had composed verses, and in 1818 he published *The Lonely Hearth, and other Poems*, followed six years later by *The Songs of Israel*. In 1825 appeared a third volume of lyrics, entitled *The Harp of Zion*. Knox's poetical merits attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, who afforded him kindly countenance and occasional pecuniary assistance. Professor Wilson also thought highly of his poetical genius, and was ever ready to befriend him. He was a kind and affectionate son, and a man of genial disposition; but he unwisely squandered his resources of health and strength, and died of paralysis at Edinburgh, November 12, 1825, in his thirty-sixth year.

Knox's poetry is largely pervaded with pathetic and religious sentiment. In the preface to his *Songs of Israel* he says—"It is my sincere wish that, while I may have provided

a slight gratification for the admirer of poetry, I may also have done something to raise the devotional feelings of the pious Christian." A new edition of his poetical works was published in London in 1847. Besides the volumes mentioned above he also wrote *A Visit to Dublin*, and a Christmas tale entitled "Marianne, or the Widower's Daughter." Much of his authorship, however, was scattered over the periodicals of the day, and especially the *Literary Gazette*. As a prose writer his works are of little account, but the same cannot be said of his poetry, which possesses a richness and originality that insure for it a more lasting popularity. Sir Walter Scott, alluding to our poet, remarks—"His talent then showed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry, called, I think, "The Lonely Hearth," far superior to that of Michael Bruce, whose *consumption*, by the way, has been the *life* of his verses." He was keenly alive to his literary reputation, and could not but have been greatly gratified had he known that a poem of his would one day go the rounds of the American press and that of the Canadas as the production of a president of the United States.

THE WOOER'S VISIT.

My native Scotland! how the youth is blest
To mark thy first star in the evening sky,
When the far curfew bids the weary rest,
And in his ear the milk-maid's wood-notes die!
O! then unseen by every human eye,
Soon as the lingering daylight hath decayed,
Dear, dear to him o'er distant vales to hie,
While every head in midnight rest is laid,
To that endearing cot where dwells his favourite
maid.

Though he has laboured from the dawn of morn,
Beneath the summer sun's unclouded ray,
Till evening's dewdrops glistened on the thorn,
And wild-flowers closed their petals with the
day;
And though the cottage home be far away,
Where all the treasure of his bosom lies,
O! he must see her, though his raptured stay
Be short—like every joy beneath the skies—
And yet be at his task by morning's earliest rise.

Behold him wandering o'er the moonlit dales,
The only living thing that stirs abroad,

Tripping as lightly as the breathing gales
That fan his cheek upon the lonesome road,
Seldom by other footsteps trod!
Even though no moon shed her conducting ray,
And light his night-path to that sweet abode,
Angels will guide the lover's dreariest way,
If but for her dearsake whose heart is pure as they.

And see him now upon the very hill,
From which in breathless transport he doth hail,
At such an hour so exquisitely still,
To him the sweetest, far the sweetest, vale
That e'er was visited by mountain gale.
And, O! how fondly shall he hailed by him
The guiding lamp that never yet did fail—
That very lamp which her dear hand doth trim
To light his midnight way when moon and stars
are dim.

But who shall tell what her fond thoughts may be,
The lovely damsel sitting all alone,
When every inmate of the house but she
To sweet oblivion of their cares have gone?
By harmless stealth unnoticed and unknown,

Behold her seated by her midnight fire,
 And turning many an anxious look upon
 The lingering clock, as if she would require
 The steady foot of time to haste at her desire.

But though the appointed hour is fondly sought,
 At every sound her little heart will beat,
 And she will blush even at the very thought
 Of meeting him whom she delights to meet.

Be as it may, her ear would gladly greet
 The house-dog's bark that watch'd the whole
 night o'er,

And O! how gently shall she leave her seat,
 And gently step across the sanded floor,
 With trembling heart and hand, to ope the
 creaking door.

The hour is past, and still her eager ear
 Hears but the tinkle of the neighbouring rill;
 No human footstep yet approaching near
 Disturbs the night calm so serene and still,
 That broods, like slumber, over dale and hill.
 Ah! who may tell what phantoms of dismay
 The anxious feelings of her bosom chill—
 The wiles that lead a lover's heart astray—
 The darkness of the night—the dangers of the
 way?

But, lo! he comes, and soon shall she forget
 Her griefs, in sunshine of this hour of bliss;
 Their hands in love's endearing clasp have met,
 And met their lips in love's delicious kiss.
 O! what is all the wealth of worlds to this!
 Go—thou mayest cross each foreign land, each
 sea,

In search of honours, yet for ever miss
 The sweetest boon vouchsafed by Heaven's de-
 crece—
 The heart that loves thee well, the heart that's
 dear to thee.

And may I paint their pleasures yet to come,
 When, like their hearts, their willing hands
 are joined,

The loving inmates of a wedded home,
 For ever happy and for ever kind?

And may I paint their various charms combined
 In the sweet offspring that around them plays,
 Who—tho' on mountains with the bounding
 hind

Be rudely nursed—may claim a nation's praise,
 And on their native hills some proud memorial
 raise?

My native Scotland! O! thy northern hills,
 Thy dark brown hills, are fondly dear to me;
 And aye a warmth my swelling bosom fills
 For all the filial souls that cling to thee—
 Pure be their loves as human love can be,
 And still be worthy of their native land
 The little beings nursed beside their knee,

Who may at length their country's guardians
 stand,
 And own the undaunted heart, and lift the un-
 conquered hand!

MORTALITY.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
 Like a fast-flying meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
 He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,
 Be scattered around and together be laid;
 And the young and the old, and the low and the
 high,
 Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

A child that a mother attended and loved,
 The mother that infant's affection that proved,
 The husband that mother and infant that blest,
 Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in
 whose eye,
 Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
 And the memory of those that beloved her and
 praised,
 Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
 The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
 The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the
 steep,
 The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
 The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the
 weed
 That wither away to let others succeed;
 So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
 To repeat every tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have
 been,
 We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
 We drink the same stream, and we feel the same
 sun,
 And we run the same course that our fathers
 have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would shrink,
To the life we are clinging to, they too would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may come;
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

HARP OF ZION.

Harp of Zion! pure and holy!
Pride of Judah's eastern land!
May a child of guilt and folly
Strike thee with a feeble hand?
May I to my bosom take thee,
Trembling from the prophet's touch,
And with throbbing heart awake thee
To the songs I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers
Since the dawn of childhood's day,
When a mother soothed my slumbers
With the cadence of thy lay—
Since a little blooming sister
Clung with transport round my knee,
And my glowing spirit blessed her
With a blessing caught from thee.

Mother—sister—both are sleeping
Where no heaving hearts respire,
While the eve of age is creeping
Round the widowed spouse and sire.
He and his, amid their sorrow,
Find enjoyment in thy strain.—
Harp of Zion! let me borrow
Comfort from thy chords again.

THE DEAR LAND OF CAKES.

O! brave Caledonians! my brothers, my friends,
Now sorrow is borne on the wings of the winds;
Care sleeps with the sun in the seas of the west,
And courage is lull'd in the warrior's breast.
Here social pleasure enlivens each heart,
And friendship is ready its warmth to impart;
The goblet is filled, and each worn one partakes,
To drink plenty and peace to the dear Land of Cakes.

Though the Bourbon may boast of his vine-cover'd hills,
Through each bosom the tide of depravity thrills;
Though the Indian may sit in his green orange bowers,
There slavery's wail counts the wearisome hours.
Though our island is beat by the storms of the north,
There blaze the bright meteors of valour and worth;
There the loveliest rose-bud of beauty awakes
From that cradle of virtue, the dear Land of Cakes.

O! valour, thou guardian of freedom and truth,
Thou stay of old age, and thou guidance of youth!
Still, still thy enthusiast transports pervade
The breast that is wrapt in the green tartan plaid.
And ours are the shoulders that never shall bend
To the rod of a tyrant, that scourge of a land;
Ours the bosoms no terror of death ever shakes,
When called in defence of the dear Land of Cakes.

Shall the ghosts of our fathers, aloft on each cloud,
When the rage of the battle is dreadful and loud,
See us shrink from our standard with fear and dismay,
And leave to our foemen the pride of the day?
No, by heavens! we will stand to our honour and trust,
Till our heart's blood be shed on our ancestors' dust,
Till we sink to the slumber no war-trumpet breaks,
Beneath the brown heath of the dear Land of Cakes.

O! peace to the ashes of those that have bled
For the land where the proud thistle raises its
head!

O! peace to the ashes of those gave us birth,
In a land freedom renders the boast of the earth!
Though their lives are extinguish'd, their spirit
remains,

And swells in their blood that still runs in our
veins;

Still their deathless achievements our ardour
awakes,

For the honour and weal of the dear Land of
Cakes.

Ye sons of old Scotia, ye friends of my heart,
From our word, from our trust, let us never
depart;

Nor e'er from our foe till with victory crown'd,
And the balm of compassion is pour'd in his
wound;

And still to our bosom be honesty dear,
And still to our loves and our friendships sincere;
And, till heaven's last thunder the firmament
shakes,

May happiness beam on the dear Land of Cakes.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
How earthly things may pass away!

To-day—while hearts with rapture spring,
The youth to beauty's lip may cling;
To-morrow—and that lip of bliss
May sleep unconscious of his kiss.

To-day—the blooming spouse may press
Her husband in a fond caress;
To-morrow—and the hands that pressed
May wildly strike her widowed breast.

To-day—the clasping babe may drain
The milk-stream from its mother's vein;
To-morrow—like a frozen rill,
That bosom-current may be still.

To-day—thy merry heart may feast
On herb and fruit, and bird and beast;
To-morrow—spite of all thy glee,
The hungry worms may feast on thee.

To-morrow!—mortal, boast not thou
Of time and tide that are not now!
But think, in one revolving day
That even thyself may'st pass away.

THE SEASON OF YOUTH.

Rejoice, mortal man, in the noon of thy prime!
Ere thy brow shall be traced by the ploughshare
of time—

Ere the twilight of age shall encompass thy way,
And thou droop'st, like the flowers, to thy rest
in the clay.

Let the banquet be spread, let the wine-cup go
round,

Let the joy-dance be wove, let the timbrels re-
sound—

While the spring-tide of life in thy bosom is high,
And thy spirit is light as a lark in the sky.

Let the wife of thy love, like the sun of thy day,
Throw a radiance of joy o'er thy pilgrimage way—
Ere the shadows of grief come, like night from
the west,

And thou weep'st o'er the flower that expired on
thy breast.

Rejoice, mortal man, in the noon of thy prime:
But muse on the power and the progress of time;
For thy life shall depart with the joy it hath given,
And a judgment of justice awaits thee in heaven.

WILLIAM GLEN.

BORN 1789 — DIED 1826.

WILLIAM GLEN, the author of "Wae's me
for Prince Charlie," perhaps the most popular
and pathetic of modern Jacobite lyrics, was
born at Glasgow, Nov. 14, 1789. His ances-

tors were for many generations persons of con-
sideration in Renfrewshire. William received
a good education, and on the organization of
the Glasgow Volunteer Sharpshooters joined

the corps as lieutenant. He entered upon a mercantile career, and was for some time a manufacturer in his native city, carrying on a prosperous trade with the West Indies, where he resided for several years. In 1814 he was elected a manager of the Merchants' House of Glasgow and a director of the Chamber of Commerce. Soon after he met with several heavy losses, which caused his failure in business, which he never again resumed. His latter days were marked by the poet's too frequent lot—poverty and misfortune. During the last few years of his short life he spent his summers with relations of Mrs. Glen residing at Rainagour, in the parish of Aberfoyle, and received pecuniary assistance from an uncle

living in Russia. He died of consumption in his native city, December, 1826, and the Editor's father was one of the few friends of the unfortunate poet who followed his remains to their last resting-place in God's acre.¹

In 1815 Glen published a small volume of verses, entitled *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*. The lovers of Scottish minstrelsy will rejoice to learn that a large number of unpublished songs and poems which he left behind him in MS. are soon to be issued, together with a memoir of the bard by the editor the Rev. Dr. Rogers, and a narrative, written by a lady, of the interesting educational work carried on at Aberfoyle for many years by the widow and daughter of Glen.

THE BATTLE-SONG.

Raise high the battle-song
To the heroes of our land;
Strike the bold notes loud and long
To Great Britain's warlike band.
Burst away like a whirlwind of flame,
Wild as the lightning's wing;
Strike the boldest, sweetest string,
And deathless glory sing—
To their fame.

See Corunna's bloody bed!
'Tis a sad, yet glorious scene;
There the imperial eagle fled,
And there our chief was slain.
Green be the turf upon the warrior's breast,
High honour seal'd his doom,
And eternal laurels bloom
Round the poor and lowly tomb
Of his rest.

Strong was his arm of might,
When the war-flag was unfurl'd;
But his soul, when peace shone bright,
Beam'd love to all the world.
And his name through endless ages shall endure;

High deeds are written fair
In that scroll, which time must spare,
And thy fame's recorded there—
Noble Moore.

Yonder's Barossa's height,
Rising full upon my view,
Where was fought the bloodiest fight
That Iberia ever knew,
Where Albion's bold sons to victory were led.
With bay'nets levell'd low,
They rush'd upon the foe,
Like an avalanche of snow
From its bed.

Sons of the "Lonely Isle,"
Your native courage rose,
When surrounded for a while
By the thousands of your foes,
But dauntless was your chief, that meteor of war,
He resistless led ye on,
Till the bloody field was won,
And the dying battle-groan
Sunk afar.

¹ Aberfoyle, though neither the birth-place of the poet nor the spot where he breathed his last, has nevertheless many interesting associations connected with William Glen. It was here he often wandered in his youth, here that he won the fair Kate of Aberfoyle, here on the banks of the lovely Loch Ard,

"Bright mirror set in rocky dell,"

that he composed many of his sweetest songs, and it was here that he spent, on the farm of Rainagour, the

closing years of his brief career. A few weeks before his death he said to his amiable wife, "Kate, I would like to go back to Glasgow." "Why, Willie?" she asked, "are ye no as well here?" "It's no myself I'm thinking about," he answered. "It was of you, Kate; for I know well it is easier to take a living man there than a dead one." So the sorrowful woman with her dying husband departed from the place, and the warm Highland hearts missed and mourned for him, forgetting his faults and remembering only his virtues.—ED.

Our song Balgowan share,
 Home of the chieftain's rest;
 For thou art a lily fair
 In Calcedonia's breast.
 Breathe, sweetly breathe, a soft love-soothing
 strain,
 For beauty there doth dwell,
 In the mountain, flood, or fell,
 And throws her witching spell
 O'er the scene.

But not Balgowan's charms
 Could lure the chief to stay;
 For the foe were up in arms,
 In a country far away.
 He rush'd to battle, and he won his fame;
 Ages may pass by,
 Fleet as the summer's sigh,
 But thy name shall never die—
 Gallant Graeme.

Strike again the boldest strings
 To our great commander's praise;
 Who to our memory brings
 "The deeds of other days."
 Peal for a lofty spirit-stirring strain;
 The blaze of hope illumines
 Iberia's deepest glooms,
 And the eagle shakes his plumes
 There in vain.

High is the foemen's pride,
 For they are sons of war;
 But our chieftain rolls the tide
 Of battle back afar.
 A braver hero in the field ne'er shone;
 Let bards, with loud acclaim,
 Heap laurels on his fame,
 "Singing glory" to the name
 Of Wellington.

Could I with soul of fire
 Guide my wild unsteady hand,
 I would strike the quivering wire,
 Till it rung throughout the land.
 Of all its warlike heroes would I sing;
 Were powers to soar thus given,
 By the blast of genius driven,
 I would sweep the highest heaven
 With my wing.

Yet still this trembling flight
 May point a bolder way,
 Ere the lonely beam of night
 Steals on my setting day.
 Till then, sweet harp, hang on the willow tree;
 And when I come again,
 Thou wilt not sound in vain,
 For I'll strike thy highest strain—
 Bold and free.

WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.¹

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door,
 He warbled sweet and clearly,
 An' aye the o'ercome o' his sang
 Was "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"
 O! when I heard the bonnie soun'
 The tears cam' happin' rarely,
 I took my bannet aff my head,
 For weel I lo'ed Prince Charlie.

Quoth I, "My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
 Is that a sang ye borrow,
 Are these some words ye've learnt by heart,
 Or a lilt o' dool an' sorrow?"
 "Oh! no, no, no," the wee bird sang;
 "I've flown sin' mornin' early,
 But sic a day o' wind an' rain—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"On hills that are by right his ain
 He roves a lanely stranger,
 On every side he's press'd by want,
 On every side is danger;
 Yestreen I met him in a glen,
 My heart maist burstit fairly,
 For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
 Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

"Dark night cam' on, the tempest roar'd
 Loud o'er the hills an' valleys,
 An' whare was't that your prince lay down,
 Whase hame should been a palace?
 He row'd him in a Highland plaid,
 Which cover'd him but sparely,

¹ Alexander Whitelaw, in his admirable collection entitled *The Book of Scottish Song*, relates that during one of her Majesty's earliest visits to the North. "Wae's me for Prince Charlie" received a mark of royal favour, which would have sweetened, had he been alive, poor Glen's bitter cup of life. While at Taymouth Castle, the marquis had engaged the celebrated vocalist John Wilson to sing before the Queen. A list of the songs Mr. Wilson was in the habit of singing was submitted to her Majesty, that she might signify her pleasure as to those which she would wish to hear, when the Queen immediately fixed upon the following:—"Lochaber no more," "The Flowers of the Forest," "The Lass o' Gowrie," "John Anderson, my Jo," "Cam' ye by Athol," and "The Laird of Cockpen." The present song was not in Mr. Wilson's list, but her Majesty herself asked if he could sing "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," which fortunately he was able to do. The selection of songs which the Queen made displays eminently her sound taste and good feeling. A better or more varied one, both as regards music and words, taking the number of pieces into consideration, could not easily be made.—Ed.

An' slept beneath a bush o' broom—
Oh! wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

But now the bird saw some red coats,
An' he sheuk his wings wi' anger,
"Oh! this is no a land for me,
I'll tarry here nae langer."
He hover'd on the wing a while
Ere he departed fairly;
But weel I mind the fareweel strain
Was, "Wae's me for Prince Charlie!"

HOW EERILY, HOW DREARILY.

How eerily, how drearily, how wearily to pine,
When my love's in a foreign land, far frae thae
arms o' mine;
Three years ha'e come an' gane sin' first he said
to me,
That he wad stay at hame wi' Jean, wi' her to
live and die;
The day comes in wi' sorrow now, the night is
wild and drear,
An' every hour that passeth by I water wi' a tear.

I kiss my bonnie baby—I clasp it to my breast,
Ah! aft wi' sic a warm embrace its father hath
me prest!
And when I gaze upon its face, as it lies upon
my knee,
The crystal drops out-owre my cheeks will fa'
frae ilka e'e;
O! mony a mony a burning tear upon its face
will fa',
For oh! it's like my bonnie love, an' he is far awa'.

Whan the spring-time had gane by and the rose
began to blaw,
An' the harebell an' the violet adorn'd ilk bonnie
shaw,
'Twas then my love cam' courtin' me, and wan
my youthfu' heart,
An' mony a tear it cost my love ere he could frae
me part;
But though he's in a foreign land, far, far across
the sea,
I ken my Jamie's guileless heart is faithfu' unto
me.

Ye wastlin' win's upon the main, blaw wi' a steady
breeze,
And waft my Jamie hame again across the roarin'
seas;
O! when he clasps me in his arms, in a' his manly
pride,
I'll ne'er exchange that ae embrace for a' the
world beside,

**

Then blow a steady gale, ye win's, waft him
across the sea,
And bring my Jamie hame again to his wee bairn
and me.

THE BATTLE OF VITTORIA.

Sing a' ye bards, wi' loud acclaim,
High glory gie to gallant Graham,
Heap laurels on our marshal's fame,
Wha conquer'd at Vittoria.
Triumphant freedom smiled on Spain,
An' raised her stately form again,
Whan the British lion shook his mane
On the mountains of Vittoria.

Let blustering Suchet crouselly crack,
Let Joseph rin the coward's track,
An' Jourdan wish his baton back
He left upon Vittoria.
If e'er they meet their worthy king.
Let them dance roun' him in a ring,
An' some Scots piper play the spring
He blew them at Vittoria.

Gie truth and honour to the Dane,
Gie German's monarch heart and brain,
But aye in sic a cause as Spain
Gie Britain a Vittoria.
The English rose was ne'er sae red,
The shamrock waved whare glory led,
An' the Scottish thistle rear'd its head
In joy upon Vittoria.

Loud was the battle's stormy swell,
Whare thousands fought an' mony fell,
But the Glasgow heroes bore the bell
At the battle of Vittoria.
The Paris maids may ban them a',
Their lads are maistly wede awa',
An' could an' pale as wreaths o' snaw
They lie upon Vittoria.

Wi' quakin' heart and tremblin' knees
The eagle standard-bearer flees,
While the "meteor flag" floats to the breeze,
An' wantons on Vittoria.
Britannia's glory there was shown,
By the undaunted Wellington,
An' the tyrant trembled on his throne,
Whan hearin' o' Vittoria.

Peace to the spirits o' the brave,
Let a' their trophies for them wave,
An' green be our Cadogan's grave,
Upon thy field, Vittoria!
There let eternal laurels bloom,
While maidens mourn his early doom,

An' deck his lowly honour'd tomb
Wi' roses on Vittoria.

Ye Caledonian war-pipes play,
Barossa heard your Hielan' lay,
An' the gallant Scot show'd there that day
A prelude to Vittoria.

Shout to the heroes—swell ilk voice,
To them wha made poor Spain rejoice,
Shout Wellington an' Lynedoch, boys,
Barossa an' Vittoria!

THE MAID OF ORONSEY.

Oh! stopna, bonnie bird, that strain;
Frae hopeless love itsel' it flows;
Sweet bird, oh! warble it again,
Thou'st touched the string o' a' my woes;
Oh! lull me with it to repose,
I'll dream of her who's far away,
And fancy, as my eyelids close,
Will meet the maid of OronseY.

Could'st thou but learn frae me my grief,
Sweet bird, thou'dst leave thy native grove,
And fly to bring my soul relief,
To where my warmest wishes rove;
Soft as the cooings of the dove
Thou'dst sing thy sweetest, saddest lay,
And melt to pity and to love
The bonnie maid of OronseY.

Well may I sigh and sairly weep,
The song sad recollections bring;
Oh! fly across the roaring deep,
And to my maiden sweetly sing;
'Twill to her faithless bosom fling
Remembrance of a sacred day;
But feeble is thy wee bit wing,
And far's the isle of OronseY.

Then, bonnie bird, wi' mony a tear
I'll mourn beside this hoary thorn,

And thou wilt find me sitting here
Ere thou can'st hail the dawn o' morn;
Then high on airy pinions borne,
Thou'lt chant a sang o' love and wae,
An' soothe me weeping at the scorn
Of the sweet maid of OronseY.

And when around my weary head,
Soft pillowed where my fathers lie,
Death shall eternal poppies spread,
An' close for aye my tearfu' eye;
Perched on some bonny branch on high,
Thou'lt sing thy sweetest roundelay,
And soothe my "spirit passing by"
To meet the maid of OronseY.

MARY GRAY.

Once William swore the sacred oath,
That I my love had never weary;
And I gave him my virgin troth,
But now he's turned awa' frae Mary.
I thought his heart was link'd to mine,
So firm that it could never stray;
Yet, William, may that peace be thine
Which thou hast ta'en frae Mary Gray.

I once was happy in his love,
No gloomy prospect made me dreary;
I thought that he would never rove,
But aye be faithfu' to his Mary.
Bright on me shone sweet pleasure's sun,
I sported in its gladdening ray;
But now the evening shades are come,
And soon will close round Mary Gray.

Yet, William, may no gloomy thought
Of my love ever make thee dreary;
I've suffer'd much—'twas dearly bought,—
Peace now has fled frae wretched Mary.—
And when some maid more loved than me,
Thou lead'st to church on bridal day,
Perhaps the lowly grave you'll see
Of poor neglected Mary Gray.

JOHN MACDIARMID.

BORN 1790—DIED 1852.

JOHN MACDIARMID, a gifted writer and journalist, was born, it is said, in Edinburgh in 1790. The death of his father, the Rev. Hugh MacDiarmid, for many years minister of a Gaelic church in Glasgow, left him at an early age to make his own way in the world. He

first became a clerk in a counting-house, and afterwards obtained a situation in the Commercial Bank, Edinburgh, where he rose to a good position. During this time he managed to attend several classes in the university, and devoted all his leisure hours to reading and study. He also for two years acted as occasional amanuensis to Professor Playfair, from whom he obtained the privilege of attending his classes, and the free use of his library.

MacDiarmid's first literary effort seems to have been some spirited verses on the battle of Waterloo, which he wrote in 1815, on the occasion of erecting a commemorative monument at Newabbey, near Dumfries. The poem attracted notice, and the editor of the *Edinburgh Review* signified his willingness to receive contributions from MacDiarmid's pen, while the publishers Oliver and Boyd engaged him to compile several works, for which service he was paid £50. This, the first-fruits of his literary labour, had not been half an hour in his possession before he gave the whole amount to an impecunious poet-friend, who, it is almost needless to remark, never returned it. In 1816, in company with two friends, he established the *Scotsman* newspaper in Edinburgh, now perhaps the most prosperous journal in Scotland; and the year following he accepted the editorship of the *Dumfries and Galloway Courier*.

Although devoted to the business of his newspaper, MacDiarmid still continued to cherish his literary enthusiasm. In 1817 he published an edition of *Cowper's Poems*, with a well-written memoir of the poet, which passed through several editions. The *Scrap Book*, a volume of selections and original contributions in prose and verse, appeared in 1820, and was soon followed by a second volume, both of which were highly successful. In 1823 he

prepared a memoir of Goldsmith for an Edinburgh edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. In 1825 he originated the *Dumfries Magazine*, and five years later published his *Sketches from Nature*, chiefly illustrative of scenery and character in the districts of Dumfries and Galloway. He also contributed an interesting account of the ancient burgh and its neighbourhood to the *Picture of Dumfries*, an illustrated work published in 1832; and in the intervals of his leisure wrote a description of Moffat and a memoir of Nicholson the Galloway poet.

The *Courier*, which ultimately became MacDiarmid's exclusive property, and in which most of his poems appeared, acquired a character rarely attained by a provincial paper, and its editor was highly esteemed by Sir Walter Scott, Wilson, Jeffrey, Lockhart, and other leading literary men of his day. To his kind heart and liberal patronage many young aspirants for poetic fame were indebted for assistance. Isabella, the youngest sister of Burns, told the Editor in 1855 that her brother's widow and children had found in Mr. MacDiarmid a most faithful friend, and that after the death of Mrs. Burns he acted as her executor. Not even Robert Chambers possessed a more minute knowledge of the life and writings of Scotland's great national poet, or enriched the world with more original anecdotes concerning him, than did John MacDiarmid. He died universally respected by his fellow-men, November 18, 1852, leaving several children, one of whom became his biographer. As a fitting tribute to his memory, a number of friends subscribed a sufficient sum to found a bursary bearing his name for £10 annually in the University of Edinburgh, to be competed for by students from the counties of Dumfries, Kirkeudbright, and Wigton.

EVENING.

Hush, ye songsters! day is done;
See how sweet the setting sun
Gilds the welkin's boundless breast,
Smiling as he sinks to rest;
Now the swallow down the dell,
Issuing from her noontide cell,
Mocks the deffest marksman's aim,

Jumbling in fantastic game:
Sweet inhabitant of air,
Sure thy bosom holds no care;
Not the fowler full of wrath,
Skilful in the deeds of death—
Not the darting hawk on high
(Ruthless tyrant of the sky!)

Owens one art of cruelty
Fit to fell or fetter thee,
Gayest, freest of the free!

Ruling, whistling shrill on high,
Where yon turrets kiss the sky,
Teasing with thy idle din
Drowsy daws at rest within;
Long thou lov'st to sport and spring
On thy never-wearying wing.
Lower now 'midst foliage cool,
Swift thou skimm'st the peaceful pool,
Where the speckled trout at play,
Rising, shares thy dancing prey,
While the treach'rous circles swell
Wide and wider where it fell,
Guiding sure the angler's arm
Where to find the puny swarm;
And with artificial fly,
Best to lure the victim's eye,
Till, emerging from the brook,
Brisk it bites the barbed hook;
Struggling in the unequal strife,
With its death, disguised as life,
Till it breathless beats the shore,
Ne'er to cleave the current more!

Peace! creation's gloomy queen,
Darkest Night, invests the scene!
Silence, Evening's handmaid mild,
Leaves her home amid the wild,
Tripping soft with dewy feet
Summer's flowery carpet sweet,
Morpheus—drowsy power—to meet.
Ruler of the midnight hour,
In thy plenitude of power,
From this burthen'd bosom throw
Half its leaden load of woe.
Since thy envied art supplies
What reality denies,
Let thy cheerless suppliant see
Dreams of bliss inspired by thee—
Let before his wond'ring eyes
Fancy's brightest visions rise—
Long-lost happiness restore,
None can need thy bounty more.

MY FAITHFUL SOMEBODY.

When day declining gilds the west,
And weary labour welcomes rest,
How lightly bounds his beating breast
At thought of meeting somebody.
My fair, my faithful somebody,
My fair, my faithful somebody;

When sages with their precepts show,
Perfection is unknown below,
They mean, except in somebody.

Her lovely looks, sae kind and gay,
Are sweeter than the smiles of day,
And milder than the morn of May
That beams on bonnie somebody.
My fair, &c.

'Twas but last eve, when wand'ring here,
We heard the cushat cooing near,
I softly whispered in her ear,
"He woos, like me, his somebody."
My fair, &c.

With crimson cheek the fair replied,
"As seasons change, he'll change his bride;
But death alone can e'er divide
From me the heart of somebody."
My fair, &c.

Enrapt I answer'd, "Maid divine,
Thy mind's a model fair for mine;
And here I swear I'll but resign
With life the love of somebody."
My fair, &c.

NITHSIDE.

When the lark is in the air, the leaf upon the tree,
The butterfly disporting beside the hummel bee;
The scented hedges white, the fragrant meadows
pied,
How sweet it is to wander by bonnie Nithside!

When the blackbird piping loud the mavis strives
to drown,
And schoolboys seeking nests find each nursling
fledged or flown,
To hop 'mong plots and borders, array'd in all
their pride,
How sweet at dewy morn to roam by bonnie
Nithside!

When the flies are on the stream, 'neath a sky of
azure hue,
And anglers take their stand by the waters
bright and blue;
While the coble circles pools, where the monarch
salmon glide,
Surpassing sweet on summer days is bonnie Nith-
side!

When the corncraik's voice is mute, as her young
begin to flee,
And seek with swifts and martins some home
beyond the sea;

And reapers crowd the harvest-field, in man and
maiden pride,
How exquisite the golden hours on bonnie Nith-
side!

When stubbles yield to tilth, and woodlands
brown and sear,
The falling leaf and crispy pool proclaim the
waning year;
And sounds of sylvan pastime ring through our
valley wide,
Vicissitude itself is sweet by bonnie Nithside!

And when winter comes at last, capping every
hill with snow,
And freezing into icy plains the struggling streams
below,
You still may share the curler's joys, and find at
eventide,
Maids sweet and fair, in spence and ha', at bonnie
Nithside!

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

I cannot weep, yet I can feel
The pangs that rend a parent's breast;
But ah! what sighs or tears can heal
Thy griefs, and wake the slumberer's rest?

What art thou, spirit undefined,
That passest with man's breath away,
That givest him feeling, sense, and mind,
And leavest him cold, unconscious clay?

A moment gone, I look'd, and, lo!
Sensation throbb'd through all her frame;
Those beamless eyes were raised in woe;
That bosom's motion went and came.

The next, a nameless change was wrought,
Death nipt in twain life's brittle thread,
And, in a twinkling, feeling, thought,
Sensation, motion,—all were fled!

Those lips will never more repeat
The welcome lesson conn'd with care;
Or breathe at even, in accents sweet,
To Heaven the well-remembered prayer!

Those little hands shall ne'er essay
To ply the mimic task again,
Well pleased, forgetting mirth and play,
A mother's promised gift to gain!

That heart is still—no more to move,
That cheek is wan—no more to bloom,
Or dimple in the smile of love,
That speaks a parent's welcome home.

And thou, with years and sufferings bow'd,
Say, dost thou least this loss deplore?
Ah! though thy wailings are not loud,
I fear thy secret grief is more.

Youth's griefs are loud, but are not long;
But thine with life itself shall last;
And age shall feel each sorrow strong,
When all its morning joys are past.

'Twas thine her infant mind to mould,
And leave the copy all thou art;
And sure the wide world does not hold
A warmer or a purer heart!

I cannot weep, yet I can feel
The pangs that rend a parent's breast;
But, ah! what sorrowing can unseal
Those eyes, and wake the slumberer's rest?

DAVID VEDDER.

BORN 1790—DIED 1854.

DAVID VEDDER, a lyric poet of considerable originality, was born in the parish of Burness, Orkney, in 1790. Having early lost his parents, he chose, as was natural to an island boy, a sailor's life, and at the age of twelve shipped as a cabin-boy on board a small coasting vessel. He proved an apt scholar in the nautical profession, and when quite young obtained the

command of a trading vessel, in which he made several successful voyages. In 1815 he entered the British Revenue service as first officer of an armed cruiser, and at the age of thirty he was promoted to the position of tide-surveyor of customs; successively discharging the duties of his office at the ports of Dundee, Kirkcaldy, Montrose, and Leith. In 1852 he was

placed on the retired list, when he took up his residence in Edinburgh, and died there, February 11, 1854, in his sixty-fourth year.

David Vedder had from his early boyhood indulged in the pleasure of rhyming, and before he had attained to manhood his compositions found admission to the columns of the magazines. Encouraged by the favourable reception extended to his poetic efforts, he commenced the career of an author in earnest, and in 1826 issued through Blackwood the publisher *The Covenanter's Communion, and other Poems*. The volume was so favourably received that the whole impression was soon exhausted. Six years later his *Orcadian Sketches* appeared, a volume of prose and verse recounting many reminiscences of his early life. This was followed by a memoir of Sir Walter Scott, which was much read and admired, until it was superseded by Lockhart's well-known life of his distinguished father-in-law. In 1839 Vedder edited the *Poetical Remains of Robert Fraser*, for which he wrote an interesting memoir; and three years later he published a collected edition of his own poetical writings, entitled *Poems—Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive*. In 1848 he supplied the whole of the letterpress for an illustrated volume entitled *Lays and Lithographs*, published by his son-in-law, Frederick Schenck the lithographer. His last work was a new English version of the old German story of *Reynard the Fox*, adorned with numerous elegant illustrations. At the time of his decease he was engaged on a beautiful ballad, the subject of which was the

persecutions of the Covenanters. His prose productions are good specimens of vigorous composition, and his numerous songs and ballads are characterized by deep pathos and beauty. Many of his productions enjoyed a remarkable degree of popularity, and one of his devotional pieces, "The Temple of Nature," was an especial favourite with Thomas Chalmers, who frequently quoted passages from the poem in the course of his theological lectures.

Thomas C. Latto, who was intimate with "the sailor-poet of Orkney," as Hugh Miller called him, informs the Editor that Vedder was the biggest poet in Scotland, or England either, weighing twenty-two stones, but that he was active to the last—a prudent, warm-hearted, God-fearing man. His countenance was weather-beaten and corrugated in rather a singular manner; his aspect somewhat threatening and forbidding, but his first words made you forget all that, for his breast was warm, and his conversation of a kindly and high order. His words had weight, for while he talked he instructed. His voice was deep as a boatswain's, but when he sang some of the sweet songs of Scotland, it was marvellous how softly and gently he could mould it to the tenderest expression or archest humour. He was pretty well grown before he could read or write. At last he mastered the alphabet, and as he used to say, "What more does a man want than that, to make his way in the world?" His widow, "Bonnie Jean," a son in the royal navy, and two amiable daughters, still survive.

SIR ALAN MORTIMER.

A LEGEND OF FIFE.

The morning's e'e saw mirth an' glee
I' the hoary feudal tower
O' bauld Sir Alan Mortimer,
The lord o' Aberdour.

But dool was there, an' mickle care,
When the moon began to gleam;
For Elve an' Fay held jubilee
Beneath her siller beam.

Sir Alan's peerless daughter was
His darling frae infancie;

She bloomed in her bower a lily flower,
Beneath the light o' his e'e;

She equalled Eve's majestic form,
Saint Mary's matchless grace;
An' the heavenly hues o' paradise
O'erspread her beauteous face.

The diamond grew dim compared wi' her e'e,
The gowd, compared wi' her hair,—
Wi' the magic o' her bewitching smile
There was naething on earth to compare.

An' the dulcet music o' her voice
 Excelled the harmonic
 Which Elve an' Fay sae deftly play
 When halding high jubilee!

The woodbine an' the jessamine
 Their tendrils had entwined;
 A bower was formed, an' Emma aft
 At twilight there reclined.

She thought of her knight in Palestine;
 An' sometimes she would sigh,—
 For love was a guest in her spotless breast,
 In heavenly purity.

The setting sun had ceased to gild
 Saint Columb's haly tower,
 An' the vesper star began to glow
 Ere Emma left her bower;

An' the fairy court had begun their sport
 Upon the daisied lea,
 While the gossamer strings o' their virginals
 rang
 Wi' fairy melodie.

That night the king had convoked his court
 Upon the enamelled green,
 To pick an' wale thro' his beauties a'
 For a blumin' fairy queen;

An' ere ever he wist, he spied a form
 That rivalled his beauties a';
 'Twas Emma—Sir Alan Mortimer's pride—
 Coming hame to her father's ha'.

Quick as the vivid lightning gleams
 Amidst a thunder storm,
 As rapidly the elve assumed
 Lord Bethune's manly form:

As flies the cushat to her mate,
 So, to meet his embrace she flew;—
 Like a feathered shaft frae a yeoman's bow
 She vanished frae human view!

The abbey bell, on the sacred isle,
 Had told the vesper hour;
 No footsteps are heard, no Emma appeared,
 Sir Alan rushed from his tower;

The warders they ha'e left their posts,
 An' ta'en them to the bent;
 The porters they ha'e left the yetts—
 The sleuth-hounds are on the scent.

The vassals a' ha'e left their cots,
 An' sought thro' brake an' wold;
 But the good sleuth-hounds they a' lay down
 On the purple heath, an' yowled!

Sir Alan was aye the foremost man
 In dingle, brake an' brier;
 But when he heard his sleuth-hounds yowl,
 He tore his thin gray hair.

An' aye he cheered his vassals on,
 Though his heart was like to break;
 But when he saw his hounds lie down,
 Fu' mournfully thus he spake:

"Unearthlie sounds affright my hounds,
 Unearthlie sights they see;
 They quiver an' shake on the heather brake
 Like the leaves o' the aspen tree.

"My blude has almost ceased to flow,
 An' my soul is chilled wi' fear,
 Lest the elfin or the demon race
 Should ha'e stown my daughter dear.

"Haste, haste to the haly abbot wha dwells
 On Saint Columb's sacred shores;
 An' tell him a son o' the haly kirk
 His ghostlie aid implores.

"Let him buckle sic spiritual armour on
 As is proof against glamourie;
 Lest the friends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
 Against baith him an' me."

The rowers ha'e dashed across the stream
 An' knocked at the chapel door;
 The abbot was chauntin' his midnight hymn,
 Saint Columb's shrine before;

His saint-like mien, his radiant een,
 An' his tresses o' siller gray,
 Might ha'e driven to flight the demons o'
 night,
 But rood or rosarie!

The messenger dropt upon his knee,
 An' humbly this he said;—
 "My master, a faithfu' son o' the kirk,
 Implores your ghostlie aid;

"An' ye're bidden to put sic armour on
 As is proof against glamourie,
 Lest the fiends o' hell ha'e power to prevail
 Against baith him an' thee."

The abbot leaped lightlie in the boat,
 An' pushed her frae the strand;
 An' pantin' for breath, 'tween life and death,
 The vassals rowed to land;

He graspit the mournfu' Baron's hand—
 "Ha'e patience, my son," says he,
 "For I shall expel the fiends o' hell
 Frae your castle an' baronie."

"Restore my daughter," Sir Alan cries,
 "To her father's fond embrace,
 An' the half o' my gold, this very night,
 Saint Columb's shrine shall grace;

"Yes, if thou'lt restore my darling child,
 That's from me foully been riven,
 The half of my lands, ere morning's prime,
 To thine abbey shall be given."

The abbot replied, with priestly pride,
 "Ha'e patience under your loss;
 There never was fiend withstood me yet,
 When I brandished the haly cross.

"Forego your fear, and be of good cheer—
 I hereby pledge my word
 That, by Marie's might, ere I sleep this night,
 Your daughter shall be restored."

The abbot had made a pilgrimage
 Barefoot to Palestine;
 Had slept i' the haly sepulchre,
 An' visions he had seen;

His girdle had been seven times laved
 In Siloam's sacred stream,
 An' haly Saint Bride a rosarie hung
 Around his neck, in a dream!

A bead was strung on his rosarie
 That had cured ten men bewitched;
 An' a relic o' the real cross
 His pastoral staff enriched;

He carried a chalice in his hand,
 Brimfu' o' water clear,
 For his ain behoof, that had oozed frae the roof
 O' the haly sepulchre!

He sprinkled bauld Sir Alan's lands
 Wi' draps o' this heavenly dew;
 An' the gruesome elves betook themselves
 To the distant Grampians blue:

Anon he shook his rosarie,
 An' invoked Saint Marie's name,
 An' Emma's lute-like voice was heard
 Chauntin' our lady's hymn!

But when he brandished the haly rood,
 An' raised it to the sky,
 Like a beam of light she burst on their sight
 In vestal purity!

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

Talk not of temples—there is one,
 Built without hands, to mankind given;

Its lamps are the meridian sun,
 And all the stars of heaven;
 Its walls are the cerulean sky,
 Its floor the earth so green and fair;
 The dome is vast immensity—
 All nature worships there!

The Alps array'd in stainless snow,
 The Andean ranges yet untrod,
 At sunrise and at sunset glow
 Like altar-fires to God.
 A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
 As if with hallow'd victims rare;
 And thunder lifts its voice in praise—
 All nature worships there!

The ocean heaves resistlessly,
 And pours his glittering treasure forth;
 His waves—the priesthood of the sea—
 Kneel on the shell-gemm'd earth,
 And there emit a hollow sound,
 As if they murmur'd praise and prayer;
 On every side 'tis holy ground—
 All nature worships there!

The grateful earth her odours yield
 In homage, mighty One! to thee;
 From herbs and flowers in every field,
 From fruit on every tree,
 The balmy dew at morn and even
 Seems like the penitential tear,
 Shed only in the sight of heaven—
 All nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,
 The willow on the fountain's brim,
 The tulip and the eglantine
 In reverence bend to Him;
 The song-birds pour their sweetest lays
 From tower, and tree, and middle air;
 The rushing river murmurs praise—
 All nature worships there!

Then talk not of a fane, save one
 Built without hands, to mankind given;
 Its lamps are the meridian sun,
 And all the stars of heaven;
 Its walls are the cerulean sky,
 Its floor the earth so green and fair,
 The dome is vast immensity—
 All nature worships there!

GIDEON'S WAR-SONG.

Oh! Israel, thy hills are resounding,
 The cheeks of thy warriors are pale:
 For the trumpets of Midian are sounding,
 His legions are closing their mail,

His battle-steeds prancing and bounding,
His veterans whetting their steel!

His standard in haughtiness streaming
Above his encampment appears;
An ominous radiance is gleaming
Around from his forest of spears:
The eyes of our maidens are beaming,—
But, ah! they are beaming through tears.

Our matron survivors are weeping,
Their sucklings a prey to the sword;
The blood of our martyrs is steeping
The fanes where their fathers adored;
The foe and the alien are reaping
Fields,—vineyards,—the gift of the Lord!

Our country! shall Midian enslave her,
With the blood of the brave in our veins?
Shall we crouch to the tyrant for ever,
Whilst manhood—existence—remains?
Shall we fawn on the despot? Oh, never!—
Like freemen, unrivet your chains!

Like locusts our foes are before us,
Encamped in the valley below;
The sabre must freedom restore us,
The spear, and the shaft, and the bow;—
The banners of Heaven wave o'er us,—
Rush!—rush like a flood on the foe!

JEANIE'S WELCOME HAME.

Let wrapt musicians strike the lyre,
While plaudits shake the vaulted fane;
Let warriors rush through flood and fire,
A never-dying name to gain;
Let bards, on fancy's fervid wing,
Pursue some high or holy theme:
Be't mine, in simple strains, to sing
My darling Jeanie's welcome hame!

Sweet is the morn of flowery May,
When incense breathes from heath and
wold—

When laverocks hymn the matin lay,
And mountain-peaks are bathed in gold—
And swallows, frae some foreign strand,
Are wheeling o'er the winding stream;
But sweeter to extend my hand,
And bid my Jeanie welcome hame!

Poor collie, our auld-farrant dog,
Will bark wi' joy whene'er she comes;
And baudrons, on the ingle rug,
Will blithely churm at "auld gray-thrums."
The mavis, frae our apple-tree,
Shall warble forth a joyous strain;

The blackbird's mellow minstrelsy
Shall welcome Jeanie hame again!

Like dew-drops on a fading rose,
Maternal tears shall start for thee,
And low-breathed blessings rise like those
Which soothed thy slumbering infancy.
Come to my arms, my timid dove!
I'll kiss thy beauteous brow once more;
The fountain of thy father's love
Is welling all its banks out o'er!

THE SUN HAD SLIPPED.

The sun had slipped ayont the hill,
The darg was done in barn and byre;
The carle himself, come hame frae the mill,
Was luntin' his cutty before the fire:
The lads and lasses had just sitten down,
The hearth was sweepit fu' canty an' clean,
When the cadgie laird o' Windlestraetown
Cam' in for till haud his Hallowe'en.

The gudewife beck'd, and the carle boo'd;
In owre to the deis the laird gaed he;
The swankies a', they glow'r'd like wud,
The lasses leugh i' their sleeves sae slee;
An' sweet wee Lilies was unco feared,
Tho' she blumed like a rose in a garden green;
An' sair she blush'd when she saw the laird
Come there for till haud his Hallowe'en!

"Now haud ye merry," quo' Windlestraetown,
"I downa come here your sport to spill,—
Rax down the nits, ye unco like loon,
For though I am auld, I am glesome still:
An' Lilies, my pet, to burn wi' me,
Ye winna be sweer, right weel I ween,
However it gangs my fate I'll dree,
Since here I am haudin' my Hallowe'en."

The pawky auld wife, at the chimly-cheek,
Took courage an' spak', as a mither should do;
"Noo haud up yer head, my dochter meek,—
A laird comesna ilka night to woo!
He'll make you a lady, and that right soon,
I dreamt it twice owre, I'm sure, yestreen."
"A bargain be't," quo' Windlestraetown,—
"It's lucky to book on Hallowe'en!"

"I'll stick by the nits, for better, for waur,—
Will ye do the like, my bonny May?
Ye sall shine at my board like the gloaming
star,
An' gowd in gowpins ye's hae for aye!"—
The nits are cannilie laid on the ingle,
Weel, weel are they tented wi' anxious een,
And sweetlie in ase thegither they mingle;
"Noo blessed for aye be this Hallowe'en!"

JOHN NEVAY.

BORN 1792—DIED 1870.

JOHN NEVAY was born in the town of Forfar, January 28, 1792. He tells us that when a boy he loved to wander among the Grampians and by the streams, imbibing from the beauties of nature the spirit of poesy. His verses soon became locally known, and in 1818 he was induced to collect and publish them under the title of "A Pamphlet of Rhymes," which, being favourably received, was followed by a second collection in 1821. After an interval of ten years he brought out "Emmanuel: a Sacred Poem, in nine cantos, and other Poems," followed in a short time by "The Peasant: a Poem in nine cantos; with other Poems." In 1835 he published "The Child of Nature, and other Poems." In 1853 he printed by subscription a volume entitled "Rosaline's Dream, in four duans; and other Poems;" followed in 1855 by "The Fountain of the Rock: a Poem." Mr. Nevay's latest poems, entitled "Leisure Hours," are still in manuscript. He died in May, 1870, after having been favourably known in the literary world for half a century. He was of a very sensitive, retiring disposition, simple in all his manners and ways, and his

life was a life of poverty and privation, borne bravely and uncomplainingly.

In an autobiographic sketch, prepared by Nevay in 1866 for this volume, he remarks in conclusion: "The third and last epoch has yet to be written,—wherein there may be, now and then, a blink of summer sunshine breaking through the clouds of care and regret; and even through the rimy fog of disappointment, a glimpse of morning light may appear in the horizon of my destiny." He had the honour of being introduced as "John o' ye Giraln" by Christopher North in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, accompanied by a quotation from his beautiful poem of "The Yeldron." "I beg to mention," the venerable bard wrote to the Editor in his last letter, "sans vanity, that many of my lyrics have been translated into both the French and German languages. The French translator is the Chevalier de Chatelain. This you will allow is very gratifying to my muse. I am delighted to learn that you are so well pleased with the MS. pieces intended for insertion in your valuable and interesting work."

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

The summer flowers are gone,
And o'er the melancholy sea
The thistle-down is strewn;
The brown leaf drops, drops from the tree,
And on the spated river floats,—
That with a sullen spirit flows;
Like lurid dream of troubled thoughts;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

The summer birds are mute,
And cheerless is the unsung grove;
Silent the rural flute,
Whose Doric stop was touched to love,
By hedgerow stile at gloaming gray:
Nor heard the milk-maid's melody,
To fountain wending, blithe as gay;
In wain-shed stand, all pensively,

The hamlet fowls,—the cock not crows;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Nor heard the pastoral bleat
Of flocks, that whitened many hills;
Vacant the plaided shepherd's seat—
Far up above the boulder-leaping rills:
Young Winter o'er the Grampians scowls,
His blasts and snow-clouds marshalling;
Beasts of the fields, and forest fowls,
Instinctive see the growing wing of storm
Dark coming o'er their social haunts;
Yet fear not they, for Heaven provides
For them; the wild bird never wants;
Want still with luxury resides!
Prophetic, on the rushy lea,
Stalk the dull choughs and crows;

While mournfully, and drearily,
The rain-wind blows.

Thick on the unsunn'd lake
Float, murmuringly, its blasted reeds;
And on the pebbles break,
To rot among the oozy weeds;
The wreck of summer grand and beauteous spring,
The hearse-like, pensive, chilly fret
Of the bleak water seems to sing
The elegy of bright suns set,
And all their balmy blossoms dead;
Like young life's verdant pastimes fled;
Nor sapphire sky, nor amber cloud,
Lies mirrored in the sombre wave:
The gloomy heaven's like Nature's shroud;
The water's lurid depth seemeth the grave
Of beauty gone. And beauty's eye
No more with floral pleasure glows;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

There long decay hath been;
Through the rank weeds, and nettles vile,
Whistle the surly winds of e'en,
Where Scotland's Queen was wont to smile;
Who, in a dark and savage age,
Was learned and pious; read the sacred page
Unto her lord; taught maids of lowliest home
To know and love the Saviour-Lord;
To read his soul-uplifting word,
And understand the kingdom yet to come:
Now sainted Margaret's bonny summer-bower
Is left of all its sylvan joy;
Nor vestige left of the Inch Tower;
Nor that which charmed the roaming boy;
The ancient Bush of glossy sloes:
Nought but the lightning-scathed tree
Remains; that, from its leafless boughs
Drops the cold dew incessantly,
Like Eld weeping for a young maiden's woes;
While mournfully, all mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Browse not the kine and horse;
Rusted the harrow and the plough;
And all day long upon the gorse,
Brown-blighted on the brae's rough brow,
The night-dew, and thin gossamer,
Hang chilly; and the weary sun
Seems tired amid the troubled air;
And, long ere his full course be run,
Besouth the Sidlaws wild, sinks down;
Night gathers fast o'er cot and town;
Around, and far as eye can see,
Day has a dreary, death-like close;
While mournfully, most mournfully,
The rain-wind blows.

Thick glooms fall on the wood;
A cold and thrilling sough is there;

'Tis like the heart's mirk mood,
That makes this fleeting world its care;
And hath no joys, nor hope of joys,
Above the vulgar mortal aim
Which all the grovelling soul employs,
Till quenched is its ethereal flame!
From sky to earth now all is night;
In every nook old Darkness creeps;
And art the halls of wealth must light,
Where beauty smiles; nay, haply weeps,
Amid the grandeur of a station high;
Tears from the fount of sympathy—
For hapless worth, worth which the world not
knows;
O! blessed is the tear that flows,
Like manna-dew from a celestial tree,
For uncomplaining woes.
Now happy—O how happy they,
The toil-tired sons of honest industry,
Who, by the cheerful hearth, 'mid children gay,
In cottage-home, enjoy health's blithe repose,
While mournfully, and drearily,
The rain-wind blows.

A SUMMER LOVE-LETTER.

Let us rove, Jessie, rove; now the summer is
brightest,
The sky pure azure, earth a green grassy sea;
And clear are the fountains, where gowans bloom
whitest,
But heaven has nae light, earth nae beauty like
thee.

Of a' that is fair, thou, dear Jessie, art fairest;
Of a' that's bright, brighter thy thought's
modesty,
That hallows each feeling—the sweetest and
rarest;
Love declares that a beauty mair heaven
couldna gie.

And a' things are happy where'er thou appearest;
The darkness o' light's on thy lily e'ebree;
Compared wi' which, night and her stars come
the nearest:
The love in thy breast is a heaven-ecstasy!

The pride o' my heart is to sing thee the fairest,
The sweet rays o' song are the morn in thine e'e;
And in thy bright bosom a jewel thou wearest,—
O were it mine, richer than kings I would be!

O, how shall I win it—that jewel sae simple?
I'll think it a flower on the untrodden lea,
My love a pure stream that, wi' clear, sunny
wimple,
Sings—heaven is mair blessed that lily to see!

Let us rove, Jessie, rove, for a' nature is bloom-
ing;

The siller burns dance o'er the pebbles wi' glee;
And flowers in their prime are the saft breeze
perfuming;

Oh, surely the flowers steal their fragrance
from thee!

We'll rove by the burnie where summer is
sweetest,

Where every wee blossom gi'es balm to the bee:
But thou, fairest Flower! fair nature completest,
And every bird sings—nature's perfect in thee!

We'll rove in the woodland, where violets are
springing,

They wait to unfold their chaste virtues to thee;
In the dell, to her children loved, summer is
singing;

But thou art the Muse o' my heart's melodie.

Youth is the gay season o' love—the prime bless-
ing;

Without love, life's summer joys ne'er would
we pree;

Then let us, dear Jessie, con summer's sweet
lesson,—

Our love like her bright dewy morn aye to be.

Oh, then, let us saunter where a' things are
loving—

The air and the sunlight, and bird, flower, and
tree:

And we too will love, by the blithe waters roving,
And sweetly our joy shall wi' summer's agree.

Hark! Nature invites us. Her reason is thrilling,—

'Tis love, hope, and rapture—thy soul's poesie;
Let us rove, then, where summer our love-cup is
filling;

We'll drink, and sae blest, heaven mair blest
couldna be!

And we shall be happy, our hearts sae united,—
Joy blending wi' joy in a love melodie;

And in it sae sweetly our troth shall be plighted:
Oh, then, my ain Jessie, to love we'll be free!

THE DREAMING LOVER.

O sweet the May morn, and fair every flower,
And every sweetsong-bird makes love its theme;

But sweeter and happier the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O the summer day's bright, green every bower,
And blithe is the song of the silver stream;
But brighter and blither the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O rich autumn's sun of the golden shower,
And the corn-fields drink of his mellowing beam;
But richer the *star* of the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O sweet winter's hearth, while music's power
Encharms heart and soul, like a joy supreme;
But sweeter by moonlight the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

O! brightest and sweetest o' the twenty-four,
Announced by the silver peal,—like a gleam
Of hope from heaven, was the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

When the heart was young, and life seemed a
dower,

The maiden all lovely—my soul's esteem,
'Twas heaven to tryst in the curfew-hour,
When love was my dream.

I cared not for wealth, I envied not rank;
All nature was mine, and the sunlight above,—
The sweet gushing stream, and the primrose bank,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for aught which the vain world pur-
sues;

With *her* only happy was I to rove;
Her smile was like that of a heavenly *Muse*,
When my dream was love.

Afar from the world and its pleasures vain,
At calm summer eve, in lily alcove,
I thought not of aught but to be her swain,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for books; for morality,
Religion, and song in her smile were wove;
The melody of heaven was in her eye,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for aught but the beautiful,
For that was the joy of her bosom's dove,—
The feeling that well all chaste things could cull,
When my dream was love.

I cared not for aught but the gems of her choice,
Fair Nature's own blooms in the woodland and
grove;

And there with my Jeanie were all life's joys,
When my dream was love.

HEW AINSLIE.

HEW AINSLIE, one of the best living writers of Scottish songs and ballads, was born April 5, 1792, at Bargeny Mains, in the parish of Dailly, Ayrshire, on the estate of Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton, in whose service his father had been employed for many years. He was educated first by a private tutor at home, afterwards at the parish-school of Ballantrae, and finally at the Ayr Academy. At the age of fourteen delicate health induced him to forego the further prosecution of his studies, and to return to his native hills. Sir Hew was at this time engaged in an extensive plan for the improvement of his estate, under the direction of the celebrated landscape-gardener White, and a number of young men from the south. Young Ainslie joined this company, as he says, "to harden my constitution and check my overgrowth. Amongst my planting companions I found a number of intelligent young men, who had got up in a large granary a private theatre, where they occasionally performed for the amusement of the neighbourhood the 'Gentle Shepherd,' 'Douglas,' &c., and in due time I was to my great joy found tall enough, lassie-looking enough, and flippant enough, to take the part of the pert 'Jenny;' and the first relish I got for anything like sentimental song was from learning and singing the songs in that pastoral,—auld ballads that my mother sung—and she sang many and sang them well—having been all the poetry I cared for. For three years, which was up to the time we removed to Roslin, I remained in this employment, acquiring a tough, sound constitution, and at the same time some knowledge of nursery and floral culture."

In his seventeenth year he was sent to Glasgow to study law in the office of a relation, but the pursuit proving uncongenial he returned to Roslin. Soon after he obtained a situation in the Register House, Edinburgh, which he retained until 1822, a portion of the time being passed at Kinniel House, as the amanuensis of Prof. Dugald Stewart, whose last work he copied for the press. Having married in 1812,

and finding his salary inadequate to the maintenance of his family, Ainslie resolved to go to the United States, and accordingly set sail, arriving in New York in July, 1822. He purchased a small farm in Rensselaer county, N. Y., and resided there for three years. He next made trial for a year of Robert Owen's settlement at New Harmony, Indiana, but found it a failure, and then removed to Cincinnati, where he entered into partnership with Price and Wood, brewers. In 1829 he established a branch at Louisville, which was ruined by an inundation of the Ohio in 1832. He erected a similar establishment the same year in New Albany, Indiana, which was destroyed by fire in 1834. Satisfied with these experiments, he employed himself—till his retirement from business a few years ago—in superintending the erection of mills, factories, and breweries in the Western States.

In 1864 Ainslie visited Scotland, after an absence of more than forty years, and was warmly welcomed by old friends and many new ones to his native land. From the leading literary men of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and especially from the poets, he received many most gratifying marks of attention and respect. He still enjoys good health for a person upwards of fourscore years of age, and continues to reside in Louisville. On the one hundred and twelfth anniversary of the birth of Burns a large company assembled in Louisville to celebrate the day so dear to all Scotchmen. The chairman was the venerable poet, whose memory dates back nearly to the days of the Ayrshire bard, and who, in a humorous address delivered on the occasion, told how he had had the honour of kissing "Bonny Jean," the wife of the great poet.

Ainslie was a poet from his early years, and had composed verses before he left his native Carrick. A visit to Ayrshire in 1820 renewed the ardour of his muse, which, on the eve of his departure from Scotland, burst forth into authorship under the title of *A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*. A second volume from

his pen, entitled *Scottish Songs, Ballads, and Poems*, appeared in 1855. A new edition of his poetical writings is now in preparation for the press. Many of Ainslie's compositions are to be found in *Whistle Binkie, Gems of Scot-*

tish Song, and other collections of the lyric poetry of his native land. They well deserve the reputation they acquired half a century ago, and which they still retain in the New and Old Worlds.

“STANDS SCOTLAND WHERE
IT DID?”

Hoo's dear auld mither Scotland, lads,
Hoo's kindly Scotland noo?
Are a' her glens as green 's of yore,
Her hills as stern an' blue?

I meikle dread the iron steed,
That tears up heugh and fell,
Has gi'en our canny old folk
A sorry tale to tell.

Ha'e touns ta'en a' our bonnie burns
To cool their lowin' craigs?
Or damm'd them up in timmer troughs
To stock their yettlin' naigs?

Do Southern loons infest your touns
Wi' mincing Cockney gab?
Ha'e "John and Robert" ta'en the place
O' plain auld "Jock an' Rab?"

In sooth, I dread a foreign breed
Noo rules o'er "corn an' horn;"
An' kith an' kin I'd hardly fin',
Or place where I was born.

They're houkin sae in bank an' brae,
An' sheughin' hill an' howe:
I tremble for the bonny broom,
The whin an' heather cove.

I fear the dear auld "Deligence"
An' "Flies" ha'e flown the track,
An' cadgers braw, pocks, creels an' a',
Gane i' the ruthless wrack.

Are souple kimmers kirkward boun,
On Sabbath to be seen?
Wi' sturdy carles that talk o' texts,
Roups, craps, an' days ha'e been.

Gang lasses yet wi' wares to sell
Barefitit to the toun?
Is wincie still the willecoat
An' demittit the gown?

Do wanters try the yarrow leaf
Upon the first o' May?

Are there touslings on the hairst rig.
An' houterings 'mang the hay?

Are sheepshead dinners on the board,
Wi' gousty haggis seen?
Come scones an' farls at four hours;
Are sowens sair'd at e'en?

Are winkings 'tween the preachings rife
Out-owre the baps an' yill?
Are there cleekings i' the kirk gates,
An' loans for lovers still?

Gang loving sauls in plaids for shawls
A courtin' to the bent?
Has gude braid lawlins left the land?
Are kail and crowdy kent?

Ah! weel I min', in dear langsyne,
Our rantin's round the green;
The meetings at the trystin' tree,
The "chappings out" at e'en.

Oh bootless queries, vanish'd scenes;
Oh wan and wintry Time!
Why lay alike, on heart an' dyke,
Thy numbing frost and rime?

E'en noo my day gangs down the brae,
An' tear draps fa' like rain,
To think the fouth o' gladsome youth
Can ne'er return again.

THE ROVER O' LOCHRYAN.

The Rover o' Lochryan he's gane,
Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' the steel, and a better keel
Ne'er bowled o'er the back o' a wave.

It's no when the loch lies dead in its trough,
When naething disturbs it ava;
But the rack an' the ride o' the restless tide,
An' the splash o' the gray sea-maw.

It's no when the yawl an' the light skiffs crawl
Owre the breast o' the siller sea,
That I look to the west for the bark I lo'e best,
An' the Rover that's dear to me.

But when that the clud lays its cheeks to the flud,
 An' the sea lays its shouther to the shore;
 When the wind sings high, and the sea-whaups
 cry,
 As they rise frae the deafening roar.

It's then that I look thro' the thickening rook,
 An' watch by the midnight tide;
 I ken the wind brings my Rover hame,
 And the sea that he glories to ride.

Merrily he stands 'mang his jovial crew,
 Wi' the helm heft in his hand,
 An' he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
 As his e'e's upon Galloway's land—

“Unstent and slack each reef and tack,
 Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
 She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
 And she'll roar thro' a heavier yet.

“When landsmen drouse, or trembling rouse,
 To the tempest's angry moan,
 We dash thro' the drift, and sing to the lift
 O' the wave that heaves us on.

“It's braw, boys, to see, the morn's blythe e'e,
 When the night's been dark an' drear;
 But it's better far to lie, wi' our storm-locks dry,
 In the bosom o' her that is dear.

“Gi'e her sail, gi'e her sail, till she buries her
 wale,
 Gi'e her sail, boys, while it may sit;
 She has roar'd thro' a heavier sea afore,
 An' she'll roar thro' a heavier yet!”

THE SWEETEST O' THEM A'.

When springtime gi'es the heart a lift
 Out ower cauld winter's snaw and drift,
 An' April's showers begin to sift
 Fair flowers on field an' shaw,
 Then, Katie, when the dawing's clear—
 Fresh as the firstlings o' the year—
 Come forth, my joy—my dearest dear—
 O! sweetest o' them a'!

When pleasant primrose days are doon—
 When linties sing their softest tune—
 And simmer, nearing to his noon,
 Gars rarest roses blaw—
 Then, sheltered frae the sun an' win',
 Beneath the buss, below the linn,
 I'll tell thee hoo this heart ye win,
 Thou sweetest o' them a'.

When flowers hae ripened into fruit—
 When plantings wear their Sabbath suit—

When win's grow loud, and birdies mute,
 An' swallows flit awa'—
 Then, on the lee side o' a stook,
 Or in some calm an' cosie nook,
 I'll swear I'm thine upon the Book,
 Thou sweetest o' them a'.

Tho' black December bin's the pool
 Wi' blasts might e'en a wooer cool,
 It's them that brings us canty Yule
 As weel's the frost an' snaw.
 Then, when auld winter's raging wide,
 An' cronies crowd the ingle-side,
 I'll bring them ben a blooming bride—
 O! sweetest o' them a'!

ON WI' THE TARTAN.

Do ye like, my dear lassie,
 The hills wild an' free,
 Where the sang o' the shepherd
 Gars a' ring wi' glee;
 Or the steep rocky glens,
 Where the wild falcons bide?
 Then on wi' the tartan,
 An' fy let us ride!

Do ye like the knowes, lassie,
 That ne'er were in riggs,
 Or the bonny lowne howes,
 Where the sweet robin biggs?
 Or the sang o' the lintie,
 When wooing his bride;
 Then on wi' the tartan,
 An' fy let us ride.

Do ye like the burn, lassie,
 That louns amang linns,
 Or the bonny green holmes
 Where it cannily rins;
 Wi' a cantie bit housie,
 Sae snug by its side;
 Then on wi' the tartan,
 An' fy let us ride.

THE LAST LOOK OF HOME.

Our sail has ta'en the blast,
 Our pennant's to the sea,
 And the waters widen fast
 'Twixt the fatherland and me.

Then, Scotland, fare thee well—
 There's a sorrow in that word

This aching heart could tell,
But words shall ne'er record.

The heart should make us veil
From the heart's elected few,
Our sorrows when we ail—
Would we have them suffer too?

No, the parting hour is past;
Let its memory be brief;
When we monument our joys,
We should sepulchre our grief.

Now yon misty mountains fail,
As the breezes give us speed—
On, my spirit, with our sail,
There's a brighter land ahead.

There are wailings on the wind,
There are murmurs on the sea,
But the fates ne'er proved unkind
Till they parted home and me.

THE INGLE SIDE.

It's rare to see the morning bleeze,
Like a bonfire frae the sea;
It's fair to see the burnie kiss
The lip o' the flowery lea;
An' fine it is on green hill side,
When hums the hinny bee;
But rarer, fairer, finer far,
Is the ingle side to me.

Glens may be gilt wi' gowans rare,
The birds may fill the tree,
An' haughs ha'e a' the scented ware
That simmer's growth can gi'e;
But the cantie hearth where cronies meet,
An' the darling o' our e'e;
That makes to us a warld complete—
O! the ingle side for me!

A HAMEWARD SANG.

Each whirl o' the wheel,
Each step brings me nearer
The hame o' my youth;
Every object grows dearer.
The hills, an' the huts,
The trees on that green;
Losh! they glour in my face,
Like some kindly auld frien'.

E'en the brutes they look social
As gif they would crack;

An' the sang o' the bird
Seems to welcome me back.
O! dear to the heart
Is the hand that first fed us;
An' dear is the land,
An' the cottage that bred us.

An' dear are the comrades,
Wi' whom we once sported;
But dearer the maiden,
Whose love we first courted.
Joy's image may perish,
E'en grief die away;
But the scenes o' our youth,
Are recorded for aye.

SIGHINGS FOR THE SEASIDE.

At the stent o' my string,
When a fourth o' the earth
Lay 'tween me and Scotland—
Dear land o' my birth,—

Wi' the richest o' valleys,
And waters as bright
As the sun in midsummer
Illumes wi' his light.

And surrounded wi' a'
That the heart or the head,
The body or the mou'
O' mortal could need.—

I hae paused in sic plenty,
And stuck in my track,
As a tug frae my tether
Would mak me look back,—

Look back to auld hills
In their red heather bloom,
To glens wi' their burnies,
And hillocks o' broom,

To some loop in our lock,
Whar the wave gaes to sleep,
Or the black craggy headlands
That bulwark the deep;

Wi' the sea lashing in
Wi' the wind and the tide—
Aye, 'twas then that I sicken'd,
'Twas then that I cried—

O! gie me a sough o' the auld sant sea,
A scent o' his brine again,
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
Has brought on this breast and brain.

Let me hear his roar on the rocky shore,
His thud on the shelly sand;
For my spirit's bow'd and my heart is drow'd
Wi' the gloom o' this forest land.

Your sweeping floods an' your waving woods,
Look brave in the suns o' June;

But the breath o' the swamp brews a sickly
damp,
And there's death in the dark lagoon.
Aye, gie me the jaup o' the dear auld saut,
A scent o' his brine again!
To stiffen the wilt that this wilderness
Has laid on this bosom and brain.

THOMAS LYLE.

BORN 1792—DIED 1859.

DR. THOMAS LYLE, like his friend John Wilson, a native of Paisley, was born in that town, September 10, 1792. He received a liberal education, and afterwards studied at the University of Glasgow, where in 1816 he obtained his diploma as a surgeon, and entered upon the practice of his profession. Cherishing as he did a love for the old minstrelsy of his native land, he was zealous in collecting such ancient airs as he met with, and to one of these he composed his exceedingly popular song of

"Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O."

It was written in the year 1819, when he was in the habit of resorting, in his botanical excursions, to the then wooded and sequestered banks of the Kelvin, about two miles from Glasgow. Since that date the huge city has swallowed up Lyle's rural retreat of Kelvin Grove. Not meeting with the success in his profession that he anticipated, he removed in 1826 to Airth, a few miles from Falkirk. But it does not appear that he met with any greater

success in his new field of labour; for, as in Glasgow, he was regarded as a man more devoted to the muse and to the gathering of rare plants than to the practice of his profession. In the following year he appeared as the author of a volume entitled "Ancient Ballads and Songs, chiefly from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Works, with Biographical and Illustrative Notices." This entertaining work, the result of long investigation into the popular poetry of Scotland, contained numerous compositions of Lyle's; but much the most valuable portion of it to antiquarians consists of the miscellaneous poems of Sir William Mure, Knight of Rowallan. After a residence at Airth for above a quarter of a century, he returned in 1853 to Glasgow, and resumed his profession. Two years later the Editor found him living there in obscurity, with little practice, and apparently as much forgotten as the spot celebrated in his most popular song. Lyle died in Glasgow, April 19, 1859.

KELVIN GROVE.¹

Let us haste to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
Through its mazes let us rove, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the rose in all her pride
Paints the hollow dingle side,
Where the midnight fairies glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Let us wander by the mill, bonnie lassie, O,
To the cove beside the rill, bonnie lassie, O,
Where the glens rebound the call
Of the roaring waters' fall,
Thro' the mountain's rocky hall, bonnie lassie, O.

¹ It is worthy of mention that this song, on which Lyle's poetical reputation chiefly rests, was originally attributed to another writer. Macdonald, in his *Rambles round Glasgow*, says—"The song was first published

in 1820 in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, a collection of poetical pieces to which an introductory essay on the poets of the district was contributed by William Motherwell. In the index to that work the name of John Sim

O! Kelvin banks are fair, bonnie lassie, O,
 When in summer we are there, bonnie lassie, O,
 There the May-pink's crimson plume
 Throws a soft, but sweet perfume,
 Round the yellow banks of broom, bonnie lassie, O.

Though I dare not call thee mine, bonnie lassie, O,
 As the smile of fortune's thine, bonnie lassie, O,
 Yet with fortune on my side,
 I could stay thy father's pride,
 And win thee for my bride, bonnie lassie, O.

But the frowns of fortune lower, bonnie lassie, O,
 On thy lover at this hour, bonnie lassie, O,
 Ere yon golden orb of day
 Wake the warblers on the spray,
 From this land I must away, bonnie lassie, O.

Then farewell to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie, O,
 And adieu to all I love, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the river winding clear,
 To the fragrant scented breer,
 E'en to thee of all most dear, bonnie lassie, O.

When upon a foreign shore, bonnie lassie, O,
 Should I fall midst battle's roar, bonnie lassie, O,
 Then, Helen! shouldst thou hear
 Of thy lover on his bier,
 To his memory shed a tear, bonnie lassie, O.

I ANCE KNEW CONTENT.

I ance knew content, but its smiles are awa',
 The broom blooms bonnie, an' grows sae fair;
 Each tried friend forsakes me, sweet Phebe an' a',
 So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

How light was my step, and my heart, O how
 gay!

The broom blooms bonnie, the broom blooms
 fair;
 Till Phebe was crowned our Queen of the May,
 When the wind o' the broom strew'd its sweets
 on the air.

is given as that of the author of 'Kelvin Grove.' Mr. Sim, who had contributed largely to the work, and for a time had even acted as its editor, left Paisley before its completion for the West Indies, where he shortly afterwards died. In the meantime the song became a general favourite, when Mr. Lyle laid claim to it as his own production, and brought forward evidence of the most convincing nature to that effect. So clearly, indeed, did he establish the fact of his authorship that a music-seller in Edinburgh, who had previously purchased the song from the executors of Mr. Sim, at once entered into a new arrangement with him for the copyright. Mr. Lyle, it seems, was in the habit of corresponding with Mr. Sim on literary matters, and on one occasion sent him 'Kelvin Grove,' with another song, to be

She was mine when the snaw-draps hung white
 on the lea,
 Ere the broom bloom'd bonnie, an' grew sae fair;
 Till May-day, anither wysed Phebe frae me,
 So I ne'er will gae down to the broom ony mair.

Sing, love, thy fond promises melt like the snaw,
 When broom waves lonely, an' bleak blows the
 air;
 For Phebe to me now is naething ava',
 If my heart could say, "Gang to the broom
 nae mair."

Durst I trow that my dreams in the night hover
 o'er,
 Where broom blooms bonnie, an' grows sae fair;
 The swain (who, while waking, thou thinks of no
 more),
 Whisp'ring, "Love, will ye gang to the broom
 ony mair?"

No! fare thee well, Phebe; I'm owre wae to weep,
 Or to think o' the broom growing bonnie an'
 fair;
 Since thy heart is anither's, in death I maun sleep,
 'Neath the broom on the lea, an' the bawm
 sunny air.

DARK DUNOON.

See the glow-worm lits her fairy lamp,
 From a beam of the rising moon;
 On the heathy shore at evening fall,
 'Twixt Holy-Loch and dark Dunoon;
 Her fairy lamp's pale silvery glare,
 From the dew-clad, moorland flower,
 Invite my wandering footsteps there,
 At the lonely twilight hour.

When the distant beacon's revolving light
 Bids my lone steps seek the shore,
 There the rush of the flow-tide's rippling wave
 Meets the dash of the fisher's oar;
 And the dim-seen steamboat's hollow sound,
 As she seaward tracks her way;
 All else are asleep in the still calm night,
 And robed in the misty gray.

published anonymously in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. In the meantime Mr. Sim, who had transcribed both the pieces, was called abroad; and after his death his executors, finding the two songs among his papers and in his handwriting, naturally concluded that they were productions of his own genius, and published them accordingly." Dr. Lyle, when upwards of threescore years of age, and his authorship to the piece in question admitted by all, still alluded with considerable acrimony to the wrong and injustice which he had been subjected to in being compelled to prove his just claim to his own property.—ED.

When the glow-worm lits her elfin lamp,
 And the night breeze sweeps the hill;
 It's sweet on thy rock-bound shores, Dunoon,
 To wander at fancy's will.

Eliza! with thee in this solitude,
 Life's cares would pass away,
 Like the fleecy clouds over gray Kilmun,
 At the wake of early day.

WILLIAM FINLAY.

BORN 1792 — DIED 1847.

WILLIAM FINLAY, the son of a weaver, was born at Paisley in 1792. At an early age he attended Bell's School, and subsequently the Grammar School, where he made such progress that before he was nine years of age he could read and translate Cæsar with facility. For twenty years he followed his father's occupation, after which he was employed in a cotton mill at Duntocher. In 1840 he became an assistant in the office of Mr. Neilson, printer, Paisley, with whom he remained for eight years. He afterwards removed to a bleachfield on the Gleniffer Braes, where he died November 5, 1847.

As early as his twentieth year Finlay became known as a composer of verses, and ultimately as a successful writer of humorous and satirical poems, which he contributed to the Paisley and Glasgow journals. Several of the most agreeable of his productions are those in which there is a combination of the descriptive, the humorous, and the kindly, delicately spiced with the satirical. "The Widow's Excuse"

is a favourable specimen of this class of composition. In 1846 Finlay collected a number of his pieces, which were published in Paisley in a volume entitled *Poems, Humorous and Sentimental*. He was fond of music and society, and yielding to the fascinations of conviviality he sometimes committed excesses which he deeply regretted. Frequent and touching allusions to his besetting sin are to be met with in his writings, as well as vain regrets at the time squandered among his friends, to the neglect perhaps of the necessary pursuits of a labouring man. He says—

"While others have been busy, bustling
 After wealth and fame,
 And wisely adding house to house,
 And Bailie to their name;
 I, like a thoughtless prodigal,
 Have wasted precious time,
 And followed lying vanities
 To string them up in rhyme."

It has been truthfully said that William Finlay's pictures of the evils of intemperance are equal to Rodger's or Alexander Wilson's.

THE MIGHTY MUNRO.

Come, brawny John Barleycorn, len' me your
 aid,
 Though for such inspiration aft dearly I've paid,
 Come cram up my noddle, and help me to show,
 In true graphic colours, the mighty Munro.

O! could ye but hear him his stories rehearse,
 Whilk the like was ne'er heard o', in prose or in
 verse,
 Ye wad laugh till the sweat down your haffets
 did flow,
 At the matchless, magnificent, mighty Munro.

With such pleasing persuasion he blaws in your
 lug,
 Ye wad think that the vera inanimate jug
 Whilk stan's on the table, mair brichtly doth
 glow
 At the wild witching stories o' mighty Munro.

Such care-killing capers—such glorious riggs,
 Such cantrin' on cuddies, and cadging' in gigs,
 Such rantin', and jauntin', and shunting, and
 show,
 Could ne'er be displayed but by mighty Munro.

Great Goliath o' Gath, who came out and defied,
With the great swelling words o' vainglory and
pride,
The brave armies of Israel, as all of ye know,
Was a dwarf-looking bodie compared wi' Munro.

And Samson, that hero, who slew men *en masse*
Wi' naething but just the jaw bane o' an ass;
And drew down a house on himsel' and the foe,
Was a puir feckless creatur' compared wi' Munro.

The chivalrous knight of La Mancha, 'tis true,
And Baron Munchausen, had equals but few;
Their exploits have astonished the warl', but lo!
Both the Don and the Baron must bow to Munro.

But a tythe o' his merit nae words can impart,
His errors are all of the head, not the heart;
Though his tongue doth a little too trippingly go,
Yet a guid chiel at bottom is mighty Munro.

Though the lamp o' his fame will continue to burn
When even his dust to the dust shall return,
And for ages to come a bright halo will throw
O'er the mouldering remains o' the mighty Munro.

THE DREAM OF LIFE'S YOUNG DAY.

Once more, Eliza, let me look upon thy smiling face,
For there I with the "joy of grief" thy mother's features trace;
Her sparkling eye, her winning smile, and sweet bewitching air—
Her raven locks which clust'ring hung upon her bosom fair.

It is the same enchanting smile, and eye of joyous mirth,
Which beamed so bright with life and light in her who gave thee birth;
And strongly do they bring to mind life's glad-some happy day,
When first I felt within my heart love's pulse begin to play.

My years were few—my heart was pure; for vice and folly wore
A hideous and disgusting front, in those green days of yore:
Destructive dissipation then, with her deceitful train,
Had not, with their attractive glare, confus'd and turn'd my brain.

Ah! well can I recall to mind how quick my heart would beat,
To see her, in the house of prayer, so meekly take her seat;

And when our voices mingled sweet in music's solemn strains,
My youthful blood tumultuously rush'd tingling through my veins.

It must have been of happiness a more than mortal dream,
It must have been of heavenly light a bright unbroken beam;
A draught of pure unmingled bliss; for to my wither'd heart
It doth, e'en now, a thrilling glow of ecstasy impart.

She now hath gone where sorrow's gloom the brow doth never shade—
Where on the cheek the rosy bloom of youth doth never fade;
And I've been left to struggle here, till now my locks are gray,
Yet still I love to think upon this "dream of life's young day."

THE WIDOW'S EXCUSE.

"O, Leezie M'Cutcheon, I canna but say,
Your grief hasna lasted a year and a day;
The crape aff your bannet already ye've tane;
Nae wonner that men ca' us fickle an' fain.
Ye sich't and ye sabbat, that nicht Johnnie dee't,
I thought my ain heart wad hae broken to see't;
But noo ye're as canty and brisk as a bee;
Oh! the frailty o' women I wonner to see:
The frailty o' women I wonner to see,
The frailty o' women I wonner to see;
Ye kiss'd his cauld gab wi' the tear in your e'e;
Oh, the frailty o' women I wonner to see.

"When Johnnie was living, oh little he wist
That the sound o' the mools as they fell on his kist,
While yet like a knell, ringing loud in your lug,
By another man's side ye'd be sleeping sae snug.
O Leezie, my lady, ye've surely been fain,
For an unco-like man to your arms ye have ta'en;
John M'Cutcheon was buirdly, but this ane, I trow,
The e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through:
O, the e'e o' your needle ye might draw him through,
His nose it is shirpit, his lip it is blue,
Oh, Leezie, ye've surely to wale on had few,
Ye've looted and lifted but little, I trow."

"Now, Janet, wi' jibing and jeering hae dune,
Though it's true that another now fills Johnnie's shoon,
He was lang in sair trouble, and Robin, ye ken,
Was a handy bit body, and lived but and ben.

He was unco obliging, and cam' at my wag,
 Whan wi' grief and fatiguer I was liken to fag:
 'Deed, John couldna want him—for aften I've
 seen

His e'e glisten wi' gladness when Robin cam' in.
 Then, how can ye wonner I gied him my haun!
 Oh, how can ye wonner I gied him my haun;
 When I needed his help he was aye at comman';
 Then how can ye wonner I gied him my haun?

"At length when John dee't, and was laid in the
 clay,
 My haun it was bare, and my heart it was wae;

I had na a steek, that was black, to put on,
 For wark I had plenty wi' guiding o' John;
 Now Robin was thrifty, and ought that he wan
 He took care o't, and aye had twa notes at com-
 man',

And he lent me as muckle as coft a black gown,
 Sae hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's shoon?

Then hoo can ye wonner he's wearing John's
 shoon,

My heart-strings wi' sorrow were a' out o' tune;
 A man that has worth and twa notes at com-
 man',

Can sune get a woman to tak him in haun."

WILLIAM BEATTIE.

BORN 1793—DIED 1875.

WILLIAM BEATTIE, M.D., the friend and biographer of Thomas Campbell, was born in the parish of Dalton, Dumfriesshire, Feb. 24, 1793. After receiving the rudiments of his education at the Clarencefield Academy, he entered the University of Edinburgh in 1813, where in 1820 he took the degree of M.D. He then continued his studies in London and on the Continent for ten years, when he commenced practice in London, where he ever afterward continued to reside. While actively pursuing his profession, Dr. Beattie, like the late Sir Henry Holland, found leisure for literary pursuits and foreign travel. His first work, giving an account of a four years' residence in Germany, appeared in 1827, followed by "John Huss, a Poem." Dr. Beattie's next poetical publication, "Polynesia, a Poem," celebrated the labours of the missionaries in the South Seas. He is also the author of professional writings, including a Latin treatise on pulmonary consumption. His most popular work, and the one most likely to keep his name before the public, is his admirable memoir of the poet Campbell, whose personal friendship he enjoyed for many years. It was through Dr. Beattie's persevering efforts that a statue of Campbell was placed in Westminster Abbey. His latest literary work was an enter-

taining memoir, published in 1855, of William Henry Bartlett, whom he had assisted in the preparation of several of his illustrated works.

Dr. Beattie was well known as the genial entertainer of men of letters, as a contributor to the magazines, as rendering professional services gratuitously to authors and clergymen, and as a hearty lover of his native land. At upwards of fourscore years of age he continued to mingle in the literary society of London, and to indulge in occasional poetic composition. He was much esteemed for his amiable character and ability in his profession. He died at his residence in Portman Square, London, March 17, 1875, aged eighty-two years, and was buried at Brighton by the side of his wife, to whom he was married in the summer of 1822. During the last few years of his life Dr. Beattie amused his leisure hours in the preparation of an autobiography, which it is to be hoped that his literary executors, one of whom is Dr. Robert Carruthers of Inverness, will ere long give to the world. From his residence of half a century in the great metropolis, and his wide acquaintance with many literary and distinguished people, such as Samuel Rogers, Lady Byron, and the Countess of Blessington, it can hardly fail to be an attractive book.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.¹

Hark!—"Tis the death-knell, from Bononia's shore,²
Startles the ear, and thrills in every core!
Pealed from these cliffs, the echoes of our own
Catch, and prolong the melancholy tone,
As fast and far the mournful tidings spread—
"The light is quench'd—the 'Bard of Hope' is dead!"

Campbell is dead! and Freedom on her wall
Shrieks—as she shrieked at Kosciusko's fall!
And warrior-exiles, as the dirge they hear,
Heave the deep sigh, and drop the bitter tear.

Friends of the poet!—ye to whom belong
The prophet's fire—the mystic powers of song—
On you devolves the sad and sacred trust
To chant the requiem o'er a brother's dust!
His kindred shade demands the kindred tear—
The poets' homage o'er a poet's bier!
While I—who saw the vital flame expire,
And heard the last tones of that broken lyre—
Closed the dim eye, and propp'd the drooping head—

And caught the spirit's farewell as it fled—
With your high notes my lowly tribute blend,
And mourn at once the poet and the friend!

Twice twenty summers of unclouded fame
Had shed their lustre on our poet's name;
And found him ever arm'd, and in the van,
To guard the rights and dignity of man.
On Freedom's altar sacrificing wealth,
To Science consecrating life and health;
In age retaining all the fire of youth—
The love of liberty, the thirst for truth—
He spent his days—improved them as they pass'd,
And still reserved the brightest for the last!

'Twas here—where Godfrey's sullen rampart
frowns³

O'er wave-worn cliffs and cultivated downs;
Where the cool breeze a bracing freshness throws,
Where shade and solitude invite repose;
And whispering elms, in soothing cadence, wave
O'er Churchill's death-bed and Le Sage's grave⁴—
'Twas here our poet—on the stranger's soil,

Retired to pause from intellectual toil;
Resign'd the well-fought field, with honours rife,
To trim with frugal hand the lamp of life;
To solve the mystic writing on the wall—
Adjust his mantle ere he let it fall;
Weigh life's great question—commune with his heart,
Then, hail the welcome signal and depart.

And here—tho' health decay'd—his taste still
warm
Conferr'd on all it touch'd a classic charm;
Dispell'd the gloom, and peopled every shade
With forms and visions brilliantly portray'd.
Thoughts well directed—reason well applied—
Philosophy with cheering faith allied—
Inspired a fresh and healthful tone of mind
That braced the spirit as the body pined;
While freedom strew'd her laurels at his feet,
And song and science dignified retreat.

But soon life's current darken'd as it flow'd;
Gladness forsook the poet's new abode;
His hearth grew sad, and swiftly pass'd away
The cheerful evening of his well-spent day!
The books, the lyre, the lov'd Achaian strain,
That charm'd the fancy, could not lull the pain,
That now, in fatal ambush, hour by hour
Bore witness to the fever's wasting power.—
Yet pain, depression, anguish never wrung
Complaint, regret, or murmur from his tongue:
Or if—amidst his pain, a tear, a sigh
Rose on his lip, or trembled in his eye,—
'Twas when sweet memories o'er his spirit came,
And his lips mov'd to some beloved name,
Which, while the soul was yearning to depart,
Still kept its mansion sacred in his heart!—
But else, unmov'd, he watch'd the close of life—
Brac'd on his armour for the final strife;
Resolv'd in death, to fall beneath his shield,
Conqueror—not captive—to resign the field.

The hour arriv'd: the star of Hope arose
To light her poet to his last repose!
Life ebb'd apace: the seraph, stooping down,
Illumed his couch, and showed the future crown.
"Welcome!" she whispered—"welcome be the hour

That clothes my votary with celestial power!
Enough hast thou achieved of earthly fame,
To gild the patriot's and the poet's name;
Thou hast not pandered to a vicious age,
Nor left thy sins recorded in thy page;

¹ Written at Boulogne shortly after the poet's decease, and now published for the first time.—Ed.

² *Bononia Gallia*—the Gessoriacum of antiquity, or Boulogne-sur-Mer of the present day, "Gessoriacum quod nunc *Bononia*."

³ Godfrey (of Bouillon), whom history represents as having been born in the citadel of Boulogne, not Bouillon in Lorraine.

⁴ Churchill—the English Juvenal—died at Boulogne

in 1764; and Le Sage, the author of *Gil Blas*, in 1747: "Ici est mort l'Auteur de *Gil Blas*, 1747," is engraved on a stone over the door of his house.

But, kindred with the source from which it came,
Thy song hath minister'd to virtue's flame.
And now—that longer life were lengthened pain—
In brighter realms revive the hallowed strain;
That heaven-born genius to thy keeping given,
Pure and unsullied, render back to heaven!"
So said—the radiant herald waved her torch,
And, beckoning onward, showed the dismal
porch—
Death's dreary vale, thro' which the fleeting soul
Flies to its fount, like streamers to the pole.

As o'er yon headlands,¹ where the sun has set,
Beams of reflected glory linger yet;
So now—to gild the last and closing scene—
Fresh on the poet's cheek and brow serene,
The setting sun of life's eventful day
Has left a soft and sanctifying ray!

Campbell is dead!—dissolved the spirit's bond—
The bourne is past—and all is light beyond!
Dead—yet not silent!—still to memory dear,
His latest accents linger on my ear;
His words—his looks, like spirits from the urn—
With awful force and tenderness return;
While here I watch, beside the breathless clay,
The lines, and fleeting hues of life decay.

All—all is changed!—the master-lyre unstrung,
Quenched the bright eye, and mute the inspiring
tongue,

That erst with generous glow, and godlike art,
Subdued—exalted—sway'd the stubborn heart;
Abashed the proud, dispelled the exile's fears,
And even from despots wrung reluctant tears—
In British hearts infused a Spartan zeal,
That stirred our spirits like a trumpet-peal.
Speak thou, Sarmatia! When the spoiler's hand
With blood and rapine filled thy smiling land—
When beauty wept, and brave men bled in vain,
And reeking slaughter stalked on every plain—
Whose voice uprose?—as with a mighty charm,
To shield the weak and foil the despot's arm—
Whose voice first taught our sympathies to flow
In streams of healing through a land of woe?
'Twas *his!* 'twas Campbell's soul-inspiring chord,
That nerved the heart, and edged the Patriot's
sword—

That changed—nor faltered—nor relaxed the
song,

Till, roused to vindicate thy nation's wrong,
Britannia, seconding her poet's art,
Received thy band of heroes to her heart;
And o'er the wreck of Freedom's gory field
Threw the broad shade of her protecting shield!

He loved thee, Poland! with unchanging love;
Shared in the sorrows he could not remove!
Revered thy virtues, and bewail'd thy woes;
And—could his life have purchas'd thy repose—
Proud of the sacrifice, he would have bled,
And mingled ashes with thy mighty dead!

And ye—who in the sad or social hour
Have seen, and felt the minstrel's varied power—
Say how his soul rejoiced with you to share
The noon of sunshine, or the night of care!
His heart—to tenderest sympathies awake—
His mind—transparent as the summer lake—
Lent all his actions energy and grace,
And stamped their manly feelings in the face—
Feelings—no sordid aim could compromise—
That feared no foe, and needed no disguise.

To you—his cherished friends and old compeers—
The frank companions of his brightest years;
Whose friendship strengthened as acquaintance
grew—
Warmed—glowed, as fate the narrowing circle
drew;—
To you—a mournful messenger—I bear
The minstrel's blessing, and the patriot's prayer.

"Be firm!" he said; "Freedom shall yet strike
home;
Worth shall be crowned—the brave shall cease
to roam;
The exile shall regain his father's hearth,
And Justice recommence her reign on earth!
Thrice happy days!—tho' but to gild my urn—
Fulfil the prophecy—return! return!"

Britons! when next in Freedom's wonted hall
Assembled patriots hold high festival;
When, face to face, Sarmatia's sons ye meet—
Miss the loved voice, and mark the vacant seat!
When thro' the soul conflicting passions throng,
Your poet will be present in his song!
His spirit will be there!—a shadowy guest—
Unseen—unheard—but felt in every breast!
He will be there, the minstrel-chair to claim,
And fan the sparks of freedom into flame.—

I knew him well!—how sad to say *I knew!*
That word alone brings all my loss to view—
I knew his virtues—ardently and long
Admir'd the poet for his moral song;
But soon—when closer intercourse began,
I found the poet's rival in the *Man*—
The man, who blended in the minstrel's art
The brightest genius with the warmest heart.

And thus bereaved—in this her two-fold grief—
Where shall the mourning spirit find relief?
She turns instinctive to his page, and hears
The voice of Hope, triumphant in her tears!
"Weep not for him," she cries, "who leaves
behind

¹ The headlands alluded to are the English cliffs, as far as Beachy Head: the sunset over which, as seen from the ramparts of Boulogne, is often very beautiful, and was strikingly so at the time mentioned.

The fruits and flowers of an immortal mind.
Weep not for him—the minstrel hath a part—
A living home in every kindred heart!
Fraught with high powers, his lay in every clime
Still warms the soul, and prompts the thought
sublime.

His songs, that haunt us in our grief and joy,
Time shall not chill, nor death itself destroy!
But, long as love can melt, or hope inspire
One heart imbued with Nature's hallowed fire—
So long the lay—to virtuous feeling true—
Shall breathe, and burn, with fervour ever new."

Sweet Bard of Hope!—Shrined with the glorious
dead,

A nation's love shall guard thy hallow'd bed;
While patriots, as their poet's name they scan,
Shall pause, and proudly say—"Here lies the man
Whose upright purpose, force nor fraud could
bend;

Who, serving Freedom, served her to the end;
Gave to her sacred cause all man could give,
Nor ceased to love her, till he ceased to live!"

My task is done; nor care I now to weigh
What praise or censure may await my lay:
The mournful theme had better poets sung—
This voice had slept—this harp remained un-
strung:

Deep, but not loud—as warriors mourn their
chief—

My heart had grieved, but not confessed its grief.
But now—when kindred genius stands aloof
And friendship calls my loyalty to proof;
Shall I—tho' least of England's minstrels here—
Awake no requiem at her poet's bier?—

But, coldly mute, renounce the saddest part?
No! silence *now* were treason to the heart!
Grief must have voice—the wounded spirit vent—
The debt be paid—before my day is spent:
And if—at friendship's call—the numbers flow
In seemly warmth—'tis sorrow gives the glow.¹

— LINES ON A PORTRAIT.²

Well hath the master's hand depicted here
The worth we love, the veteran we revere!

¹ Having watched at the poet's bedside—during the last ten days of his life—the writer has described several circumstances attending the closing scene, with as much fidelity as he could; and the poem—if it deserves the name—was written partly in the death-chamber, and altogether in the house, of the lamented poet. This fact may account for various allusions in the text, which to the general reader would otherwise appear obscure or overwrought. But it is to the biographer that this affecting period—the last few

Genius by genius, mind by kindred mind:
Science by science, truthfully defined.
The features speak: the canvas seems to live
With all the glow that finished art can give.

Apollo answered: and, with smile benign,
Said: "Painter and physician—both are mine.
This, with a Nestor's wisdom I inspire;
And that, with all a Zeuxis could desire.
By my divine 'afflatus' I reveal³
The soul to paint; the sacred power to heal.
Patron of arts, god of the silver bow,
To me their skill, their excellence they owe."—

He said; then, soaring to Olympus' height,
Around the picture threw a flood of light.

Watson! when closed a long and bright career:
When missed and mourned by friends and col-
leagues here:

Be thine, no sacred duty left undone,
To hail the rising, in the setting, sun!
In hope rejoicing, take the "promised rest,"
And leave thy monument in every breast.

— EVENING HYMN OF THE ALPINE SHEPHERDS.

Brothers, the day declines,

Above, the glacier brightens;

Through hills of waving pines

The "vesper-halo" lightens!

Now wake the welcome chorus

To Him our sires adored;

To Him who watcheth o'er us;—

Ye shepherds, praise the Lord.⁴

From each tower's embattled crest

The vesper-bell has toll'd;

'Tis the hour that bringeth rest

To the shepherd and his fold:

months of the poet's life—will present a series of particulars which, if recorded, can hardly fail to awaken a deep and lasting interest in a reflecting mind.

² In a letter to the Editor, dated March, 1873, Dr. Beattie remarks, "I inclose unpublished lines on a celebrated portrait of our President of the Royal College of Physicians (Sir Thomas Watson, Bart.), which my colleagues have received with gratifying indulgence.—Ed.

³ *Nemo vir magnus sine afflatu aliquo divino unquam fuit.*

⁴ Every evening at sunset "Ye shepherds, praise the Lord" was sung, and repeated from cliff to cliff, until every voice joined in the chorus.

From hamlet, rock, and châlét
 Let our evening song be pour'd,
 Till mountain, rock, and valley
 Re-echo—Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord, who made and gave us
 Our glorious mountain-land!
 Who deigned to shield and save us
 From the despot's iron hand:
 With the bread of life He feeds us;
 Enlightened by His Word,
 Through pastures green He leads us;—
 Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

And hark! below, aloft,
 From cliffs that pierce the cloud,

From blue lakes, calm and soft
 As a virgin in her shroud;
 New strength our anthem gathers,
 From alp to alp 'tis poured;
 So sang our sainted fathers:—
 Ye shepherds, praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! from flood and fell
 Let the voice of old and young,—
 All the strength of Appenzel,
 True of heart and sweet of tongue,—
 The grateful theme prolong
 With souls in soft accord,
 Till yon stars take up our song—
 Hallelujah to the Lord!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.

BORN 1793—DIED 1847.

Fifty years ago Professor Wilson wrote: "Have you seen a little volume, entitled 'Tales in Verse, by the Rev. H. F. Lyte,' which seems to have reached a second edition? Now that is the right kind of religious poetry. Mr. Lyte shows how the sins and sorrows of men flow from irreligion, in simple yet strong domestic narrations, told in a style and spirit reminding one sometimes of Goldsmith and sometimes of Crabbe. A volume so humble in its appearance and pretensions runs the risk of being jostled off the highway into by-paths; and indeed no harm if it should, for in such retired places it will be pleasant reading—pensive in the shade, and cheerful in the sunshine. Mr. Lyte has reaped

"The harvest of a quiet eye,
 That broods and sleeps on its own heart;"

and his Christian tales will be read with interest and instruction by many a fireside. 'The Brothers' is exceedingly beautiful. He ought to give us another volume."

The gentle poet, who did "give us another volume," stands next to James Thomson on the roll of sacred Border poets. They were both natives of Ednam, a village beautifully situated on the Eden, a tributary of the Tweed. He was the second son of Captain Thomas Lyte, and was born June 1, 1793. Though

of somewhat gentle blood, and having all the early advantage of a loving mother's influence and holy lessons, he was soon made to feel the misery of narrow resources. He, however, finally entered Trinity College, Dublin, matriculating there, and carrying off on three occasions the English prize poem. He took holy orders in Ireland, and was called to a desolate and dreary Irish curacy. After several changes he settled in the quiet little town of Marazion, Cornwall, on the shores of the beautiful Bay of Mount St. Michael. Here he married Miss Anne Maxwell, and finally removed to the parish of Brixham, Devonshire, where he laboured acceptably and successfully for twenty years. It was here that he composed most of his hymns, so remarkable for their pure Christian sentiment and simplicity of diction, and which are held in high estimation by all sections of the Christian Church. Some of them were written "from under the cloud"—clouds of personal suffering, clouds of pastoral difficulty and discouragement.

Failing health induced Lyte to seek for a time a milder climate in the south of Europe. Before his departure he preached on the "Holy Communion," and it was solemnly significant to hear their dying pastor say, "O brethren! I can speak feelingly, experimentally, on this

point; and I stand here among you seasonably to-day as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, dependence on, the death of Christ." This was his last appeal, and for the last time he dispensed the sacred elements to his sorrowing flock; and then, exhausted with his effort, he retired with a soul in sweet repose on that Saviour whom he had preached with his dying breath; and as the evening drew on he handed to a near relative his undying hymn—

"Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,"

which has taken its place in nearly all the sacred collections of the Protestant English-speaking world. It was written in September, 1847, and it was his last hymn upon earth. A few days later he reached Nice, and there, on November 20, the spirit of the sweet singer entered into rest. After his death a volume was published containing a memoir of the faithful pastor and preacher, together with a selection of his poems and hymns. Another beautiful hymn, beginning "Jesus, I my cross have taken," the authorship of which has been erroneously attributed to James Montgomery and others, was written by Lyte in the year 1833.

EVENING.

Sweet evening hour! sweet evening hour!
That calms the air, and shuts the flower;
That brings the wild bird to her nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the labourer cease,
That gives the weary team release,
That leads them home, and crowns them there
With rest and shelter, food and care.

O season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm, and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

The weeping eye, that loathes the day,
Finds peace beneath thy soothing sway;
And faith and prayer, o'ermastering grief,
Burst forth, and bring the heart relief.

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow, and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm reclining there,
And gazing on this world of care.

Then, as the earth recedes from sight,
Heaven seems to ope her fields of light,
And call the fettered soul above,
From sin and grief, to peace and love.

Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made—
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed;

When Abram's offering God did own;
And Jesus loved to be alone.

Who has not felt that Evening's hour
Draws forth devotion's tenderest power;
That guardian spirits round us stand,
And God himself seems most at hand?

The very birds cry shame on men,
And chide their selfish silence, then:
The flowers on high their incense send;
And earth and heaven unite and blend.

Let others hail the rising day:
I praise it when it fades away;
When life assumes a higher tone,
And God and heaven are all my own.

ON A NAVAL OFFICER BURIED IN THE ATLANTIC.

There is, in the wide lone sea,
A spot unmarked, but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.

Down, down, within the deep,
That oft to triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and pleasant sleep,
With the salt waves washing o'er him.

He sleeps serene, and safe
From tempest or from billow,
Where the storms, that high above him chafe,
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.

The sea and him in death
They did not dare to sever:

It was his home while he had breath;
 'Tis now his rest for ever.

Sleep on, thou mighty dead!
 A glorious tomb they've found thee.
 The broad blue sky above thee spread,
 The boundless waters round thee.

No vulgar foot treads here;
 No hand profane shall move thee;
 But gallant fleets shall proudly steer,
 And warriors shout, above thee.

And when the last trump shall sound,
 And tombs are asunder riven,
 Like the morning sun from the wave thou'lt
 bound,
 To rise and shine in heaven.

GRACE DARLING'S DEATH-BED.

O wipe the death-dews from her brow!—prop
 up her sinking head!—

And let the sea-breeze on her face its welcome
 freshness shed!

She loves to see the western sun pour glory
 o'er the deep;

And the music of the rippling waves may sing
 her into sleep.

Her heart has long, 'mid other scenes, for
 these poured out the sigh;

And now back to her Highland home she
 comes—but comes to die.

Yes, fearful in its loveliness, that cheek's pro-
 phetic bloom;

That lustrous eye is lighted from a world
 beyond the tomb;

Those thin transparent fingers, that hold the
 book of prayer;

That form, which melts like summer snow,
 too plainly speak despair.

And they that tend around her bed, oft turn
 to wipe the tear

That starts forth, as they view her thus, so
 fleeting, and so dear.

Not such was she that awful night when o'er
 Northumbria's foam

The shipwrecked seaman's cry was heard within
 that rocky home.

Amid the pauses of the storm it loud and
 louder came,

And thrilled into her inmost soul, and nerved
 her fragile frame:

"Oh, father, let us launch the boat, and try
 their lives to save."

"Be still, my child, we should but go to share
 their watery grave."

Again they shriek. "Oh, father, come, the
 Lord our guide will be:

A word from him can stay the blast, and tame
 the raging sea."

And lo! at length her plea prevails; their skiff
 is on the wave.

Protect them, gracious Heaven! protect the
 gentle, kind, and brave!

They reach the rock, and, wond'rous sight to
 those they succour there,

A feeble girl achieving more than boldest men
 would dare!

Again, again her venturous bark bounds o'er
 the foaming tide;

Again in safety goes and comes beneath its
 heavenly guide.

Nor shrinks that maid's heroic heart, nor fails
 her willing hand,

Till all the remnant of the wreck are ferried
 safe to land.

The cord o'erstrung relaxes then, and tears
 begin to fall;—

But tears of love and praise to Him whose
 mercy saved them all.

A deed like this could not be hid. Upon the
 wings of fame,

To every corner of our isle, flew forth Grace
 Darling's name;

And tongues were loud in just applause, and
 bosoms highly beat,

And tributes from the great and good were
 lavished at her feet;

While she, who braved the midnight blast,
 and rode the stormy swell,

Shrank timid, trembling, from the praise that
 she had earned so well.

Why did they tempt her forth to scenes she ill
 was formed to share?

Why bid her face the curious crowd, the ques-
 tion, and the stare?

She did not risk her life that night to earn the
 world's applause:

Her own heart's impulse sent her forth in
 pity's holy cause.

And richly were her toils repaid, and well her
 soul content

With the sweet thought of duty done, of suc-
 cour timely lent.

Her tender spirit sinks apace. Oh, bear the
 drooping flower

Back to its native soil again—its own secluded
 bower!

Amidst admiring multitudes, she sighs for
home and rest:
Let the meek turtle fold her wing within her
own wild nest;
And drink the sights and sounds she loves,
and breathe her wonted air,
And find with them a quiet hour for thought-
fulness and prayer!

And she has reached her sea-girt home—and
she can smile once more;
But ah! a faint and moonlight smile, without
the glow of yore!
The breeze breathes not as once it did upon
her fevered brow;
The waves talk on, but in her breast awake no
echoes now;
For vague and flickering are her thoughts, her
soul is on the wing
For Heaven, and has but little heed for earth
or earthly thing.

“My father, dost thou hear their shriek? dost
hear their drowning cry?”

“No, dearest, no; ’twas but the scream of the
curlew flitting by.”

Poor panting, fluttering, hectic thing, thy
tossings soon will cease;
Thou art passing through a troubled sea, but
to a land of peace!
And He, who to a shipwrecked world brought
rescue, O may He
Be near thy dying pillow now, sweet Grace, to
succour thee!

“LO, WE HAVE LEFT ALL, AND FOLLOWED THEE.”

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,—
God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
Show thy face, and all is bright!

Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!

In Thy service pain is pleasure;
With Thy favour, loss is gain.
I have called thee Abba, Father;
I have stayed my heart on Thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather;
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me;
’Twill but drive me to Thy breast.
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, ’tis not in grief to harm me!
While Thy love is left to me!
Oh, ’twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o’er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear!
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father’s smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee,—
Child of Heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven’s eternal day’s before thee;
God’s own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to full fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

ABIDE WITH ME.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life’s little day;
Earth’s joys grow dim; its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwelt’st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings;
But kind and good, with healing in thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea,—
Come, Friend of sinners, and thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,

Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee.
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour.
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's
power?

Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.

Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?

I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies:

Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
shadows flee.

In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

BORN 1794—DIED 1854.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, a poet of fine genius and a distinguished miscellaneous writer, was born in the manse of Cambusnethan, near Glasgow, June 12, 1794. From both his parents he inherited an honourable descent. His father, the Rev. Dr. John Lockhart, who for nearly fifty years was minister of Blackfriars' Church, Glasgow, was well known for his remarkable wit and extreme absence of mind—two qualities which are seldom found united in the same character. Of this pious and amiable divine John Gibson Lockhart was the second son, and the eldest by a second marriage, his mother having been a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gibson, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. At an early age he prosecuted his studies at the University of Glasgow, and with such success that he received one of the richest tokens of approval in a Snell exhibition to Baliol College, Oxford. Here he could prosecute with increased facilities those classical studies to which he was most addicted. At his graduation, in his eighteenth year, he was numbered in the *first class*—an honour rarely attained by the most accomplished Oxonians.

His studies at Baliol, which were directed to the law, were followed by a continental tour, and on his return to Scotland he was called to the bar in 1816. It was, however, soon evident that Lockhart was not likely to win fame or fortune by the profession of an advocate—he could not make a speech. Had his success depended upon writing, or on pic-

torial pleading, he would have been the most persuasive of silent orators, for during the trial of a cause his pen was occupied, not in taking notes, but in sketching caricatures of the proceedings, the drollery of which would have overcome both judge and jury. As it was he proved a briefless barrister, and decided to abandon law for literature. He made a happy allusion to this strange professional infirmity at a dinner which was given by his friends in Edinburgh on his departure to assume the charge of the *Quarterly Review*. He attempted to address them, and broke down as usual, but covered his retreat with, "Gentlemen, you know that if I could speak we would not have been here."

In 1817 *Blackwood's Magazine* was established, and Lockhart became, with John Wilson, the principal contributor. It was now that the whole torrent of thought, which the bar may have kept in check, burst forth in full profusion. Eloquence, and wit, and learning distinguished his articles, and imparted a character to the work which it long after retained; but unfortunately with these attractive qualities there was often mingled a causticity of satire and fierceness of censure that engendered much bad feeling and hatred. In 1819 Lockhart's first separate publication appeared, entitled *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*—a work in which an imaginary Dr. Morris gives a series of eloquent, vigorous, and truthful sketches of the more distinguished literary

Scotchmen of the period. Of this volume Sir Walter Scott thus wrote to its author:—"What an acquisition it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written, I do not say fifty, but even five-and-twenty years ago; and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved, as it were, in amber which have now mouldered away! When I think that, at an age not much younger than yours, I knew Black, Ferguson, Robertson, Erskine, Adam Smith, John Home, &c., and at least saw Burns, I can appreciate better than any one the value of a work which, like this, would have handed them down to posterity in their living colours."

In 1820 Lockhart married Sophia, Sir Walter's eldest daughter. The marriage took place at Edinburgh, and the "Great Unknown," who was the worshipper as well as recorder of good old Scottish fashions, caused the wedding to be held in the evening, and "gave a jolly supper afterwards to all the friends and connections of the young couple." Lockhart and his wife took up their abode at the little cottage of Chiefswood, about two miles from Abbotsford, which became their usual summer residence; and thither Sir Walter, when inundated by sight-seers and hero-worshippers, was occasionally glad to escape, that he might breathe in a tranquil atmosphere, and write a chapter of the novel that was in hand, to despatch to the Edinburgh publisher.

Continuing to furnish varied and sparkling contributions to Blackwood, Lockhart now began to exhibit powers of prolific authorship. In the course of a few years he produced *Valerius*, one of the most classical tales descriptive of ancient Rome and the manners of its people which the English language has as yet embodied. After this came *Adam Blair*, a tale which, in spite of its impossible termination, so opposed to all Scottish canon law, abounds with the deepest feeling as well as descriptive power. The next was *Reginald Dalton*, a three-volume novel, in which he largely brought forward his reminiscences of student life at Oxford, and the town-and-gown affrays with which it was enlivened. The last of this series of novels was *Matthew Wald*, which fully sustained the high character of its predecessors. In 1823 he came forth in a new character by his translations from the

Spanish ballads; and such was the classical taste, melody of versification, and rich command of language which these translations evinced, that the regret was general that he had not been more exclusively a poet, instead of a prose writer. Tickner, in his *History of Spanish Literature*, characterizes the collection as "the admirably spirited translations of Mr. Lockhart. . . . A work of genius beyond any of the sort known to me in any language;" and the historian Prescott alludes to the poems as "Mr. Lockhart's picturesque version of the Moorish ballads."

Lockhart's next publications were in the department of biography, in which he gave an earnest of his fitness to be the literary executor and biographer of his illustrious father-in-law; these were the *Life of Robert Burns* and the *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte*. At this period he resided in Edinburgh, spending some of the summer months at the cottage of Chiefswood. The varied attainments of Lockhart, and the distinction he had won in so many departments of authorship, obtained for him at the close of 1825 the editorship of the *Quarterly Review*, the great champion of Toryism, a position for which he was admirably fitted, and which he held for more than a quarter of a century. On the death of Sir Walter in 1832 he became his literary executor, and in 1838 published the memoirs of his father-in-law, which is one of the most interesting biographies in the language, and will probably remain the best-known and most enduring of Lockhart's productions. During the latter years of his life his health was greatly impaired; but for this his intellectual exertions, as well as family calamities and bereavements, will sufficiently account. In the last volume of Scott's memoirs Lockhart thus mournfully writes:—"Death has laid a heavy hand upon that circle—as happy a circle, I believe, as ever met. Bright eyes now closed in dust, gay voices for ever silenced seem to haunt me as I write. . . . She whom I may now sadly record as, next to Sir Walter himself, the chief ornament and delight at all those simple meetings—she to whose love I owed my place in them—Scott's eldest daughter, the one of all his children who in countenance, mind, and manners most resembled himself, and who indeed was as like in all

things as a gentle, innocent woman can ever be to a great man, deeply tried and skilled in the struggles and perplexities of active life—she too is no more.”

In the summer of 1853 Lockhart resigned his editorship, and spent the following winter in Italy; but the maladies under which he laboured, like Scott's, although assuaged for a time, came back with renewed violence on his return home. Arranging his affairs in Lon-

don he left it never to return, and went to reside with his elder brother, Mr. Lockhart, M.P., at Milton of Lockhart, near Lanark. Here his strength rapidly failed, and he was removed to Abbotsford, that his dying pillow might be smoothed by his only surviving child, Mrs. Hope Scott. Here he breathed his last November 25, 1854, in his sixty-first year. His remains were interred in Dryburgh Abbey, near those of his illustrious father-in-law.

CAPTAIN PATON'S LAMENT.¹

Touch once more a sober measure,
And let punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows,
That, alack-a-day! is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows,
And a pretty man also,
That has left the Saltmarket,
In sorrow, grief, and woe.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches
Were all cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour,
Or a modest genty drab;
The blue stripe in his stocking,
Round his neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles of the cambric fine,
They were whiter than the snow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

His hair was curled in order,
At the rising of the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart,
That about his ears did run;
And before there was a toupee,
That some inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue,
That did o'er his shoulders flow.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

And whenever we forgather'd,
He took off his wee three-cockit;
And he proffer'd you his snuff-box,
Which he drew from his side-pocket;
And on Burdett or Bonaparte
He would make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones
Like a provost he would go.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

In dirty days he picked well
His footsteps with his rattan;
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck
On the shoes of Captain Paton.
And on entering the coffee-room
About two, all men did know
They would see him with his *Courier*
In the middle of the row.
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Now and then, upon a Sunday,
He invited me to dine
On a herring and a mutton chop,
Which his maid dress'd very fine.
There was also a little Malmsey,
And a bottle of Bordeaux,
Which between me and the Captain
Pass'd nimbly to and fro!
Oh! I ne'er shall take potluck with Captain
Paton no mo'e!

Or if a bowl was mentioned,
The Captain he would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the Westport,
And a stoup of water bring.
Then would he mix the genuine stuff,
As they made it long ago,
With limes that on his property
In Trinidad did grow!
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain
Paton's punch no mo'e!

And then all the time he would discourse
So sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon
He had heard from Dr. Porteous;
Of some little bit of scandal
About Mrs. So-and-so,

¹ Captain Paton was a real personage, and lived for many years with two maiden sisters in a tenement of his own opposite the Old Exchange, Glasgow. He died in 1807.—Ed.

Which he scarce could credit, having heard
 The *con.* but not the *pro.*!
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
 Paton no mo'e!

Or when the candles were brought forth,
 And the night was fairly setting in,
 He would tell some fine old stories
 About Minden field or Dettingen;
 How he fought with a French major,
 And despatch'd him at a blow,
 While his blood ran out like water
 On the soft grass below!
 Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like from Captain
 Paton no mo'e!

But at last the captain sickened,
 And grew worse from day to day,
 And all miss'd him in the coffee-room,
 From which now he staid away;
 On Sabbaths, too, the Wynd Kirk
 Made a melancholy show,
 All for wanting of the presence
 Of our venerable beau!
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
 Paton no mo'e!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn
 And Corkindale could do,
 It was plain from twenty symptoms
 That death was in his view;
 So the captain made his test'ment,
 And submitted to his foe,
 And we laid him by the Ram's-horn Kirk—
 'Tis the way we all must go!
 Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
 Paton no mo'e!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys,
 And let punch and tears be shed,
 For this prince of good old fellows
 That, alack-a-day! is dead;
 For this prince of worthy fellows—
 And a pretty man also—
 That has left the Saltmarket
 In sorrow, grief, and woe!
 For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton
 no mo'e!

BROADSWORDS OF SCOTLAND.

Now there's peace on the shore, now there's
 calm on the sea,
 Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
 free,
 Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and
 Dundee.

Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland!
 And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

Old Sir Ralph Abercromby, the good and the
 brave—
 Let him flee from our board, let him sleep
 with the slave,
 Whose libation comes slow while we honour
 his grave.
 Oh! the broadswords, &c.

Tho' he died not like him amid victory's roar,
 Though disaster and gloom wove his shroud
 on the shore;
 Not the less we remember the spirit of Moore.
 Oh! the broadswords, &c.

Yea a place with the fallen the living shall
 claim,
 We'll entwine in one wreath every glorious
 name,
 The Gordon, the Ramsay, the Hope, and the
 Graham.
 All the broadswords, &c.

Count the rocks of the Spey, count the groves
 of the Forth—
 Count the stars in the clear cloudless heaven
 of the north;
 Then go blazon their numbers, their names,
 and their worth.
 All the broadswords, &c.

The highest in splendour, the humblest in
 place,
 Stand united in glory, as kindred in race;
 For the private is brother in blood to his Grace.
 Oh! the broadswords, &c.

Then sacred to each and to all let it be,
 Fill a glass to the heroes whose swords kept us
 free,
 Right descendants of Wallace, Montrose, and
 Dundee.
 Oh! the broadswords of old Scotland!
 And oh! the old Scottish broadswords.

THE LAMENTATION FOR CELIN.

(FROM THE SPANISH.¹)

At the gate of old Grenada, when all its bolts
 are barred,
 At twilight, at the Vega gate, there is a tramp-
 ling heard;

¹ "Long esteemed," says Scrymgeour, "for the spirit
 and elegance with which the poet has exhibited the

There is a trampling heard, as of horses tread-
ing slow,
And a weeping voice of women, and a heavy
sound of woe!

"What tower is fallen, what star is set, what
chief come these bewailing?"

"A tower is fallen, a star is set—Alas! alas
for Celin!"

Three times they knock, three times they cry—
and wide the doors they throw;

Dejectedly they enter, and mournfully they go;
In gloomy lines they mustering stand, beneath
the hollow porch,

Each horseman grasping in his hand a black
and flaming torch;

Wet is each eye as they go by, and all around
is wailing,

For all have heard the misery—"Alas! alas
for Celin!"

Him, yesterday, a Moor did slay, of Bencer-
raje's blood,—

'Twas at the solemn jousting—around the
nobles stood;

The nobles of the land were there, and the
ladies bright and fair

Looked from their latticed windows, the
haughty sight to share;

But now the nobles all lament—the ladies are
bewailing—

For he was Grenada's darling knight—"Alas!
alas for Celin!"

Before him ride his vassals, in order two by
two,

With ashes on their turbans spread, most piti-
ful to view;

Behind him his four sisters—each wrapped in
sable veil—

Between the tambour's dismal strokes, take up
their doleful tale;

When stops the muffled drum, ye hear their
brotherless bewailing,

And all the people far and near cry—"Alas!
alas for Celin!"

Oh! lovely lies he on the bier, above the
purple pall,—

The flower of all Grenada's youth, the loveliest
of them all;

His dark, dark eyes are closed, his rosy lip is
pale,

The crust of blood lies black and dim upon his
burnished mail;

And evermore the hoarse tambour breaks in
upon their wailing,
Its sound is like no earthly sound—"Alas!
alas for Celin!"

The Moorish maid at the lattice stands,—the
Moor stands at his door,

One maid is wringing of her hands, and one is
weeping sore;

Down to the dust men bow their heads, and
ashes black they strew

Upon their brodered garments of crimson,
green, and blue;

Before each gate the bier stands still,—then
bursts the loud bewailing,

From door and lattice, high and low—"Alas!
alas for Celin!"

An old, old woman cometh forth, when she
hears the people cry,—

Her hair is white as silver, like horn her
glazed eye;

'Twas she that nursed him at her breast—that
nursed him long ago;

She knows not whom they all lament,—but
soon she well shall know!

With one deep shriek, she through doth break,
when her ears receive their wailing,—

"Let me kiss my Celin ere I die—Alas! alas
for Celin!"

BERNARDO AND ALPHONSO.

(FROM THE SPANISH.¹)

With some ten of his chosen men, Bernardo
hath appear'd

Before them all in the palace hall, the lying
king to beard;

With cap in hand, and eye on ground, he came
in reverend guise,

But ever and anon he frown'd, and flame broke
from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king, "who
comest unbid to me;

But what from traitors' blood should spring
save traitors like to thee?

His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart; perchance
our champion brave

May think it were a pious part to share Don
Pancho's grave."

peculiar beauties of this literature in our English
dress;" and another critic remarks, "Fine spirit-stirring
strain in general, translated and transfused into our
tongue with admirable felicity."—Ed.

¹ These Spanish ballads are known to our public,
but generally with inconceivable advantage, by the
very fine and animated translations of Mr. Lockhart.
—Henry Hallam.

"Whoever told this tale, the king hath rashness to repeat,"

Cries Bernard; "here my gage I fling before
THE LIAR'S feet!

No treason was in Sancho's blood, no stain in mine doth lie—

Below the throne, what knight will own the coward calumny?

"The blood that I like water shed, when Roland did advance,

By secret traitors hired and led, to make us slaves of France;—

The life of King Alphonso I saved at Roncesval—

Your words, lord king, are recompense abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown; I saw the falchion shine,

That soon had drunk your royal blood, had I not ventured mine;

But memory soon of service done deserteth the ingrate,

And ye've thank'd the son for life and crown by the father's bloody fate.

"Ye swore upon your kingly faith to set Don Sancho free;

But curse upon your paltering breath, the light he ne'er did see—

He died in dungeon cold and dim, by Alphonso's base decree,

And visage blind, and stiffen'd limb, were all they gave to me.

"The king that swerveth from his word hath stain'd his purple black;

No Spanish lord will draw the sword behind a liar's back:

But noble vengeance shall be mine, an open hate I'll show—

The king hath injured Carpio's line, and Bernard is his foe."—

"Seize—seize him!" loud the king doth scream—"There are a thousand here—

Let his foul blood this instant stream—What! catiffs, do ye fear?

Seize—seize the traitor!"—But not one to move a finger dareth,—

Bernardo standeth by the throne, and calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath, and held it up on high,

And all the hall was still as death:—Cries Bernard, "Here am I;

And here is the sword that owns no lord, excepting Heaven and me—

Fain would I know who dares his point—king, Condé, or grandee!"

Then to his mouth the horn he drew (it hung below his cloak).

His ten true men the signal knew, and through the ring they broke:

With helm on head, and blade in hand, the knights the circle brake,

And back the lordlings 'gan to stand, and the false king to quake.

"Ha! Bernard," quoth Alphonso, "what means this warlike guise?

Ye know full well I jested—ye know your worth I prize."—

But Bernard turn'd upon his heel, and smiling, pass'd away;

Long rued Alphonso and his realm the jesting of that day.

ZARA'S EAR-RINGS.

(FROM THE SPANISH.¹)

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well,

And what to say to Muça I cannot, cannot tell."—

'Twas thus, Grenada's fountain by, spoke Al-buharez' daughter,

"The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water;

To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell,

And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were pearls in silver set,

That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;

That I ne'er to other tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,

But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,

Oh! what will Muça think of me—I cannot, cannot tell!

"My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll say they should have been

¹ "All other translations fade away before them," says Allan Cunningham; and Miss Mitford speaks of "Mr. Lockhart's spirited volume of Spanish ballads, to which the art of the modern translator has given the charm of the vigorous old poets."—Ed.

Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and
glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining
clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance
insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not
befitting well;
Thus will he think,—and what to say, alas!
I cannot tell.

“He'll think, when I to market went, I loitered
by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads
might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand among my
tresses noosed,
From the ears where he had placed them my
rings of pearl unloosed;
He'll think when I was sporting so beside this
marble well,
My pearls fell in,—and what to say, alas! I
cannot tell.

“He'll say I am a woman, and we are all the
same;
He'll say I loved when he was here to whisper
of his flame,—
But when he went to Tunis my virgin troth
had broken,
And thought no more of Muça, and cared not
for his token.—
My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—oh! luckless,
luckless well,
For what to say to Muça, alas! I cannot tell.

“I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he
will believe—
That I thought of him at morning, and thought
of him at eve:
That, musing on my lover, when down the sun
was gone,
His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain
all alone;
And that my mind was o'er the sea, when from
my hand they fell,—
And that deep his love lies in my heart, as
they lie in the well!”

BEYOND.

When youthful faith hath fled,
Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead,—
The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May.—

No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom;
Fond hope and vision wane,
Ungrateful to the tomb.

But 'tis an old belief
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more.—

Beyond the sphere of time,
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so.

LINES WRITTEN ON TWEEDSIDE,

SEPTEMBER THE 18TH, 1831.

A day I've seen whose brightness pierced the
cloud
Of pain and sorrow, both for great and small;
A night of flowing cups, and pibrochs loud,
Once more within the minstrel's blazon'd
hall.

“Upon this frozen hearth pile crackling trees;
Let every silent clarshach find its strings;
Unfurl once more the banner to the breeze:
No warmer welcome for the blood of kings!”

From ear to ear, from eye to glistening eye,
Leap the glad tidings, and the glance of glee;
Perish the hopeless breast that beats not high
At thought beneath his roof that guest to
see!

What princely stranger comes?—what exiled
lord
From the far East to Scotia's strand returns,
To stir with joy the towers of Abbotsford,
And “wake the minstrel's soul?”—The boy
of Burns.

O, sacred Genius! blessing on the chains,
Wherein thy sympathy can minds entwine!
Beyond the conscious glow of kindred veins,
A power, a spirit, and a charm are thine.

Thine offspring share them. Thou hast trod
the land—

It breathes of thee—and men, through rising
tears,

Behold the image of thy manhood stand,
More noble than a galaxy of peers.

And he—his father's bones had quaked, I ween,
But that with holier pride his heart-strings
bound,

Than if his host had king or kaiser been,
And star and cross on every bosom round.

High strains were pour'd of many a Border
spear,

While gentle fingers swept a throbbing shell;
A manly voice, in manly notes and clear,
Of lowly love's deep bliss responded well.

The children sang the ballads of their sires:—
Serene among them sat the hoary knight;
And, if dead bards have ears for earthly lyres,
The Peasant's shade was near, and drank
delight.

As through the woods we took our homeward
way,

Fair shone the moon last night on Eildon
Hill;

Soft rippled Tweed's broad wave beneath her
ray,
And in sweet murmurs gush'd the Huntly
rill.

Heaven send the guardian genius of the vale
Health yet, and strength, and length of
honoured days,

To cheer the world with many a gallant tale,
And hear his children's children chant his
lays.

Through seas unruffled may the vessel glide,
That bears her poet far from Melrose' glen!
And may his pulse be steadfast as our pride,
When happy breezes waft him back again!

THE BRIDAL OF ANDALLA.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)¹

“Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden
cushion down;

Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with
all the town!

From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are
flowing,

And the lovely lute doth speak between the
trumpet's lordly blowing;

And banners bright from lattice light are wav-
ing everywhere,

And the tall, tall plume of our cousin's bride-
groom floats proudly in the air:—

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion
down;

Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with
all the town!

“Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face—
He bends him to the people with a calm and
princely grace:

Through all the land of Xeres, and banks of
Guadalquivir,

Rode bridegroom forth so brave as he, so brave
and lovely never!

Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple
mixed with white,

I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will
wed to-night:—

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion
down;

Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with
all the town!

“What aileth thee, Xarifa!—what makes
thine eyes look down?

Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze
with all the town?

I've heard you say, on many a day—and sure
you said the truth!—

Andalla rides without a peer, among all Gren-
ada's youth.

Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white
horse doth go,

Beneath his stately master, with a stately step
and slow:—

Then rise—oh, rise, Xarifa! lay the golden
cushion down;

Unseen here through the lattice, you may gaze
with all the town!”

The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion
down,

Nor came she to the window, to gaze with all
the town;

But, though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in
vain her fingers strove,

And though her needle pressed the silk, no
flower Xarifa wove:

¹ These translations derive, as I have said, not a little of their excellence from Mr. Lockhart being himself a poet—of fine genius, clear in his conceptions and

masculine in execution. . . . What was tame he inspired; what was lofty gained additional grandeur; and even the tender grew still more pathetic under his touch.—*Dr. D. M. Moir.*

One bonny rosebud she had traced, before the
noise drew nigh,—

That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow dropping
from her eye.

“No, no!” she sighs; “bid me not rise, nor
lay my cushion down,

To gaze upon Andalla, with all the gazing
town!”

“Why rise ye not, Xarifa!—nor lay your
cushion down?

Why gaze ye not, Xarifa! with all the gazing
town?

Hear—hear the trumpet how it swells, and
how the people cry!

He stops at Zara’s palace-gate!—why sit ye
still—oh, why?”

—“At Zara’s gate stops Zara’s mate! in him
shall I discover

The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth,
with tears,—and was my lover.

I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my
cushion down,

To gaze on false Andalla, with all the gazing
town!”

JANET HAMILTON.

BORN 1795 — DIED 1873.

The Scottish muse found Burns at the plough when turning over the “wee, modest, crimson-tippet flower,” and once more she has shown that there is no royal road to poetic fame, for she “threw her inspiring mantle” over MRS. JANET HAMILTON amid the greatest poverty and under the most unfavourable circumstances. Janet Thomson was born in the village of Corshill, parish of Shotts, Lanarkshire, October 12, 1795, and on her mother’s side was a descendant of the Covenanter John Whitelaw, who was executed at Edinburgh in 1683 for his share in the battle of Bothwell Bridge. At the age of fourteen she married John Hamilton, a young man who worked with her father at the trade of shoe-making. Although before the age of nineteen she had composed a few religious pieces, Mrs. Hamilton was fifty before she learned to write, and fifty-five before she again attempted poetical composition. She made her first appearance as a writer of verses in Cassell’s *Working-man’s Friend*. In 1863 she published a volume of *Poems and Songs*; in 1865 *Poems and Sketches* appeared; three years later *Poems and Ballads* was issued; and in 1871 she increased her fame by bringing out a fourth volume, being in part a reprint of her former collections of poetical and prose sketches. Prefixed to the work is a portrait of the venerable poetess, who, though poor, old, and blind, seems to have bated no jot of either poetic heart or

hope. Early on Thursday, October 27, 1873, the day of her death, Mrs. Hamilton made reference to a proposed testimonial in happy and cheery tones, evidently gratified by the interest being taken in her affairs by a number of wealthy friends and admirers; and during the afternoon of the same day her blindness had passed away. She entered into the light of that sinless land of which she had so often and so sweetly sung. Her remains were honoured with a public funeral, at which some five hundred persons were present, including all the clergymen of the place.

Janet Hamilton, the daughter, wife, and mother of working men, all struggling with the vicissitudes of life, received her education at a shoe-maker’s hearth, her only teacher being a hard-working mother, who, while she plied the spinning-wheel, taught her daughter by her side to read the Bible, the only education that either ever received. She furnishes the world with another example of success in the pursuit of knowledge under the greatest difficulties. Her handwriting, viewed at arm’s length, seems something akin to Greek manuscript written with a very blunt pen. She composed some good English verses, but it is to her Scottish poems that she owes her fame as more than a local writer. In the introduction to her last volume Dr. Alexander Wallace says—“It is remarkable that she has never seen a mountain, nor the sea, nor any river but

the Clyde, the Falls of which she never visited, and she has never been the distance of twenty miles from her dwelling. Her region of song, so far as scenery is concerned, has been very limited. It may be comprised in the glen of the Calder and the bosky dells and breckan-covered banks of her favourite stream, the Luggie (poor David Gray's Luggie), before it was polluted with the refuse of the furnaces, and its 'sweet

wilding flowers' covered with slag." It is not easy to understand how the Coatbridge poetess—certainly one of the most remarkable Scottish singers of the present century—could have lived to such a comparatively great age before her poetic genius was evinced, and it is hard to say what she might have accomplished had she enjoyed the early advantages of a Joanna Baillie or Lady Nairne.

THE SKYLARK—CAGED AND FREE.

Sweet minstrel of the summer dawn,
Bard of the sky, o'er lea and lawn
Thy rapturous anthem, clear and loud,
Rings from the dim and dewy cloud
That swathes the brow of infant morn,
Dame Nature's first and fairest born!
From grassy couch I saw thee spring,
Aside the daisy curtains fling,
Shake the bright dew-drops from thy breast,
Prune thy soft wing, and smooth thy crest—
Then, all the bard within thee burning,
Heaven in thine eye, the dull earth spurning;
Thou soar'dst and sung, till lost on high
In morning glories of the sky!

Not warbling at thine own sweet will,
Far up yon "heaven-kissing hill."
With quivering wing, and swelling throat,
On waves of ambient-air afloat—
Not so, I saw thee last, sweet bird;
I heard thee, and my heart was stirred,
Above the tumult of a street,
Where smoke and sulphurous gases meet;
Where, night and day, resounds the clamour
Of shrieking steam, of wheel, and hammer—
A Babel rude of many a tongue:
There, high o'erhead, thou blithely sung,
Caged, "cribb'd, confin'd," yet full and clear,
As silver flute, fell on my ear
Thy joyous song: as void of sorrow
As when, to bid the sun good morrow,
Just rising from his couch of gold,
Thou sung, and soar'dst o'er mead and wold.
Thy prison song, O bird beloved,
My heart hath strangely, deeply moved.
In reverie, a waking dream
Steals o'er my senses, and I seem
The joyous girl that knew no care,
When fields were green, and skies were fair;
And, sweetest of the warbling throng,
The thrilling, gushing, voice of song
I seem to hear—Ah! 'tis the lark,

That, mounting, "sings at heaven's gate,"
hark!

These rapturous notes are all his own;
Bard of the sky, he sings alone!

Sweet captive, though thy fate be mine,
I will not languish, will not pine;
Nor beat my wings against the wires,
In vain regrets, and strong desires
To roam again, all blythe and free,
Through Nature's haunts—again to see
The blooming, bright, and beauteous things
That in her train each season brings:
Spring's bursting buds and tender leaves,
The summer flowers, the autumn sheaves,
The purple hills, the shining streams,
Where lingering memory broods and dreams;
But, never more—ah! never more
To climb the hill, or tread the shore
With foot untrling, swift and free—
It may not—nay, it cannot be.
Ah! cannot be! my eyes are dark—
A prisoner too, like thee, sweet lark:
But I have sought and found content;
And so our songs shall oft be blent—
I, singing in my hermitage,
Thou, warbling in thy prison cage,
Aspire! thou to thine own blue sky,
I to a loftier sphere on high!

GRAN'FAITHER AT CAM'SLANG.

He donn'd his bannet braid and blue,
His hame-spun suit o' hodden gray,
His blue boot-hose drew o'er his knees,
An' teuk the gate at skreigh o' day.

His Bible had he in his pouch,
O' scones an' cheese a guidly whang;
An' staff in haun', he's off to see,
The godly wark at auld Cam'slang.

“The lingerin’ star that greets the morn’
 Was twinklin’ thro’ the misty blue;
 The muircock craw’d, the pairtick whirr’d,
 An’ roun’ his head the peesweep flew.

He trampit on ower muir an’ moss
 For thritty miles an’ mair, I ween,
 Till to the kirk o’ auld Cam’slang
 He cam’ on Saturday at e’en.

He lodged him in a hamely hoose,
 Syne dauner’d oot intil the nicht;
 The mune was down, the win’s were lown,
 But a’ the lift wi’ stars was bricht.

Nae soon’ o’ youngsters oot at e’en,
 Nae voice o’ whisp’ring lovers there;
 He heard nae soun’ but that o’ praise—
 He heard nae voice but that o’ prayer.

By ilka bush o’ whin or broom,
 By lown dyke back or braeside green,
 Folk greetin’, prayin’, praisin’ there,
 A’ sittin’, kneelin’, roun’ war seen.

He teuk the bannet aff his heid,
 An’ liftit up to heaven his e’e;
 Wi’ solemn awe, an’ holy fear,
 His heart was fu’ as fu’ could be.

He kneel’d ahint a boortree bush,
 Whaur but the e’e o’ God could see,
 Whaur but the ear o’ God could hear—
 An’ pray’d baith lang and fervently.

Neist day, frae a’ the kintra roun’,
 By tens o’ hunners folk cam there,
 To hear the words o’ grace and truth
 Frae preachers in the open air.

He thocht to sit within the kirk
 He rather wad than sit ootbye,
 Sae in he gaed, an’ there he sat
 Till stars were blinkin’ in the sky.

Nae cries he heard, nae fits he saw,
 But sabs were rife, an’ tearfu’ een
 That ne’er leuk’d aff the preacher’s face,
 Was a’ that could be heard or seen.

The dews were fa’in on the yirth—
 On mony a heart the dews o’ grace
 Had fa’en that day, e’en while they sat
 At Jesus’ feet, in Mary’s place.

At dawnin’ o’ the morn he rose
 On Monday—hame he bou’d to gang;
 And a’ his days he ne’er forgat
 That Sabbath-day at auld Cam’slang.

When years had gane, a printed benk
 Cam’ oot, whilk I hae aften seen,
 An’ it was seal’d, an’ it was sign’d,
 By ministers a guidly wheen.

It said that mony hunner souls,
 What time the warl was at Cam’slang,
 War turn’d to God, an’ a’ their days
 Had leev’d an’ gane as saints shoud gang.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE, the “censor of the age,” who has rather tried than exercised his powers as a poet, belongs to the common people, and like his countryman Robert Burns comes from the better class of the Scottish peasantry. He was born at Ecclefechan, near Annan in Dumfriesshire, December 4, 1795, and so has lived to complete fourscore years. Proud of his birth, at once popular and noble, he could say of himself what in one of his works he says of Burns and Diderot, two plebeians like himself—“How many kings, how many princes are there, not so well born!” In *Sartor Resartus* he tells us of the impressions of his

childhood, and the influence which those impressions, such as places, landscapes, and surrounding scenery, made upon his mind. The cattle-fairs to which his father sometimes took him, the apparition of the mail-coach passing twice a day through the village, seeming to him some strolling world, coming from he knew not where, and going he knew not whither—all this he describes with a freshness and vivacity which clearly indicate that they are the ineffaceable impressions of childhood. Besides this education Carlyle received another at the high-school of Annan, where he acquired the rudiments of his scholastic training.

Here he had for a schoolfellow Edward Irving, the distinguished orator and divine, whom Carlyle afterwards nobly delineated.

It was the ambition of his parents to see Thomas "wag his pow in a poopit," and he was accordingly, after the necessary preparation, sent to the University of Edinburgh, where his life was one of comparative poverty and privation. After having graduated, he was for several years tutor in a gentleman's family. He could not like this office—in many, and indeed most families, one of dependence and drudgery, unbefitting a strong-hearted, self-reliant man, and accordingly he abandoned it, launching out in 1823 on the career of a man of letters—a calling which he has so well described as "an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely aerial and ill-conditioned profession." His first efforts were published in a country paper; then came translations of Legendre's *Geometry* and Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, followed by his *Life of Schiller*, which led to a lengthened correspondence between him and Goethe. Then appeared some of his finest essays, and *Sartor Resartus*, which was published in *Fraser's Magazine*. His brilliant articles on "Burns," "Characteristics," and "Signs of the Times," contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*, marked the advent of a man of genius. Finding the inconvenience of residing among the moors of Dumfriesshire, he decided to remove to London, the great centre of books, of learning, and intellectual movement. Here he has since resided at Cheyne Row, Chelsea, producing his *French Revolution, Past and Present*, *Oliver Cromwell*, and many other valuable contributions to literature, including his remarkable *Life of Frederick the Great*. His latest work, *The Early Kings of Norway*, appeared in 1874.

In November, 1865, Carlyle was elected to the rectorship of the Edinburgh University, which, in spite of his stoicism, real or assumed, must have sent a thrill of pleasure to his heart. Throughout many of his works there is to be

found a deep under-current of affection for his native land, and although so many years absent from her heathery hills, he has not forgotten Scotland, nor has Scotland forgotten her gifted son. If one thing more than another could gratify him in his declining years, it must have been this public recognition of his services to literature, and of his talents as a teacher of men, by his native land.

After a happy married life of forty years Mr. Carlyle, who is childless, lost his wife. The epitaph he placed on her tombstone is one of the most eloquent and loving memorials ever penned. Since her death his household has been presided over by his niece, Mary Carlyle Aitken, who in 1874 gave to the world an admirable collection of Scottish song. In 1872 the great writer was called to mourn the death of his eldest brother, John Carlyle, who died in Canada, at the age of eighty-one. Another brother, the translator of Dante, resides at Dumfries, which is also the residence of their sister, Mrs. Aitken, to whom the philosopher makes an annual visit after the close of the London season. On his eightieth birthday Carlyle received from various quarters of the globe, far and near, congratulatory addresses, epistles, and gifts, commemorative of the completion of fourscore years.

The opinions of Carlyle's youth are not in all cases the opinions of his old age. In early life he had some claim to the title of a poet, as the following pieces will testify, but in 1870 he wrote a characteristic letter in which he gives it as his mature opinion that the writing of verse, in this age at least, is an unworthy occupation for a man of ability. It is by no means impossible that the "Philosopher of Chelsea" may be indebted to some of the poets whom in his curious letter he beseeches not to write except in prose, for embalming in deathless strophes his own craggy and majestic character, and transmitting through the magic of rhyme his name and fame to the remotest generations of mankind.

TRAGEDY OF THE NIGHT-MOTH.

MAGNA AUSUS.

'Tis placid midnight, stars are keeping
Their meek and silent course in heaven;

Save pale recluse, for knowledge seeking,
All mortal things to sleep are given.

But see! a wandering night-moth enters,
Allured by taper gleaming bright;
A while keeps hovering round, then ventures
On Goethe's mystic page to light.

With awe she views the candle blazing;
A universe of fire it seems
To moth-*savante* with rapture gazing
Or fount whence life and motion streams.

What passions in her small heart whirling,
Hopes boundless, adoration, dread;
At length her tiny pinions twirling,
She darts and—puff!—the moth is dead!

The sullen flame, for her scarce sparkling,
Gives but one hiss, one fitful glare;
Now bright and busy, now all darkling,
She snaps and fades to empty air.

Her bright gray form that spreads so slimly,
Some fan she seemed of pigmy queen;
Her silky cloak that lay so trimly,
Her wee, wee eyes that looked so keen,

Last moment here, now gone for ever,
To naught are passed with fiery pain;
And ages circling round shall never
Give to this creature shape again!

Poor moth! near weeping I lament thee,
Thy glossy form, thy instant woe;
'Twas zeal for "things too high" that sent thee
From cheery earth to shades below.

Short speck of boundless space was needed
For home, for kingdom, world to thee!
Where passed, unheeding as unheeded,
Thy little life from sorrow free.

But syren hopes from out thy dwelling
Enticed thee, bade thee earth explore,—
Thy frame so late with rapture swelling,
Is swept from earth for evermore!

Poor moth! thy fate my own resembles;
Me too a restless asking mind
Hath sent on far and weary rambles,
To seek the good I ne'er shall find.

Like thee, with common lot contented,
With humble joys and vulgar fate,
I might have lived and ne'er lamented,
Moth of a larger size, a longer date!

But nature's majesty unveiling
What seemed her wildest, grandest charms,
Eternal truth and beauty hailing,
Like thee, I rushed into her arms.

What gained we, little moth? Thy ashes,
Thy one brief parting pang may show;
And thoughts like these, for soul that dashes
From deep to deep, are—death more slow!

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now hands to seedsheet, boys,
We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
And would ye partake of harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in spring.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Old earth is a pleasure to see
In sunshiny cloak of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this year will be
As years that are past have been.
Fall gently, &c.

Old mother, receive this corn,
The son of six thousand golden sires;
All these on thy kindly breast were born;
One more thy poor child requires.
Fall gently, &c.

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep;
Thus up and thus down we cast our grain;
Sow well and you gladly reap.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

ADIEU.

Let time and chance combine, combine,
Let time and chance combine;
The fairest love from heaven above,
That love of yours was mine,
My dear,
That love of yours was mine.

The past is fled and gone, and gone,
The past is fled and gone;
If nought but pain to me remain,
I'll fare in memory on,
My dear,
I'll fare in memory on.

The saddest tears must fall, must fall,
The saddest tears must fall;

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,
Heard are the sages,
The Worlds and the Ages
Choose well: your choice is
Brief and yet endless;

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness:
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you:
Work, and despair not.

THE FROG AND THE STEER.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF ULRICH BONER.)

A frog with frogling by his side
Came hopping through the plain, one tide;
There he an ox at grass did spy:
Much angered was the frog thereby:
He said: "Lord God, what was my sin,
Thou madest me so small and thin?
Likewise I have no handsome feature,
And all dishonoured is my nature,
To other creatures far and near,
For instance, this same grazing steer."
The frog would fain with bullock cope,
'Gan brisk outblow himself in hope.

Then spake his frogling: "Father o' me,
It boots not, let thy blowing be;
Thy nature hath forbid this battle,
Thou canst not vie with the black cattle."
Nathless let be the frog would not,
Such prideful notion had he got;
Again to blow right sore 'gan he,
And said, "Like ox could I but be
In size, within this world there were
No frog so glad to thee, I swear."
The son spake: "Father, me is woe
Thou shouldst torment thy body so;
I fear thou art to lose thy life:
Come, follow me, and leave this strife:
Good father, take advice of me,
And let thy boastful blowing be."
Frog said: "Thou needst not beck and nod,
I will not do it, so help me God!
Big as this ox is, I must turn,
Mine honour now it doth concern."
He blew himself, and burst in twain;
Such of that blowing was his gain.

The like hath oft been seen of such
Who grasp at honour overmuch;
They must with none at all be doing,
But sink full soon, and come to ruin.
He that, with wind of pride accurst,
Much puffs himself, will surely burst;
He men miswishes and misjudges,
Inferiors scorns, superiors grudges,
Of all his equals is a hater,
Much grieved he is at any better;
Therefore it were a sentence wise,
Were his whole body set with eyes,
Who envy hath, to see so well
What lucky hap each man befell,
That so he filled were with fury,
And burst asunder in a hurry;
And so full soon betid him this
Which to the frog betided is.

DANIEL WEIR.

BORN 1796 — DIED 1831.

DANIEL WEIR, a poetical bookseller of Greenock, was born in that town, March 31, 1796. Of humble parentage, he received but a limited education, and at the age of twelve years he was apprenticed to a bookseller in his native place. Here he enjoyed many opportunities

for improving his education by reading, and of gratifying his verse-making propensities. At nineteen he left his amiable employer to follow the calling on his own account. Weir contributed several pleasing songs to Smith's *Scottish Minstrel*, and himself edited for a Glas-

gog firm three volumes of songs under the titles of *The National Minstrel*, *The Sacred Lyre*, and *Lyrical Gems*. In these compilations a majority of his own poems first appeared, while others were published in the Glasgow newspapers. In 1829 the poet published a *History of the Town of Greenock*, and at his death (November 11, 1831) left behind him numerous unpublished pieces, and a long MS. poem entitled "The Pleasures of Religion."

"Possessed," writes Rev. Charles Rogers, "of a fine genius, a brilliant fancy, and much gracefulness of expression, Weir has decided claims to remembrance. His conversational talents were of a remarkable description, and attracted to his shop many persons of taste, to whom his poetical talents were unknown. He was familiar with the whole of the British poets, and had committed their best passages

to memory. Possessing a keen relish for the ludicrous, he had at command a store of delightful anecdote, which he gave forth with a quaintness of look and utterance, so as to render the force of the humour totally irresistible. His sarcastic wit was an object of dread to his opponents in burgh politics. His appearance was striking. Rather malformed, he was under the middle size; his head seemed large for his person, and his shoulders were of unusual breadth. His complexion was dark, and his eyes hazel; and when his countenance was lit up on the recitation of some witty tale he looked the impersonation of mirthfulness. Eccentric as were some of his habits and modes of action, he was seriously impressed by religious principle. Some of his devotional compositions are admirable specimens of sacred poetry."

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

I've listened to the midnight wind,
Which seem'd, to fancy's ear,
The mournful music of the mind,
The echo of a tear;
And still methought the hollow sound,
Which, melting, swept along,
The voice of other days had found,
With all the powers of song.

I've listened to the midnight wind,
And thought of friends untrue—
Of hearts that seem'd so fondly twined,
That nought could e'er undo;
Of cherish'd hopes once fondly bright—
Of joys which fancy gave—
Of youthful eyes, whose lovely light
Were darken'd in the grave.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind
When all was still as death;
When nought was heard before, behind—
Not e'en the sleeper's breath.
And I have sat at such an hour,
And heard the sick man's sigh;
Or seen the babe, like some sweet flow'r,
At that lone moment die.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And wept for others' woe;
Nor could the heart such music find
To bid its tear-drops flow.

The melting voice of one we loved,
Whose voice was heard no more,
Seem'd, when those fancied chords were moved,
Still breathing as before.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And sat beside the dead,
And felt those movings of the mind
Which own a secret dread.
The ticking clock, which told the hour,
Had then a sadder chime;
And these winds seem'd an unseen pow'r,
Which sung the dirge of time.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
When, o'er the new-made grave
Of one whose heart was true and kind,
Its rudest blasts did rave.
Oh! there was something in the sound—
A mournful, melting tone—
Which led the thoughts to that dark ground
Where he was left alone.

I've listen'd to the midnight wind,
And courted sleep in vain,
While thoughts like these have oft combined
To rack the wearied brain.
And even when slumber, soft and deep,
Has seen the eyelids close,
The restless soul, which cannot sleep,
Has stray'd till morning rose.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

Oh! weep not thus, though the child thou hast loved,

Still, still as the grave, in silence sleeps on;
Midst the tears that are shed, his eye is unmoved,
And the beat of that bosom for ever is gone;
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

The world, to him, with its sorrows and sighs,
Has fled like a dream when the morn appears;
While the spirit awakes in the light of the skies,
No more to revisit this valley of tears;—
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Few, few were his years; but, had they been more,
The sunshine which smiled might have vanish'd
away,
And he might have fallen on some far friendless
shore,
Or been wreck'd amidst storms in some desolate
bay:

Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Like a rosebud of promise, when fresh in the morn,
Was the child of thy heart while he lingered
here;

But now from thy love, from thine arms he is torn,
Yet to bloom in a lovelier, happier sphere:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

How happy the pilgrim whose journey is o'er,
Who, musing, looks back on its dangers and
woes;

Then rejoice at his rest, for sorrow no more
Can start on his dreams, or disturb his repose:
Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

Who would not recline on the breast of a friend,
When the night-cloud has lower'd o'er a sor-
rowful day?

Who would not rejoice at his journey's end,
When perils and toils encompass'd his way?

Then weep not thus, for the moment is blest
When the wand'rer sleeps on his couch of rest!

'NEATH THE WAVE.

'Neath the wave thy lover sleeps,
And cold, cold is his pillow;
O'er his bed no maiden weeps,
Where rolls the white billow.
And though the winds have sunk to rest
Upon the troubled ocean's breast,
Yet still, oh still there's left behind
A restless storm in Ellen's mind.

Her heart is on yon dark'ning wave,
Where all she lov'd is lying,
And where, around her William's grave,
The sea-bird is crying.
And oft on Jura's lonely shore,
Where surges beat and billows roar,
She sat—but grief has nipt her bloom,
And there they made young Ellen's tomb.

RAVEN'S STREAM.¹

My love, come let us wander
Where Raven's streams meander,
And where, in simple grandeur,
The daisy decks the plain.
Peace and joy our hours shall measure;
Come, oh come, my soul's best treasure!
Then how sweet, and then how cheerie,
Raven's braes will be, my dearie.

The silver moon is beaming,
On Clyde her light is streaming,
And, while the world is dreaming,
We'll talk of love, my dear.
None, my Jean, will share this bosom,
Where thine image loves to blossom,
And no storm will ever sever
That dear flower, or part us ever.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

BORN 1797 — DIED 1835.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, an antiquary, jour-
nalist, and poet, and the author of two Scot-
tish ballads unsurpassed for tenderness and

pathos, was born in Glasgow, October 13,

¹ A small stream in the neighbourhood of Greenock. — Ed.

1797. His father was an ironmonger in that city, and came of a Stirlingshire family who for thirteen generations had possessed a small property named Muirmill on the banks of the Carron. His mother was the daughter of a prosperous Perthshire farmer, from whom she inherited a considerable property. The family removed to Edinburgh early in the century, and in 1805 William became a pupil of Mr. W. Lennie, in whose school he met the heroine of his beautiful song. The year following he entered the high-school, but was soon after sent to reside with an uncle at Paisley, where he completed his education at the grammar-school, with the exception of attending the Latin and Greek classes in the University of Glasgow during the session of 1818-19. He was placed as an apprentice in the office of the sheriff-clerk of Paisley, and his ability and diligence combined secured for him at the age of twenty-one the honourable position of sheriff-clerk depute of Renfrewshire.

While fulfilling the duties of this office Motherwell steadily pursued those literary occupations upon which his claims to public notice are founded. He early evinced a taste for poetry, and in his fourteenth year had produced the first draft of "Jeanie Morrison." In 1818 he contributed to a small work published at Greenock called the *Visitor*, and in the following year he edited an edition of the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, a valuable collection of songs. In 1827 he published his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, a work of great merit and research, which at once gave him rank and influence as a literary antiquary. In the introduction Motherwell exhibits a thorough acquaintance with the ballad and romantic literature of his native land. In 1828 he commenced the *Paisley Magazine*, the pages of which he enriched with some of his best poetical productions; and during the same year he assumed the editorship of the *Paisley Advertiser*, a Tory newspaper previously under the management of his friend William Kennedy. In January, 1830, he was appointed editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, an influential journal conducted on Tory principles. In his hands the journal maintained its high character as an able exponent of ultra-Tory opinions, and he continued its editorship up to the date of his death.

In 1832 there appeared from the press of his friend David Robertson a small volume of his best poetical compositions, entitled *Poems, Narrative and Lyrical*. With the publication of this little book, containing such lyrics as "Jeanie Morrison," "My Heid is like to rend, Willie," and "Wearie's Well," compositions which for soft melancholy and touching tenderness of expression have never been excelled, William Motherwell at once took rank among Scotland's sweetest singers. Miss Mitford says—"Burns is the only poet with whom, for tenderness and pathos, Motherwell can be compared. The elder bard has written much more largely, is more various, more fiery, more abundant; but I doubt if there be in the whole of his collection anything so exquisitely finished, so free from a line too many or a word out of place, as the two great lyric ballads of Motherwell; and let young writers observe, that this finish was the result, not of a curious felicity, but of the nicest elaboration. By touching and re-touching, during many years, did 'Jeanie Morrison' attain her perfection, and yet how completely has art concealed art! How entirely does that charming song appear like an inexpressible gush of feeling that *would* find vent. In 'My Heid is like to rend, Willie,' the appearance of spontaneity is still more striking, as the passion is more intense—intense, indeed, almost to painfulness."

In 1835, in conjunction with the Ettrick Shepherd, Motherwell edited an edition of Burns, to which he contributed the principal part of the biography, with copious notes; and he was collecting material for a life of Tannahill, when he was suddenly struck down by apoplexy, and died after a few hours' illness, Nov. 1, 1835, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. His remains were interred in the Glasgow Necropolis, where an elegant monument with a life-like bust has been erected to his memory.

As a poet Motherwell was happiest in pathetic and sentimental lyrics, though his own inclinations led him to prefer the chivalrous and martial style of the old minstrels. The translations of Scandinavian poetry which he produced are among the most successful and vigorous which have appeared. After his death a new edition of his poems was published, accompanied by a memoir written by his friend

and physician James M'Conechy, who concludes with the following paragraph:—"Upon the whole his place as a minor poet is a distinguished one. He has undoubtedly enriched the language with many noble specimens of manly song; and when it is remembered that he prosecuted his poetical studies in silence and retirement, animated alone by the love of his art, and sustained through many long years of trial by the distant gleam of posthumous fame, it will not be disputed that his motives to action were exalted, and his exertions in the cause of human improvement disinterested." Another competent critic—Christopher North—said of Motherwell: "All his perceptions are clear, for all his senses are sound: he has fine and strong sensibilities, and a powerful

intellect. He has been led by the natural bent of his genius to the old haunts of inspiration—the woods and glens of his native country—and his ears delight to drink the music of her old songs. Many a beautiful ballad has blended its pensive and plaintive pathos with his day-dreams, and while reading some of his happiest effusions we feel—

'The ancient spirit is not dead,—
Old times, we say, are breathing there.'

His style is simple, but in his tenderest movements masculine: he strikes a few bold knocks at the door of the heart, which is instantly opened by the master or mistress of the house, or by son or daughter, and the welcome visitor at once becomes one of the family."

THE MASTER OF WEEMYS.

The Master of Weemys has biggit a ship,
To saile upon the sea;
And four-and-twenty bauld marineres,
Doe beare him companie.

They have hoistit sayle and left the land,
They have saylit mylis three;
When up there lap the bonnie mermaid,
All in the Norland sea.

"O whare saile ye," quo' the bonnie mermaid,
"Upon the saut sea faem?"
"It's we are bounde until Norroway,
God send us skaithless hame!"

"Oh Norroway is a gay gay strande,
And a merrie land I trowe;
But nevir nane sall see Norroway
Gin the mermaid keeps her vowe!"

Down doukit then the mermayden,
Deep intil the middil sea;
And merrie leuch that master bauld,
With his jollie companie.

They saylit awa', and they saylit awa',
They have saylit leagues ten;
When lo! uplap by the gude ship's side
The self-same mermayden.

Shee held a glass intil her richt hande,
In the uthir shee held a kame,
And shee kembit her haire, and aye she sang
As shee flotterit on the faem.

And shee gliskit round and round about,
Upon the waters wan;
O nevir againe on land or sea
Shall be seen sik a faire woman.

And shee shed her haire aff her milk-white
bree
Wi' her fingers sae sma' and lang;
And fast as saylit that gude ship on,
Sae louder was aye her sang.

And aye shee sang, and aye shee sang
As shee rade upon the sea;
"If ye bee men of Christian moulde
Throwe the master out to mee.

"Throwe out to mee the master bauld
If ye bee Christian men;
But an' ye faile, though fast ye sayle,
Ye'll nevir see land agen!"

"Sayle on, sayle on, sayle on," said shee,
"Sayle on and nevir blinne,
The winde at will your saylis may fill,
But the land ye shall never win!"

It's never word spak that master bauld,
But a loud laugh leuch the crewe;
And in the deep then the mermayden
Doun drappit frae their viewe.

But ilk ane kythit her bonnie face,
How dark dark grew its lire;
And ilk ane saw her bricht bricht eyne
Leming like coals o' fire.

And ilk ane saw her lang bricht hair
 Gae flashing through the tide,
 And the sparkles o' the glass shee brake
 Upon that guide ship's side.

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
 The wind blows unco hie;"

"O there's not a sterne in a' the lift
 To guide us through the sea!"

"Steer on, steer on, thou master bauld,
 The storm is coming fast;"

"Then up, then up, my bonnie boy,
 Unto the topmost mast.

"Creep up into the tallest mast,
 Gae up, my ae best man;
 Climb up until the tall top-mast
 And spy gin ye see land."

"Oh all is mirk towards the eist,
 And all is mirk be west;
 Alas there is not a spot of light
 Where any eye can rest!"

"Looke oute, looke oute, my bauldest man,
 Looke out unto the storme,
 And if ye cannot get sicht o' land,
 Do ye see the dawin o' morn?"

"Oh alace! alace! my master deare,"
 Spak' then that ae best man;

"Nor licht, nor land, nor living thing,
 Do I spy on any hand."

"Looke yet agen, my ae best man,
 And tell me what ye do see;"

"O Lord! I spy the false mermayden
 Fast sayling out owre the sea!"

"How can ye spy the fause mermayden
 Fast sayling on the mirk sea,
 For there's neither mune nor mornin' licht—
 In troth it can nevir bee."

"O there is neither mune nor mornin' licht,
 Nor ae star's blink on the sea;
 But as I am a Christian man,
 That witch woman I see!

"Good Lord! there is a scaud o' fire
 Fast coming out owre the sea;
 And fast therein the grim mermayden
 Is sayling on to thee!

"Shee hailes our ship wi' a shrill shrill cry—
 Shee is coming, alace! more near."

"Ah wae is me now," said the master bauld,
 "For I both do see and hear!

"Come down, come down, my ae best man,
 For an ill weird I maun drie;
 Yet, I reckon not for my sinful self,
 But thou my trew companie!"

THE WOOING SONG.

Bright maiden of Orkney, star of the blue sea!
 I've swept o'er the waters to gaze upon thee;
 I've left spoil and slaughter, I've left a far
 strand,

To sing how I love thee, to kiss thy small hand!
 Fair daughter of Einar, golden-haired maid!
 The lord of yon brown bark, and lord of this
 blade;

The joy of the ocean, of warfare and wind,—
 Hath boune him to woo thee, and thou must
 be kind.

So stontly Jarl Egill wooed Torf Einar's daughter.

In Jutland, in Iceland, on Neustria's shore,
 Where'er the dark billow my gallant bark bore,
 Songs spoke of thy beauty, harps sounded thy
 praise,

And my heart loved thee long ere it thrilled in
 thy gaze.

Aye, daughter of Einar, right tall mayst thou
 stand;

It is a Vikingir who kisses thy hand;

It is a Vikingir that bends his proud knee,

And swears by great Freya his bride thou must
 be!

So Jarl Egill swore when his great heart was
 fullest.

Thy white arms are locked in broad bracelets
 of gold;

Thy girdle-stead's gleaming with treasures
 untold;

The circlet that binds up thy long yellow hair,
 Is starred thick with jewels, that bright are
 and rare;

But gifts yet more princely Jarl Egill bestows:
 For girdle, his great arm around thee he throws;
 The bark of a sea-king, for palace, gives he,
 While mad waves and winds shall thy true
 subjects be.

So richly Jarl Egill endowed his bright bride.

Nay, frown not, nor shrink thus, nor toss so
 thy head,

'Tis a Vikingir asks thee, land-maiden, to wed!
 He skills not to woo thee, in trembling and fear,
 Though lords of the land may thus troop with
 the deer.

The cradle he rocked in so sound and so long,
 Hath framed him a heart and a hand that are
 strong;

He comes then as Jarl should, sword belted to side,
To win thee and wear thee with glory and pride.
So sternly Jarl Egill wooed, and smote his long brand.

Thy father, thy brethren, thy kin keep from me,
The maiden I've sworn shall be Queen of the sea!
A truce with that folly,—yon sea-strand can show
If this eye missed its aim, or this arm failed its blow;
I had not well taken three strides on this land,
Ere a Jarl and his six sons in death bit the sand.
Nay, weep not, pale maid, though in battle should fall
The kemps who would keep thy bridegroom from the hall.
So carped Jarl Egill, and kissed the bright weeper.

Through shadows and horrors, in worlds underground,
Through sounds that appall and through sights that confound,
I sought the weird women within their dark cell,
And made them surrender futurity's spell;
I made them rune over the dim scroll so free,
And mutter how fate sped with lovers like me;
Yes, maiden, I forced them to read forth my doom,
To say how I should fare as jolly bridegroom.
So Jarl Egill's love dared the world of grim shadows.

They waxed and they waned, they passed to and fro,
While lurid fires gleamed o'er their faces of snow;
Their stony eyes, moveless, did glare on me long,
Then sullen they chanted: "The sword and the song
Prevail with the gentle, sore chasten the rude,
And sway to their purpose each evil-shaped mood!"
Fair daughter of Einar, I've sung the dark lay
That the weird sisters runed, and which thou must obey.
So fondly Jarl Egill loved Einar's proud daughter.

The curl of that proud lip, the flash of that eye,
The swell of that bosom, so full and so high,
Like foam of sea-billow thy white bosom shows,
Like flash of red levin thine eagle eye glows;
Ha! firmly and boldly, so stately and free,
Thy foot treads this chamber, as bark rides the sea;

**

This likes me,—this likes me, stout maiden of mould,
Thou wooest to purpose; bold hearts love the bold.
So shouted Jarl Egill, and clutched the proud maiden.

Away and away then, I have thy small hand;
Joy with me,—our tall bark now bears toward the strand;
I call it the Raven, the wing of black night,
That shadows forth ruin o'er islands of light;
Once more on its long deck, behind us the gale,
Thou shalt see how before it great kingdoms do quail;
Thou shalt see then how truly, my noble-souled maid,
The ransom of kings can be won by this blade.
So bravely Jarl Egill did soothe the pale trembler.

Aye, gaze on his large hilt, one wedge of red gold;
But doat on its blade, gilt with blood of the bold.
The hilt is right seemly, but nobler the blade,
That swart Velint's hammer with cunning spells made.
I call it the adder, death lurks in its bite,
Through bone and proof-harness it scatters pale light.
Fair daughters of Einar, deem high of the fate
That makes thee, like this blade, proud Egill's loved mate!
So Jarl Egill bore off Torf Einar's bright daughter.

THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

They come! the merry summer months of beauty, song, and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad; fling cark and care aside;
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Scan through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquillity.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup are nodding courteously;
It stirs their blood with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;

And mark how with thine own thin locks—
they now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whis-
pering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of
yon sky;
But hath its own winged mariners to give it
melody;
Thou seest their glittering fans outspread, all
gleaming like red gold;
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry
course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones, who, far
above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a
nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,—from
yonder wood it came!
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe
his own glad name;—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that, apart from
all his kind,
Slow spells his beads monotonous to the soft
western wind;
Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again,—his notes are
void of art;
But simplest strains do soonest sound the deep
founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-
crazed wight like me,
To smell again these summer flowers beneath
this summer tree!
To suck once more in every breath their little
souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's
bright summer day,
When, rushing forth, like untamed colt, the
reckless truant boy
Wandered through greenwoods all day long, a
mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had cause; but, oh!
I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount, loved of yore, I yet
delight to drink;—

Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the
calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the
days gone by.
When summer's loveliness and light fall round
me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart
that hath waxed old!

JEANIE MORRISON.¹

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luv o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn ower me Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luv grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygone years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither leir;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think,
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

¹ The heroine of this song, Miss Jane Morrison, afterwards Mrs. Murdoch, was daughter of Mr. Ebenezer Morrison, brewer in Alloa. In the autumn of 1807, when in her seventh year, she became a pupil of Mr. Lennie, and for several months occupied the same class-room with young Motherwell. Of the flame which she had excited in the susceptible heart of her boy-lover she was totally unconscious. Mr. Lennie, however, in a statement published by the editor of Motherwell's poems, refers to the strong impression which she made on the young poet; he describes her as "a pretty

girl, and of good capacity." "Her hair," he adds, "was of a lightish brown, approaching to fair; her eyes were dark, and had a sweet and gentle expression; her temper was mild, and her manners unassuming." In 1823 Miss Morrison became the wife of Mr. John Murdoch, commission-agent in Glasgow, who died in 1829. She never met the poet in after life, and the ballad of "Jeanie Morrison" had been published for several years before she became aware that she was the heroine.
—Rev. Charles Rogers.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
 We cleeked thegither hame?
 And mind ye o' the Saturdays
 (The scule then skail't at noon),
 When we ran aff to speel the braes,—
 The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about—
 My heart flows like a sea,
 As ane by ane the thochts rush back
 O' scule-time and o' thee.
 O mornin' life! O mornin' luv!
 O lightsome days and lang,
 When hinnied hopes around our hearts
 Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luv, how aft we left
 The deavin', dinsome toun,
 To wander by the green burn side,
 And hear its waters croon?
 The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
 The flowers burst round our feet,
 And in the gloamin' o' the wood
 The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
 The burn sang to the trees—
 And we, with nature's heart in tune,
 Concerted harmonies;
 And on the knowe abune the burn
 For hours thegither sat,
 In the silentness o' joy, till baith
 Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Tears trinkled doun your cheek
 Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
 Had ony power to speak!
 That was a time, a blessed time,
 When hearts were fresh and young,
 When freely gushed all feelings forth,
 Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
 Gin I hae been to thee
 As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
 As ye hae been to me?
 O, tell me gin their music fills
 Thine ear as it does mine!
 O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
 Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
 I've borne a weary lot;
 But in my wanderings, far or near,
 Ye never were forgot.
 The fount that first burst frae this heart
 Still travels on its way,

And channels deeper, as it rins,
 The luv o' life's young day.

O, dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
 Since we were sindered young
 I've never seen your face, nor heard
 The music o' your tongue;
 But I could hug all wretchedness,
 And happy could I die,
 Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
 O' bygone days and me!

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE.

My heid is like to rend, Willie—
 My heart is like to break;
 I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie—
 I'm dyin' for your sake!
 O, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
 Your hand on my briest-bane,—
 O, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
 When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,—
 Sair grief maun hae its will;
 But let me rest upon your briest
 To sab and greet my fill.
 Let me sit on your knee, Willie,—
 Let me shed by your hair,
 And look into the face, Willie,
 I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
 For the last time in my life,—
 A pair heart-broken thing, Willie,
 A mither, yet nae wife.
 Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
 And press it mair and mair,—
 Or it will burst the silken twine,
 Sae strang is its despair.

O, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
 When we thegither met,—
 O, wae's me for the time, Willie,
 That our first tryst was set!
 O, wae's me for the loanin' green
 Where we were wont to gae,—
 And wae's me for the destinie
 That gart me luv thee sae!

O, dinna mind my words, Willie—
 I downa seek to blame;
 But O, it's hard to live, Willie,
 And dree a world's shame!
 Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
 And hailin' ower your chin:

Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,—
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie—
A sair stoun' through my heart;
Oh, hand me up, and let me kiss
That brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!—
How fast my life-strings break!—
Fareweel, fareweel! through yon kirkyard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
That lilt far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But O, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be—
And O, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luv'd ane but thee!
And O, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That fill my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek, and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

THE MERMAIDEN.

"The nicht is mirk, and the wind blaws shill,
And the white faem weets my bree,
And my mind misg'ies me, gay maiden,
That the land we sall never see!"
Then up and spak' the mermaiden,
And she spak' blythe and free,
"I never said to my bonny bridegroom,
That on land we sud weddit be.

"Oh! I never said that ane erthlie preest
Our bridal blessing should gi'e,
And I never said that a landwart bouir
Should hald my luv and me."
"And whare is that preest, my bonny maiden,
If ane erthlie wicht is na he?"
"Oh! the wind will sough, and the sea will rair,
When weddit we twa sall be."

"And whare is that bouir, my bonnie maiden,
If on land it sud na be?"
"Oh! my blythe bouir is low," said the mer-
maiden,
"In the bonny green howes o' the sea:
My gay bouir is biggit o' the gude ships' keels,
And the banes o' the drowned at sea:
The fisch are the deer that fill my parks,
And the water waste my dourie.

"And my bouir is sklaitit wi' the big blue waves,
And paved wi' the yellow sand;
And in my chaumers grow bonnie white flowers
That never grew on land.
And have ye e'er seen, my bonnie bridegroom,
A leman on earth that wud gi'e
Aiker for aiker o' the red plough'd land,
As I'll gie to thee o' the sea?

"The mune will rise in half ane hour,
And the wee bricht sternes will schine;
Then we'll sink to my bouir 'neath the wan water
Full fifty fathom and nine."
A wild, wild skreich gied the fey bridegroom,
And a loud, loud laugh the bride;
For the mune raise up, and the twa sank down
Under the silver'd tide.

WEARIE'S WELL.

In a saft simmer gloamin',
In yon dowie dell,
It was there we twa first met,
By Wearie's cauld well.
We sat on the broom bank,
And looked in the burn,
But sidelang we look'd on
Ilk ither in turn.

The corneraik was chirring
His sad eerie cry,
And the wee stars were dreaming
Their path through the sky;
The burn babbled freely
Its love to ilk flower,
But we heard and we saw nought
In that blessed hour.

We heard and we saw nought,
Above or around;
We felt that our love lived,
And loathed idle sound.
I gazed on your sweet face
Till tears filled my e'e,
And they drapt on your wee loof—
A warld's wealth to me.

Now the winter snaw's fa'ing
 On bare holm and lea,
 And the cauld wind is strippin'
 Ilk leaf aff the tree.
 But the snaw fa's not faster,
 Nor leaf disna part
 Sae sune frae the bough, as
 Faith fades in your heart.

Ye've waled out anither
 You're bridegroom to be;
 But can his heart luv sae
 As mine luvit thee?
 Ye'll get biggings and mailings,
 And mony braw claes;
 But they a' winna buy back
 The peace o' past days.

Fareweel, and for ever,
 My first luv and last;
 May thy joys be to come—
 Mine live in the past.
 In sorrow and sadness
 This hour fa's on me;
 But light, as thy luv, may
 It fleet over thee!

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth sigh,
 Like some sweet plaintive melody
 Of ages long gone by!
 It speaks a tale of other years,—
 Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
 Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
 And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully,
 This midnight wind doth moan!
 It stirs some chord of memory
 In each dull, heavy tone;
 The voices of the much-loved dead
 Seem floating thereupon,—
 All, all my fond heart cherished
 Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
 This midnight wind doth swell
 With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,—
 Hope's passionate farewell
 To the dreamy joys of early years,
 Ere yet grief's canker fell
 On the heart's bloom—ay! well may tears
 Start at that parting knell!

THE DYING POET.¹

When I beneath the cold red earth am sleeping,
 Life's fever o'er,
 Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
 That I'm no more?
 Will there be any heart still memory keeping
 Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests
 rushing,
 Like full hearts break,
 When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully
 gushing,
 Sad music make;
 Will there be one whose heart despair is crushing
 Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
 With purest ray,
 And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms
 twining,
 Burst through that clay;
 Will there be one still on that spot repining
 Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the amplex sweeping
 Of her dark pall;
 The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
 The great and small—
 Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
 For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
 On that low mound;
 And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
 Its loneliness crowned;
 Will there be then one versed in misery's story
 Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
 To ask such meed,—
 A weakness and a wickedness to borrow,
 From hearts that bleed,
 The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
 Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
 Thou gentle heart;

¹ This pathetic poem was written the very month of the poet's death. He handed it to a friend a few days before his decease. On its first publication in a Glasgow paper it was accompanied by the remark that no slight interest had been excited in that city in noticing how the prophetic yearning of the dying poet for the memory of affection had been realized—his grave having been frequently visited by a young female, keeping fresh the floral memorials of love and grief offered there.—Ed.

And though thy bosom should with grief be
swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain, for time hath long been knelling—
Sad one, depart!

THE CAVALIER'S SONG.

A steed! a steed of matchlesse speed!
A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse—
All else on earth is meane.
The neighynge of the war-horse prowde,
The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangour of the trumpet lowde—
Be soundes from heaven that come.

And, oh! the thundering presse of knightes,
When as their war-cryes swelle,
May tole from heaven an angel bright,
And rowse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte, brave gallants all,
And don your helmes amaine;
Deathe's couriers, fame and honour, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish tears shall fill our eye
When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
Hearte-whole we'll parte, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land.
Let piping swaine, and craven wight,
Thus weepe, and puling crye;
Our businesse is like men to fighte,
And like to heroes, die!

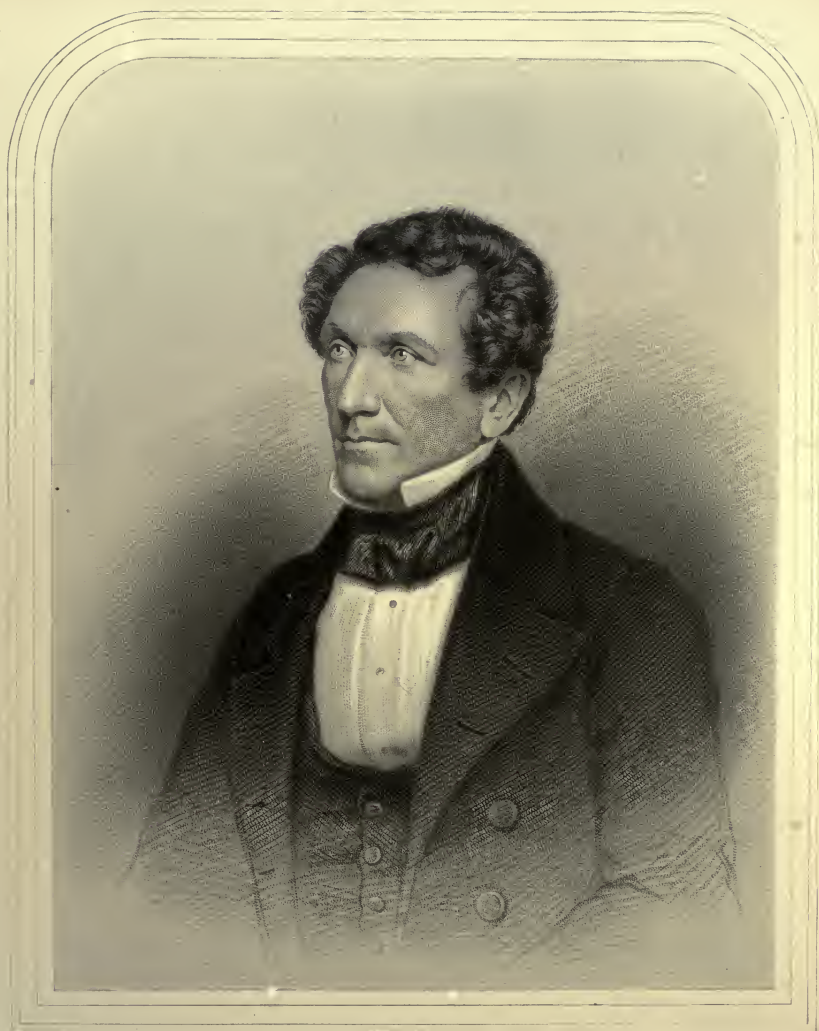
DAVID MACBETH MOIR.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1851.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR, an accomplished poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Musselburgh, Jan. 5, 1798. He received his education at the grammar-school of his native town, and subsequently attended the medical classes of the University of Edinburgh. In his eighteenth year he obtained the diploma of surgeon, and entered into partnership with Dr. Brown of Musselburgh. Dr. Moir wrote verses from an early age, and in 1816 published anonymously a volume called *The Bombardment of Algiers, and other Poems*, which was distributed almost wholly amongst his friends. From its commencement he was a contributor to Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine*, and during a long series of years wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine*, subscribing his graver pieces for the latter with the Greek letter Δ (Delta). In 1824 he published his *Legend of Genevieve, with other Tales and Poems*, which comprised selections from his contributions to the magazines and several new pieces. His next volume was an admirable imitation of the style of Galt, under the title *Autobiography of Mansie Waugh, Tailor in Dalkeith*. Most of this amusing book had previously appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*,

and it was greatly relished for its simplicity, shrewdness, and exhibition of genuine Scottish character. Moir's biographer says of this entertaining autobiography: "Burns has almost completely missed those many peculiar features of the national character and manners which are brought out so inimitably in *Mansie Waugh*. *Mansie* himself is a perfect portraiture; and how admirably in keeping with the central autobiographer are the characters and scenes which revolve around his needle!"

In 1831 appeared *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine*. During the fearful visitation of cholera which swept over Europe at this time, when many physicians abandoned their duty in despair or fled from it in terror, Moir was to be found daily and hourly at the bedsides of the infected, endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of the sick by the resources of his skill, or to comfort the dying with the consolations of religion. In 1832 he issued a pamphlet entitled *Practical Observations on Malignant Cholera*, which he followed by *Proofs of the Contagion of Malignant Cholera*. In 1843 another volume of poems appeared, entitled *Domestic Verses*. In 1851 he delivered a course of six lectures at the Edin-



Engraved by W. Roffe from a Photograph.

DAVID MACBETH MOIR, M.D.

(DELTA)

burgh Philosophical Institution on the poetical literature of the past half century, which was afterwards published and met with a very large sale. In June of that year his health became much impaired, and in July he proceeded to Dumfries for a change of air and scene, but he died there suddenly, July 6, 1851. His remains were interred in his native place, where a beautiful monument has been erected to his memory.

After Dr. Moir's death a collected edition of his best poems was published in Edinburgh, under the editorial superintendence of Thomas Aird, who prefixed to the work an interesting memoir of his friend. Lord Jeffrey in a letter to Moir said of his *Domestic Verses*, a new edition of which appeared recently, "I cannot resist the impulse of thanking you with all my heart for the deep gratification you have afforded me, and the soothing, and I hope *bettering*, emotions which you have excited. I am sure that what you have written is more genuine pathos than anything almost I have ever read in verse, and is so tender and true, so sweet and natural, as to make all lower recommendations indifferent." Jeffrey has very correctly set forth the character of Moir's poetry. "Casa Wappy," perhaps the best

known of his poems, was written by Dr. Moir on the death of his favourite child, Charles Bell—familiarily called by him "Casa Wappy," a self-conferred pet name—who died at the age of four years. It is one of the most tender and touching effusions in the English language.

We cannot conclude this notice of the Christian poet and accomplished gentleman without quoting a few lines from an old volume of *Maga*: "His, indeed, was a life far more devoted to the service of others than to his own personal aggrandizement—a life whose value can only be appreciated now, when he has been called to receive his reward in that better world, the passport to which he sought so diligently—in youth as in manhood, in happiness as in sorrow—to obtain. Bright as the flowers may be which are twined for the coronal of the poet, they have no glory when placed beside the wreath which belongs to the departed Christian. We have represented Delta as he was—as he must remain ever in the affectionate memory of his friends: and with this brief and unequal tribute to his surpassing worth we take farewell of the gentlest and kindest being, of the most true and single-hearted man, whom we may ever hope to meet with in the course of this earthly pilgrimage."

CASA WAPPY.

And hast thou sought thy heavenly home,
 Our fond dear boy—
 The realms where sorrow dare not come,
 Where life is joy?
 Pure at thy death as at thy birth,
 Thy spirit caught no taint from earth,
 Even by its bliss we mete our dearth,
 Casa Wappy!

Despair was in our last farewell,
 As closed thine eye;
 Tears of our anguish may not tell
 When thou didst die;
 Words may not paint our grief for thee,
 Sighs are but bubbles on the sea
 Of our unfathom'd agony,
 Casa Wappy!

Thou wert a vision of delight
 To bless us given;
 Beauty embodied to our sight,
 A type of heaven.

So dear to us thou wert, thou art
 Even less thine own self than a part
 Of mine and of thy mother's heart,
 Casa Wappy!

Thy bright, brief day knew no decline—
 'Twas cloudless joy;
 Sunrise and night alone were thine,
 Beloved boy!
 This morn beheld thee blithe and gay;
 That found thee prostrate in decay;
 And ere a third shone, clay was clay,
 Casa Wappy!

Gem of our hearth, our household pride,
 Earth's undefiled,
 Could love have saved, thou hadst not died,
 Our dear, sweet child!
 Humbly we bow to Fate's decree;
 Yet had we hoped that Time should see
 Thee mourn for us, not us for thee,
 Casa Wappy!

Do what I may, go where I will,
 Thou meet'st my sight;
 There dost thou glide before me still—
 A form of light!

I feel thy breath upon my cheek—
 I see thee smile, I hear thee speak—
 Till oh! my heart is like to break,
 Casa Wappy!

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
 With glance of stealth;
 The hair thrown back from thy full brow
 In buoyant health;

I see thine eyes' deep violet light—
 Thy dimpled cheek carnationed bright—
 Thy clasping arms so round and white—
 Casa Wappy!

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
 Thy bat—thy bow—
 Thy cloak and bonnet—club and ball;
 But where art thou?

A corner holds thine empty chair;
 Thy playthings, idly scatter'd there,
 But speak to us of our despair,
 Casa Wappy!

Even to the last, thy every word—
 To glad—to grieve—
 Was sweet, as sweetest song of bird
 On summer's eve;

In outward beauty undecayed,
 Death o'er thy spirit cast no shade,
 And, like the rainbow, thou didst fade,
 Casa Wappy!

We mourn for thee, when blind, blank night
 The chamber fills;

We pine for thee, when morn's first light
 Reddens the hills;

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
 All—to the wallflower and wild pea—
 Are changed; we saw the world thro' thee,
 Casa Wappy!

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
 Of casual mirth,

It doth not own, whate'er may seem,
 An inward birth;

We miss thy small step on the stair;—
 We miss thee at thine evening prayer;
 All day we miss thee—everywhere—
 Casa Wappy!

Snows muffled earth when thou didst go,
 In life's spring bloom,
 Down to the appointed house below—
 The silent tomb.
 But now the green leaves of the tree,

The cuckoo, and "the busy bee,"
 Return—but with them bring not thee,
 Casa Wappy!

'Tis so; but can it be—while flowers
 Revive again—
 Man's doom, in death that we and ours
 For aye remain?

Oh! can it be, that, o'er the grave,
 The grass renewed should yearly wave,
 Yet God forget our child to save?—
 Casa Wappy!

It cannot be; for were it so
 Thus man could die,
 Life were a mockery—thought were woe—
 And truth a lie;—
 Heaven were a coinage of the brain—
 Religion frenzy—virtue vain—
 And all our hopes to meet again,
 Casa Wappy!

Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
 With beam of love,
 A star, death's uncongenial wild
 Smiling above!

Soon, soon thy little feet have trod
 The skyward path, the seraph's road,
 That led thee back from man to God,
 Casa Wappy!

Yet, 'tis sweet balm to our despair,
 Fond, fairest boy,
 That heaven is God's, and thou art there,
 With him in joy;

There past are death and all its woes,
 There beauty's stream for ever flows,
 And pleasure's day no sunset knows,
 Casa Wappy!

Farewell then—for a while, farewell—
 Pride of my heart!
 It cannot be that long we dwell,
 Thus torn, apart.

Time's shadows like the shuttle flee;
 And, dark howe'er life's night may be,
 Beyond the grave I'll meet with thee,
 Casa Wappy!

THE WINTER WILD.

How sudden hath the snow come down!
 Last night the new moon show'd her horn,
 And, o'er December's moorland brown,
 Rain on the breeze' wing was borne;
 But, when I ope my shutters, lo!
 Old earth hath changed her garb again,

And, with its fleecy whitening, snow
O'er mantles hill and cumbers plain.

Bright snow, pure snow, I love thee well,
Thou art a friend of ancient days;
Whene'er mine eyes upon thee dwell,
Long-buried thoughts 'tis thine to raise;—
Far—to remotest infancy—
My pensive mind thou hurriest back,
When first, pure blossoms of the sky,
I watch'd to earth your mazy track—

And upward look'd, with wondering eyes,
To see the heavens with motion teem,
And butterflies, a thousand ways
Down flaking in an endless stream;
The roofs around all clothed with white,
And leafless trees with feathery claws,
And horses black with drapery bright—
Oh, what a glorious sight it was!

Each season had its joys in store,
From out whose treasury boyhood chose;
What though blue summer's reign was o'er,
Had winter not its storms and snows?
The giant then aloft was piled,
And balls in mimic war were toss'd,
And thumps dealt round in trickery wild,
As felt the passer to his cost.

The wintry day was as a spell
Unto the spirit—'twas delight
To note its varying aspects well,
From dawn to noon, from noon to night,
Pale morning on the hills afar—
The low sun's ineffectual gleam—
The twinkling of the evening star
Reflected in the frozen stream:

And when the silver moon shone forth
O'er lands and lakes, in white array'd,
And dancing in the stormy North
The red electric streamers play'd;
'Twas ecstasy, 'neath tinkling trees,
All low-born thoughts and cares exiled,
To listen to the Polar breeze,
And look upon "the winter wild."

Hollo! make way along the line:—
Hark how the peasant scuds along—
His iron heels, in concord fine,
Brattling afar their under-song:
And see, that urchin, ho-ieroe!
His truant legs they sink from under,
And to the quaking sheet below,
Down thwacks he, with a thud like thunder!

The skater then, with motion nice,
In semicirque and graceful wheel,
Chalks out upon the dark clear ice
His chart of voyage with his heel;

Now skimming underneath the boughs—
Amid the crowd now gliding lone—
Where down the rink the curler throws,
With dext'rous arm, his booming stone.

Behold! upon the lapsing stream
The frost-work of the night appears—
Beleaguer'd castles round which gleam
A thousand glittering crystal spears;
Here galleys sail of shape grotesque;
There hills o'erspread with palmy trees;
And, mixed with temples Arabesque—
Bridges and pillar'd towers Chinese.

Ever doth winter bring to me
Deep reminiscence of the past;
The opening flower and leafing tree—
The sky without a cloud o'ercast—
Themselves of beauty speak, and throw
A gleam of present joy around,
But, at each silent fall of snow,
Our hearts to boyhood's pulses bound—

To boyhood turns reflection back,
With mournful pleasure to behold
Life's early morn, the sunny track
Of feet, now mingled with the mould;
Where are the playmates of those years?
Hills rise and oceans roll between:
We call—but scarcely one appears—
No more shall be what once hath been.

Yes! gazing o'er the bleak, green sea,
The snow-clad peaks and desert plain,
Mirror'd in thought, methinks to me
The spectral past comes back again:
Once more in retrospection's eyes,
As 'twere to second life restored,
The perish'd and the past arise,
The early lost, and long deplor'd!

HEIGH-HO!

A pretty young maiden sat on the grass—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And by a blythe young shepherd did pass,
In the summer morning so early.
Said he, "My lass, will you go with me,
My cot to keep and my bride to be;
Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,
And I will love you rarely."

"O! no, no, no!" the maiden said—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
And bashfully turn'd aside her head,
On that summer morning so early.
"My mother is old, my mother is frail,
Our cottage it lies in yon green dale;

I dare not list to any such tale,
For I love my kind mother rarely."

The shepherd took her lily-white hand—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!
And on her beauty did gazing stand,
On that summer morning so early.
"Thy mother I ask thee not to leave,
Alone in her frail old age to grieve;
But my home can hold us all, I believe—
Will that not please thee fairly?"

"O, no, no, no! I am all too young"—
Sing heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho!—
"I dare not list to a young man's tongue,
On a summer morning so early."
But the shepherd to gain her heart was bent;
Oft she strove to go, but she never went;
And at length she fondly blush'd consent—
Heaven blesses true lovers so fairly.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

There is no sound upon the night,
As by the shaded lamp I trace,
My babe, in smiling beauty bright,
The changes of thy sleeping face.

Hallow'd to us shall be the hour,
Yea, sacred through all time to come,
Which gave us thee,—a living flower,
To bless and beautify our home!

Thy presence is a charm, which wakes
A new creation to my sight;
Gives life another hue, and makes
The wither'd green—the faded bright.

Pure as a lily of the brook,
Heaven's signet on thy forehead lies;
And Heaven is read in every look;
My daughter, of thy soft blue eyes.

In sleep, thy little spirit seems
To some bright realm to wander back;
And seraphs, mingling with thy dreams,
Allure thee to their shining track.

Already, like a vernal flower,
I see thee opening to the light,
And day by day, and hour by hour,
Becoming more divinely bright.

Yet in my gladness stirs a sigh,
Even for the blessing of thy birth,
Knowing how sins and sorrows try
Mankind, and darken o'er the earth!

Ah! little dost thou ween, my child,
The dangers of the way before;

How rocks in every path are piled,
Which few unharm'd can clamber o'er.

Sweet bud of beauty! how wilt thou
Endure the bitter tempest's strife?
Shall thy blue eyes be dimm'd—thy brow
Indented by the cares of life?

If years are destined thine, alas!
It may be—ah! it must be so;
For all that live and breathe, the glass
Which must be quaff'd, is drugg'd with
woe.

Yet, could a father's prayers avail,
So calm thy skies of life should be,
That thou should'st glide beneath the sail
Of virtue, on a stormless sea:

And ever on thy thoughts, my child,
His sacred truth should be impress'd—
Grief clouds the soul to sin beguiled,
Who liveth best, God loveth best.

Across thy path Religion's star
Should ever shed its healing ray,
To lead thee from this world's vain jar,
To scenes of peace, and purer day.

Shun vice—the breath of her abode
Is poison'd, though with roses strewn!—
And cling to virtue; though the road
Be thorny, boldly travel on!

Yes; travel on—nor turn thee round,
Though dark the way and deep the shade;
Till on that shore thy feet be found,
Where bloom the palms that never fade.

For thee I ask not riches—thou
Wert wealthy with a spotless name:
I ask not beauty—for thy brow
Is fair as fancy's wish could claim.

Be thine a spirit loathing guilt,
To duty wed, from malice free:
Be like thy mother,—and thou wilt
Be all my soul desires to see.

MARY DHU.

Sweet, sweet is the rose-bud
Bathed in dew;
But sweeter art thou,
My Mary dhu.
Oh! the skies of night,
With their eyes of light,
Are not so bright
As my Mary dhu.

Whenever thy radiant face I see,
The clouds of sorrow depart from me;
As the shadows fly
From day's bright eye,
Thou lightest life's sky,
My Mary dhu!

Sad, sad is my heart,
When I sigh, Adieu!
Or gaze on thy parting,
My Mary dhu!

Then for thee I mourn,
Till thy steps' return
Bids my bosom burn,—
My Mary dhu.

I think but of thee on the broom-clad hills,
I muse but of thee by the moorland rills;
In the morning light,
In the moonshine bright,
Thou art still in my sight,
My Mary dhu.

Thy voice trembles through me
Like the breeze,
That ruffles, in gladness,
The leafy trees;
'Tis a wafted tone
From heaven's high throne,
Making hearts thine own,
My Mary dhu.

Be the flowers of joy ever round thy feet,
With colours glowing and incense sweet;
And when thou must away,
May life's rose decay
In the west wind's sway,
My Mary dhu!

THE SABBATH.

If earth hath aught that speaks to us of heaven,
'Tis when, within some lone and leafy dell,
Solemn and slow, we list the Sabbath bell
On music's wings through the clear ether driven;
Say not the sounds aloud, "Oh man, 'twere
well

Hither to come, nor walk in sins unshriven!
Haste to this temple, tidings ye shall hear,
Ye who are sorrowful, and sick in soul,
Your doubts to chase—your downcastness to
cheer;

To bind affliction's wounds, and make you whole;
Hither—come hither; though, with Tyrian dye
Guilt hath polluted you, yet, white as snow,
Cleansed by the streams that from this altar
flow,
Home ye shall pass to meet your Maker's eye."

MOONLIGHT CHURCHYARD.

Round thee, pure moon, a ring of snowy clouds
Hover, like children round their mother dear
In silence and in joy, for ever near
The footsteps of her love. Within their shrouds,
Lonely, the slumbering dead encompass me!
Thy silver beams the mouldering Abbey float,
Black rails, memorial stones, are strew'd about;
And the leaves rustle on the hollow tree.
Shadows mark out the undulating graves;
Tranquilly, tranquilly the departed lie!—
Time is an ocean, and mankind the waves
That reach the dim shores of eternity;
Death strikes; and silence, 'mid the evening
gloom,
Sits spectre-like the guardian of the tomb!

RURAL SCENERY.

Receded hills afar of softened blue,
Tall bowing trees, through which the sun-
beams shoot
Down to the waveless lake, birds never mute,
And wild flowers all around of every hue—
Sure 'tis a lovely scene. There, knee-deep stand,
Safe from the fierce sun, the o'ershadowed kine,
And to the left, where cultured fields expand,
'Mid tufts of scented thorn, the sheep recline,
Lone quiet farmsteads, haunts that ever please;
O how inviting to the traveller's eye
Ye rise on yonder uplands, 'mid your trees
Of shade and shelter! Every sound from these
Is eloquent of peace, in earth and sky,
And pastoral beauty and Arcadian ease.

THE SCHOOL BANK.

Upon this bank we met, my friend and I—
A lapse of years had intervening pass'd
Since I had heard his voice or seen him last;
The starting tear-drop trembled in his eye.
Silent we thought upon the school-boy days
Of mirth and happiness for ever flown;
When rushing out the careless crowd did raise
Their thoughtless voices—now, we were alone,
Alone amid the landscape—'twas the same;
Where were our loud companions? Some, alas!
Silent reposed among the church-yard grass,
And some were known, and most unknown, to
fame:
And some were wanderers on the homeless deep;
And where they all were happy—we did weep.

ALEXANDER SMART.

BORN 1798—DIED 1866.

ALEXANDER SMART, the author of numerous excellent songs, was born at Montrose, April 26, 1798. A portion of his school education was received from one Norval, a teacher in the Montrose Academy, and a model of the tyrant pedagogues of the past, whose mode of infusing knowledge was afterwards satirized by Smart in his poem entitled "Recollections of Auld Langsyne." He was apprenticed to a watch-maker in his native town, and on the completion of his time of service removed to Edinburgh, where he followed the vocation of a compositor. In 1834 he issued a volume of poems and songs, entitled *Rambling Rhymes*, from which we make the subjoined selections. His volume attracted considerable attention, and Francis Jeffrey wrote to its author in the following terms:—"I had scarcely read any of your little book when I acknowledged the receipt of it. I have now, however, gone through every word of it, and find I have more to thank you for than I was then aware of. I do not allude so much to the very flattering sonnet you have been pleased to inscribe with my name, as to the many passages of great poetical beauty, and to the still greater number expres-

sive of (and inspired by) those gentle affections, and just and elevated sentiments, which it is so delightful to find in the works of persons of the middling class, on whose time the calls of a necessary and often laborious industry must press so heavily. I cannot tell you the pride and the pleasure I have in such indications, not of cultivated intellect only, but of moral delicacy and elegant taste, in the tradesmen and artisans of our country." A second and enlarged edition was issued in 1845. Smart is also the author of numerous excellent prose sketches, some of which have appeared in *Hogg's Instructor*. He died at Morningside, near Edinburgh, October 19, 1866, after a protracted mental illness, bringing to a close a life of strenuous toil, generous thoughts, and noble aspirations. Many of Smart's sweetest lyrics were the offspring of his happy domestic relationships and his tender friendships. Several of his short pieces, such as "Better than Gold" and "The Empty Chair," breathe a spirit of true poetry. His *Songs of Labour* contain many admirable compositions, and in his *Rhymes for Little Readers* the fables of Æsop are admirably versified.

SPRING-TIME.

The cauld north wind has sougled awa',
The snaw has left the hill,
And briskly to the wastlin' breeze
Reels round yon bonny mill;
The cheery spring, in robes o' green,
Comes laughin' ower the lea,
While burnies by their flowery banks
Rin singin' to the sea.

The lintie whids amang the whins,
Or whistles on the thorn;
The bee comes hummin' frae his byke,
And tunes his bugle-horn;
The craik rins rispin' through the corn,
The hare scuds down the furrow;
The merry lav'rock frae the lift
Pipes out his blythe gude-morrow.

Now springs the docken by the dyke,
The nettle on the knowe;
The puddock's croakin' in the pool,
Where green the rushes grow;
The primrose nods its yellow head,
The gowan sports its charms;
The burrie thistle to the breeze
Flings out its prickly arms.

Now moudiewarts begin to howk
And bore the tender fallow;
And deuks are paidlin' in the pool,
Where skims the gapin' swallow;
The clockin' hen, wi' clamorous din,
The midden scarts an' scrubs;
The guse brings a' her gaislins out,
To daidle through the dubs.

Now bairns get aff their hose an' shoon,
 And rin' ther'out a' barefit;
 But rantin' through the bloomin' whins,
 The rogues get mony a sair fit.
 Ill fares it then, by bush or brake,
 If on the nest they light,
 Of buntlin' wi' the tuneless beak,
 Or ill-starred yellow-yite.

The gowk's heard in the leafy wood,
 The lambs frisk o'er the field;
 The wee bird gathers tait's o' woo,
 To busk its cozy bed;
 The corbie croaks upon the tree,
 His auld paternal tower;
 While the sentimental cushie doo
 Croods in her greenwood bower.

The kye gae lowin' o'er the loan,
 As cheery daylight fades;
 And bats come flaffin' through the fauld,
 And birds gae to their beds;
 Then jinkin' out by bent an' brae,
 When they are seen by no man,
 The lads and lasses blithely meet,
 And cuddle in the gloamin'.

The cauld north wind has soughed awa',
 The snaw has left the hill,
 And briskly to the wastlin' breeze
 Reels round yon bonny mill;
 The cheery spring, in robes o' green,
 Comes laughin' over the lea,
 While burnies by their flowery banks
 Rin singin' to the sea.

MADIE'S SCHULE.

When weary wi' toil, or when cankered wi' care,
 Remembrance takes wing like a bird o' the air,
 And free as a thought that ye canna confine,
 It flees to the pleasures o' bonnie langsyne.
 In fancy I bound o'er the green sunny braes,
 And drink up the bliss o' the lang summer days,
 Or sit sae demure on a wee creepy stool,
 And con ower my lesson in auld Madie's schule.

Up four timmer stairs, in a garret fu' clean,
 In awful authority Madie was seen;
 Her close-luggit mutch towered aloft in its pride,
 Her lang winsey apron flowed down by her side,
 The taws on her lap like some dreaded snake lay,
 Aye watchin' an' ready to spring on its prey;
 The wheel at her foot, an' the cat on her knee,—
 Nae queen on her throne mair majestic than she!

To the whir o' the wheel while auld baudrons
 would sing,

On stools, wee an' muckle, a' ranged in a ring,
 Ilk idle bit urchin, wha glowered aff his book,
 Was caught in a twinklin' by Madie's dread look.
 She ne'er spak' a word, but the taws she would
 fling!

The sad leather whang up the culprit maun
 bring,

While his sair bluthered face, as the palmies
 would fa',

Proclaimed through the schule an example to a'.

But though Madie could punish, she weel could
 reward,

The gude and the eydant aye won her regard—
 A Saturday penny she freely would gie,
 And the second best scholar got aye a bawbee.
 It sweetened the joys o' that dear afternoon,
 When free as the breeze in the blossoms o' June,
 And blythe as the lav'rock that sang ower the lea,
 Were the happy wee laddies frae bondage set free.

And then when she washed we were sure o' the
 play,

And Wednesday aye brought the grand washin'
 day,

When Madie relaxed frae her sternness a wee,
 And announced the event wi' a smile in her e'e;
 The tidings were hailed wi' a thrill o' delight—
 E'en drowsy auld baudrons rejoiced at the sight,
 While Madie, dread Madie! would laugh in her
 chair,

As in order we tript down the lang timmer stair.

But the schule is now skailt, and will ne'er again
 meet—

Nae mair on the timmer stair sound our wee feet;
 The taws and the penny are vanished for aye,
 And gane is the charm o' the dear washin' day.
 Her subjects are scattered—some lang dead and
 gane—

But dear to remembrance wi' them wha remain,
 Are the days when they sat on a wee creepy stool,
 An' conned ower their lesson in auld Madie's
 schule.

OH, LEAVE ME NOT.

Oh, leave me not! the evening hour,
 So soft, so still, is all our own;
 The dew descends on tree and flower,
 They breathe their sweets for thee alone.
 Oh, go not yet! the evening star,
 The rising moon, all bid thee stay;
 And dying echoes, faint and far,
 Invite our lingering steps to stray.

Far from the city's noisy din,
 Beneath the pale moon's trembling light,
 That lip to press, those smiles to win,
 Will lend a rapture to the night.

Let fortune fling her favours free
 To whom she will, I'll ne'er repine;
 Oh, what is all the world to me
 While thus I clasp and call thee mine!

JOANNA B. PICKEN.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1859.

JOANNA BELFRAGE PICKEN, authoress of several admired Scottish songs and *vers de société*, was born at Edinburgh, May 8, 1798. She was a daughter of the "Poet of Paisley," as Ebenezer Picken was familiarly called, and Robina, sister of the Rev. Dr. Henry Belfrage, the Christian author and philanthropist. Her earliest poems were contributed to the *Glasgow Courier* and *Free Press* in 1828. Miss Picken emigrated to Canada in 1842, settling in the

city of Montreal, and during her residence there contributed under the signature of "Alpha" to the *Literary Garland* and *Transcript*. She maintained herself principally by teaching music, in which art she was a thorough proficient. Miss Picken died at Montreal, March 24, 1859. Her poems were never collected for publication in a volume, and the manuscript of some forty-five pieces is now in the possession of her brother H. B. Picken.

AN AULD FRIEND WI' A NEW FACE.

A queer kind o' lott'ry is marriage—
 Ye never ken what ye may draw,
 Ye may get a braw hoose an' a carriage,
 Or maybe get nae hoose ava.
 I say na 'tis best to be single,
 But ae thing's to me unco clear:
 Far better sit lane by the ingle
 Than thole what some wives hae to bear.
 It's braw to be dancin' and gaffin'
 As lang as nae trouble befa'—
 But heh! she is sune ower wi' daffin'
 That's woo'd, an' married, an' a'.

She maun labour frae sunrise till dark,
 An' aft tho' her means be but sma',
 She gets little thanks for her wark—
 Or as aften gets nae thanks ava.
 She maun tak just whatever may come,
 An' say nocht o' her fear or her hope;
 There's nae use o' lievin' in Rome,
 An' tryin' to fecht wi' the Pope.
 Hectored an' lectured an' a,
 Snubbed for whate'er may befa',
 Than *this*, she is far better aff—
 That never gets married ava'.

Oh, then come the bairns without number,
 An' there's naething but kisses an' licks—
 Adieu then to sleep an' to slumber,

An' the Pa is as cross as twa sticks.
 A' the week she is makin' their parritch,
 An' turnin' auld frocks into new;
 An' on Sunday she learns them their carritch,
 Puir wife! there's nae rest-day for you.
 Warkin' an' fechtin' awa,
 Saturday, Sunday, an' a';
 In troth she is no that ill aff
 That never gets married ava.

In nae time the cauld an' the wheesles
 Get into your family sae sma',
 An' the chincough, the croup, or the measles
 Is sure to tak' aff ane or twa.
 An' wi' them gang the puir mither's joys,
 Nae comfort seems left her ava—
 As she pits by the claes an' the toys
 That belanged to the wee things awa'.
 Doctors an' drugs an' a',
 Bills an' buryin's an' a',
 Oh surely her heart may be lighter
 That never was married ava.

The married maun aft bear man's scornin',
 An' humour his capers an' fykes;
 But the single can rise in the mornin',
 An' gang to her bed when she likes;
 An' when ye're in sickness and trouble,
 Just tell me at wha's door ye ca';

It's no whar ten bairns mak' a hubble,
But at *hers* that has nae bairns ava.
Usefu', an' peacefu', an' cantie,
Quiet, an' canny, an' a',
It's gude to ha'e sister or auntie
That never was married ava.

A wife maun be humble an' hamely,
Aye ready to rise, or to rin;
An' oh! when she's brocht up a family,
It's then her warst sorrows begin;
For the son, he maun e'en ha'e a wife;
An' the dochter a hoose o' her ain;
An' then, thro' the battle o' life,
They ne'er may forgather again.
Cantie, an' quiet, an' a',
Altho' her bit mailin be sma',
In truth she is no that ill aff
That never gets married ava.

It's far better still to keep single
Than sit wi' yer face at the wa',
An' greet ower the sons and the dochters
Ye've buried and married awa'.
I fain wad deny, but I canna,
Altho' to confess it I grieve,
Folks seldom care muckle for grannie,
Unless she has something to leave.

It's nae that I seek to prevent ye,
For that wad be rhyme thrown awa';
But, lassies, I pray, just content ye,
Altho' ye're ne'er married ava.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

Tic, tic, tic!—
I've a quarrel to pick
With thee, thou little elf—

For my heart beats quick
As thy tic, tic, tic,
Resounds from the old green shelf.

When I cease to weep,
When I strive to sleep,
Thou art there with thy tiny voice;
And thoughts of the past
Come rushing fast,
E'en with that still, small voice.

'Tis said thou hast power,
At the midnight hour,
Of death and of doom to tell;
Of rest in the grave,
That the world ne'er gave,
And I love on this theme to dwell.

Dost thou call *me* home?—
Oh! I come, I come;
For never did lone heart pine
For a quiet berth
In its mother earth,
With a deeper throb than mine.

Then tic, tic, tic—
Let thy work be quick;
I ask for no lengthen'd day—
'Tis enough, kind one,
If thy work be done
In the merry month of May.

For birds in the bowers,
And the blooming flowers,
Then gladden the teeming earth;
And methinks that I
Would like to die
In the month that gave me birth.

ERSKINE CONOLLY.

BORN 1798—DIED 1843.

ERSKINE CONOLLY, author of the popular song of "Mary Macneil," was born at Crail, Fifeshire, June 12, 1798. He was educated at the burgh-school of his native place, and afterwards apprenticed to a bookseller in Anstruther—the birthplace of Chalmers, Tennant, and Charles Gray. He then started business on his own account as a bookseller in

the small town of Colinsburgh, but after a few years gave it up and went to Edinburgh. Here he became a messenger-at-arms—a vocation, it would naturally be inferred, of all others unsuited for a poet; but in "Auld Reekie" a great part of the messenger's business consists in serving merely formal writs, and he is rarely a witness to scenes of real

distress. Conolly's manner was exceedingly gentle and refined—his disposition amiable and affectionate. He never married, and his friends surmised that some mystery in this respect overshadowed his life. He was a favourite in society, and had a wide circle of friends, among whom may be mentioned the poets Gilfillan, Gray, Vedder, and Latto, to the last-mentioned of whom the Editor is chiefly indebted for the information contained in this brief notice. Conolly did not write much, but

had considerable versatility; he could be witty, quizzical, dignified, or sentimental, as the humour prompted. In his piece "The Greetin' Bairn" there is much weird power, and several of his songs and poems are highly finished. He was fastidious in polishing his verses, and had a happy faculty of imitating some of the early bards, especially "Peter Pindar" and the author of "Anster Fair." Conolly's poems were never collected or published. He died at Edinburgh, January 7, 1843.

THE GREETIN' BAIRN.

Why hies yonder wicht wi' sic treimblin' speed
Whar the saughs and the fir-trees grow?
And why stands he wi' sic looks o' dreid
Whar the waters wimplin flow?

O eerie the tale is that I could impart,
How at Yule's black and dreary return
Cauld curdles the bluid at the bauldest heart,
As it crosses the Dennan Burn!

'Twas Yule's dread time, when the spirits hae
power
Through the dark yetts o' death to return;—
'Twas Yule's dread time, and the midnight hour
When the witches astride on the whirlwinds ride
On their way to the Dennan Burn!

The ill-bodin' howlet screicht eerily by,
And loudly the tempest was ravin',
When shrill on the blast cam' the weary
woman's cry,
And the screams o' the greetin' bairn!

"O, open the door, for I've tint my gate,
And the frost winds snelly blaw!
O save my wee bairn frae a timeless fate,
Or its grave is the driftin' snaw!"

"Now get on your gate, ye fell weird wife—
Ower my hallan ye sail na steer;
Though ye sicker can sweep thro' the tempest's
strife,
On my lintel-stane is the rowan-tree rife,
And ye daurna enter here!"

"O nippin' and cauld is the wintry blast,
And sadly I'm weary and worn;
O save my wee bairn—its blood's freezin' fast,
And we'll baith livè to bless ye the morn!"

"Now get on your gate, ye unco wife;
Nae scoug to sic gentry I'll gi'e;

On my lintel the red thread and rowan-tree is
rife,
And ye daurna lodge wi' me!"

Sair, sair she prigget, but prigget in vain,
For the auld carle drove her awa';
And loud on the nicht breeze she vented her
mane,
As she sank wi' her bairn, ne'er to waken again,
Whar the burn ran dark through the snaw.

And aften sin' syne has her ghaist been seen
Whar the burn winds down by the fern;
And aft has the traveller been frighted at e'en
By the screams o' the greetin' bairn.

MARY MACNEIL.

The last gleam o' sunset in ocean was sinkin',
Owre mountain an' meadowland glintin' fare-
weel;
An' thousands o' stars in the heavens were blinkin',
As bright as the een o' sweet Mary Macneil.
A' glowin' wi' gladness she leaned on her lover,
Her een tellin' secrets she thought to conceal;
And fondly they wander'd whar nane might dis-
cover
The tryst o' young Ronald an' Mary Macneil.

Oh! Mary was modest, an' pure as the lily,
That dew-draps o' mornin' in fragrance reveal;
Nae fresh bloomin' flow'ret in hill or in valley
Could rival the beauty of Mary Macneil.
She moved, and the graces played sportive around
her;
She smil'd, and the hearts o' the cauldest wad
thrill;
She sang, and the mavis cam' listenin' in wonder,
To claim a sweet sister in Mary Macneil.

But ae bitter blast on its fair promise blawin',
Frae spring a' its beauty an' blossoms will steal;

An' ae sudden blight on the gentle heart fa'in,
 Inflicts the deep wound nothing earthly can
 heal.

The simmer saw Ronald on glory's path hiein';
 The autumn, his corse on the red battlefiel';
 The winter the maiden found heartbroken, dyin';
 An' spring spread the green turf ower Mary
 Macneil.

TO MY FIRST GRAY HAIR.

Herald of old age, or offspring of care,
 How shall I greet thee? my first gray hair!
 Comest thou a soother, or censor? in ruth

For the woes, or in ire for the errors of youth?
 To speak of thy parent's companionship past,
 Or proclaim that thy master will follow thee
 fast?

Comest thou like ark-dove, commission'd to say
 That the waters of life are fast ebbing away,
 And soon shall my tempest-toss'd bark be at
 rest?

Or, avenger of talent-buds recklessly slain,
 Art thou sent like the mark to the forehead of
 Cain?

Thou art silent, but deeply my heart is impress'd
 With all thy appearance should stimulate
 there—

May it cherish thy lessons, my first gray hair!

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1850.

ROBERT GILFILLAN was born, July 7, 1798, at Dunfermline, in the county of Fife. His parents were in humble circumstances, but were much respected in their neighbourhood. Robert, their second son, received the rudiments of his education at a Dunfermline school, and at the age of thirteen his parents removed to Leith, where he was bound apprentice to the trade of a cooper. To this handicraft, however, he seems never to have taken kindly; yet he faithfully served his employers the usual period of seven years, giving his earnings from week to week to his mother, and enlivening his leisure hours by reading every book he could borrow, composing verses, and playing on a one-keyed flute, which he purchased with a small sum of money found by him in the streets of Leith. It was at this time, and ever afterward, his practice to read to his mother and sister (he never married) his songs as he wrote them; and he was entirely guided by their judgment regarding them. This was an improvement on Molière and his housekeeper.

At the end of his apprenticeship he became an assistant to a grocer in his native town, with whom he remained for three years. He subsequently returned to Leith, and from his twenty-third till his thirty-ninth year acted as clerk for an extensive wine-merchant.

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While thus engaged he found time for composing, and in 1831 published a volume of *Original Songs*, which was favourably received. Encouraged by his success, Gilfillan issued in 1835 another edition, containing fifty additional songs. Soon after the publication of this volume he was entertained at a public dinner in Edinburgh, when a splendid silver cup was presented to him. In 1837 he was appointed collector of police-rates at Leith—a highly respectable position, which he retained until his death. In 1839 he published a third and still larger edition of his original volume, sixty new songs and poems being added to the collection. Mr. Gilfillan died of apoplexy at Hermitage Place, Leith, Dec. 4, 1850, aged fifty-two. A handsome monument was erected by a few friends and admirers over his grave in the churchyard of South Leith, where also rest the remains of John Home, the eminent dramatic poet.

The year after his death a fourth edition of his poetical works was published in Edinburgh, with an interesting memoir of the gentle poet, who is frequently referred to in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* by the Ettrick Shepherd as the "fine chiel down at Leith." His biographer says—"He fills a place in Scottish poetry altogether different and distinct from any of

the acknowledged masters of Scottish song. He is certainly not so universal as Burns, nor so broad and graphic a delineator of Scottish manners as Ramsay, Fergusson, or Hogg, nor is he so keenly alive to the beauties of external nature as Robert Tannahill; but in his own

peculiar walk, that of home and the domestic affections, he has shown a command of happy thought and imagery, in which it may be truly said that he has not been excelled as a poet of nature by any of his predecessors, with the exception only of Burns himself."

THE AUTUMN WINDS ARE BLAWING.

The autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,

An' nature is mourning the simmer's decay;

The wee birdies singing, the wee flowerets springing,

Hae tint a' their sangs, an' wither'd away!

I, too, am mourning, for death has nae returning,

Where are my bairnies, the young an' the gay?

Why should they perish?—the blossoms we cherish—

The beautiful are sleeping cauld in the clay!

Fair was their morning, their beauty adorning,

The mavis sang sweet at the closing o' day;

Now the winds are raving, the green grass is waving,

O'er the bodies o' innocence cauld in the clay!

Ilka night brings sorrow, grief comes ilk morrow—

Should gowden locks fade before the auld an' gray?

But still, still they're sleeping, wi' nae care nor weeping,

The robin sits chirping ower their cauld clay!

In loveliness smiling, ilka day beguiling,

In joy and in gladness, time murmured by;

What now were pleasure, wi' a' the world's treasure?

My heart's in the grave where my fair blossoms lie!

The autumn winds are blawing, red leaves are fa'ing,

Moaning is the gale as it rides on its way;

A wild music's sighing, it seems a voice crying,—
"Happy is that land that knows no decay!"

O! WHAT IS THIS WORLD?

O! what is this world, wi' its wealth and renown,
If content is awanting ilk pleasure to crown?

And where that does dwell, be't in cot e'er sae low,

There's a joy and a gladness nae wealth can bestow.

There's mony a wee biggin', in forest and glen,
Wi' its clean sandit floor, an' its *but* and its *ben*,
Where there's mair o' that peace whilk contentment aye brings,
Than is found in the palace o' princes or kings.

We canna get fortune, we canna get fame,
We canna behind us a' leave a bit name;
But this we can a' hae, and O! 'tis na' sma',
A heart fu' o' kindness to aye and to a'!

They say that life's short, and they dinna say wrang,

For the langest that live can ne'er ca' it lang;
Then, since it is sae, make it pleasant the while;
If it gang by sae soon, let it gang wi' a smile.

Wha e'er climbs the mountain maun aye risk a fa',
While he that is lowly is safe frae it a',

The flower blooms unscathed in the valley sae deep,

While the storm rends the aik on its high rocky steep!

My highest ambition—if such be a crime—
Is quietly to glide down the swift stream o' time;
And when the brief voyage in safety is o'er,
To meet with loved friends on the far distant shore!

MANOR BRAES.

Where Manor stream rins blithe and clear,
And Castlehill's white wa's appear,
I spent ae day, aboon a' days,
By Manor stream, 'mang Manor braes.
The purple heath was just in bloom,
And bonnie waved the upland broom,
The flocks on flowery braes lay still,
Or, heedless, wander'd at their will.

'Twas there, 'mid Nature's calm repose,
Where Manor clearest, saftest flows,
I met a maiden, fair to see,
Wi' modest look and bashfu' e'e;
Her beauty to the mind did bring
A morn when summer blends wi' spring,

So bright, so pure, so calm, so fair,
'Twas bliss to look—to linger there!

Ilk word cam frae her bosom warm,
Wi' love to win and sense to charm,
So much of nature, nought of art,
She'll live enthroned within my heart!
Aboon her head the laverock sang,
And 'neath her feet the wild-flowers sprang.
Oh! let me dwell where beauty strays,
By Manor stream an' Manor braes.

I speir'd gif ane sae young an' fair
Knew aught of love, wi' a' its care?
She said her heart frae love was free,
But aye she blush'd wi' douncast e'e.
The parting cam, as partings come,
Wi' looks that speak, though tongues be dumb;
Yet I'll return, ere many days,
To live and love 'mang Manor braes!

JANET AN' ME.

O, wha are sae happy as me and my Janet?
O, wha are sae happy as Janet and me?
We're baith turning auld, and our walth is soon
tauld,
But contentment ye'll find in our cottage sae
wee.
She spins the lang day when I'm out wi' the owsen,
She croons i' the house while I sing at the plough;
And aye her blithe smile welcomes me frae my
toil,
As up the lang glen I come wearied, I trow!

When I'm at a beuk she is mending the cleading,
She's darning the stockings when I sole the
shoon;
Our cracks keep us cheery—we work till we're
weary,
And syne we sup sowans when ance we are
done.
She's baking a scone while I'm smoking my cutty,
While I'm i' the stable she's milking the kye;
I envy not kings when the gloaming time brings
The canty fireside to my Janet and I!

Aboon our auld heads we've a decent clay bigging,
That keeps out the cauld when the simmer's
awa';
We've twa wabs o' linen, o' Janet's ain spinning,
As thick as dog lugs, and as white as the snaw!
We've a kebbuck or twa, and some meal i' the
ginel;
Yon sow is our ain that plays grumph at the
door;
An' something, I've guess'd, 's in yon auld painted
kist,
That Janet, fell bodie, 's laid up to the fore!

Nae doot, we have haen our ain sorrows and
troubles,

Aften times pouchestoom, and hearts fu' o' care;
But still, wi' our crosses, our sorrows and losses,
Contentment, be thankit, has aye been our share!
I've an' auld rusty sword that was left by my father,
Whilk ne'er shall be drawn till our king has a
fae;

We ha'e friends ane or twa, that aft gie us a ca',
To laugh when we're happy, or grieve when
we're wae.

The laird may ha'e gowd mair than schoolmen
can reckon,

An' flunkies to watch ilka glance o' his e'e;
His lady, aye braw, may sit in her ha',
But are they mair happy than Janet an me?
A' ye wha ne'er kent the straught road to be happy,
Wha are nae content wi' the lot that ye deerie,
Come down to the dwallin' of whilk I've been
telling,
Ye'es learn it by looking at Janet an' me!

THE HAPPY DAYS O' YOUTH.

O! the happy days o' youth are fast gaun by,
And age is coming on, wi' its bleak winter sky;
An' whaur shall we shelter frae its storms when
they blaw,
When the gladsome days o' youth are flown awa'?

They said that wisdom came wi' manhood's riper
years,
But naething did they tell o' its sorrows and tears;
O! I'd gie a' the wit, gif ony wit be mine,
For ae sunny morning o' bonnie langsyne.

I canna dow but sigh, I canna dow but mourn,
For the blithe happy days that never can return;
When joy was in the heart, an' love was on the
tongue,
An' mirth on ilka face, for ilka face was young.

O! the bonnie waving broom, whaur aften we did
meet,
Wi' its yellow flowers that fell like gowd 'mang
our feet;
The bird would stop its sang, but only for a wee,
As we gaed by its nest, 'neath its ain birk tree.

O! the sunny days o' youth, they couldna aye
remain,
There was ower meikle joy and ower little pain;
Sae fareweel happy days, an' fareweel youthfu'
glee,
The young may court your smiles, but ye're gane
frae me.

THE EXILE'S SONG.

Oh! why left I my hame?
 Why did I cross the deep?
 Oh! why left I the land
 Where my forefathers sleep?
 I sigh for Scotia's shore,
 And I gaze across the sea,
 But I canna get a blink
 O' my ain countrie!

The palm-tree waveth high,
 And fair the myrtle springs;
 And, to the Indian maid,
 The bulbul sweetly sings.
 But I dinna see the broom
 Wi' its tassels on the lea,
 Nor hear the lintie's sang
 O' my ain countrie!

Oh! here no Sabbath bell
 Awakes the Sabbath morn,
 Nor song of reapers heard
 Among the yellow corn:
 For the tyrant's voice is here,
 And the wail of slavery;
 But the sun o' freedom shines
 In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
 And a balm for every pain,
 But the first joys o' our heart
 Come never back again.
 There's a track upon the deep,
 And a path across the sea;
 But the weary ne'er return
 To their ain countrie!

FARE THEE WELL.¹

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
 But, oh! let not our parting grieve thee;
 Happier days may yet be mine,
 At least I wish them thine—believe me!

We part—but, by those dew-drops clear,
 My love for thee will last for ever;
 I leave thee—but thy image dear,
 Thy tender smiles, will leave me never.
 Fare thee well, &c.

O! dry those pearly tears that flow—
 One farewell smile before we sever;
 The only balm for parting woe
 Is—fondly hope 'tis not for ever.
 Fare thee well, &c.

Though dark and dreary lowers the night,
 Calm and serene may be the morrow;
 The cup of pleasure ne'er shone bright,
 Without some mingling drops of sorrow!
 Fare thee well, &c.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' SCOTLAND.

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland—my blessin's
 on them a',
 May love be found in ilka cot, an' joy in ilka
 ha'.
 Whane'er a beild, however laigh, by burn or
 brae appears,
 Be there the glad some smile o' youth, the dig-
 nity o' years!

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland, sae bloomin'
 and sae fair,
 There's mony a hame o' kindness, an' couthie
 dwellin' there;
 An' mair o' worldly happiness than folk wad
 seem to ken,
 For contentment in the heart maks the canty
 but and ben!

O! wha wad grasp at fame or power, or walth
 seek to obtain,
 Be't 'mang the busy scenes o' life, or on the
 stormy main?
 Whan the shepherd on his hill, or the peasant
 at his plough,
 Find sic a share o' happiness wi' unco sma'
 ado?

The wind may whistle loud an' cauld, and
 sleety blasts may blaw,
 Or swirlin' round, in whittin' wreaths, may
 drift the wintry snaw;
 But the gloamin' star comes blinkin', amaisht
 afore he ken,
 An' his wife's cheerfu' smile maks a canty but
 and ben!

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland to my remem-
 brance bring
 The lang, lang simmer sunny day, whan life
 was in its spring;
 Whan 'mang the wild flowers wandering, the
 happy hours went by,
 The future wakening no a fear, nor yet the
 past a sigh!

¹ Gilfillan used to say that the first idea of fame which he ever entertained was when his sister and a young lady, a cousin of his own, wept on hearing him read this pathetic song.—ED.

O! the bonnie braes o' Scotland, hame o' the
fair an' free,
An' hame it is a kindly word, whare'er that
hame may be;
My weary steps I'd fain retrace back to the
happy days,
When youthfu' hearts together joy'd 'mang
Scotland's bonnie braes!

IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

In the days o' langsyne when we carles were young,
An' nae foreign fashions amang us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks, and brewed
our ain yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on
the hill;
O! the thoct o' thae days gars my auld heart
aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy and free,
Proud lords on the land, and kings on the sea!

To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were
kind,

An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted and sang
By the warm ingle-side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, and our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine;
O! where is the Scotland o' bonnie langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka wee burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain;
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again!

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting and
glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, and joy in ilk e'e;
And the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed
to tyne,
It was your stoup the nicht, and the morn 'twas
mine;
O! the days o' langsyne—O! the days o' langsyne.

JAMES HYSLOP.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1827.

JAMES HYSLOP¹ was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, near the burgh of Sanquhar, Dumfriesshire, July 13, 1798. Under the care of a pious grandfather he was taught to read, and while yet a child was sent in summer to herd cows on the neighbouring farm of Dalblair, occasionally attending school during the winter months. He was next employed as a shepherd in the vicinity of Airmoss, in Ayrshire, the scene of a skirmish in July, 1680, between a party of soldiers and a small band of Covenanters, when their pastor Richard Cameron was slain. The traditions floating among the peasantry concerning this conflict arrested the attention of the young shepherd, and he afterwards turned them to good account in his well-known poem. When a lad he had received only a little education,

but so eager was his thirst to acquire more, that before he reached his twentieth year he had become an excellent scholar, mostly by his own exertions. After teaching for a time an evening school in his native district, he in 1819 removed to Greenock and opened a day-school, which proved unsuccessful, and he again returned to pastoral pursuits. In February, 1821, "The Cameronian's Dream" appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and attracted the attention of Lord Jeffrey, by whom Hyslop was induced to open a school in Edinburgh. Through the influence of his literary friends he was soon after appointed schoolmaster on board the frigate *Doris*. During her cruise he contributed to the pages of the *Edinburgh Magazine* a series of "Letters from South America," describing the scenes he had visited in that country; also sending an occasional poem. The "Letters" were well written, but the masterly pen of Captain Hall had gone over the same

¹ This name is usually printed Hislop, but we have the poet's own authority in his manuscript for the spelling adopted.—ED.

ground before him, which left the poet or any person but little to glean for a long time.

In 1825 Hyslop visited London, carrying with him letters from Lord Jeffrey and the Rev. Archibald Alison to Joanna Baillie and her sister, John Gibson Lockhart, and Allan Cunningham, by all of whom he was kindly received, and through whose assistance he was appointed head-master of an academy near London, after having been for a time a reporter on the *Times* newspaper. At the end of a year Hyslop, on account of ill health, exchanged the academy for an appointment as school-master on board the *Tweed* man-of-war, bound for India, and commanded by Lord John Spence. Among several poems composed during this voyage that entitled "The Scottish Sacramental Sabbath," in the style of the "Cotter's Saturday Night," is perhaps the best. It is said to have been suggested by the commemoration of the ordinance in Sanquhar churchyard, and is valuable as a faithful picture of one of the customs of his native land. While the *Tweed* was cruising off the Cape de

Verd Islands Hyslop and a number of the officers landed on the island of St. Iago. They slept on shore in the open air, and were in consequence seized with a malignant fever, to which most of them fell victims, and poor Hyslop among the rest. After lingering for twelve days the young poet died, Dec. 4, 1827, in his twenty-ninth year, adding another to the bea-roll of Scottish poets who passed from the world before they had seen thirty summers.

John MacCall of Sunny Beach, Strone, writes to the Editor (Aug. 11, 1875): "Hyslop spent an evening with me in Glasgow, I think in 1825, shortly before setting out on his last voyage, and I may say it was one of the happiest I ever spent;" and Allan Cunningham describes Hyslop's poetic gifts as "elegant rather than vigorous, sweet and graceful rather than lofty, although he was occasionally lofty too." In MacDiarmid's *Sketches from Nature* there is an interesting memoir of this "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," several of whose hitherto unpublished poems we have pleasure in presenting to our readers.

THE SCOTTISH SACRAMENTAL SABBATH.

The Sabbath morning gilds the eastern hills,
The swains its sunny dawn wi' gladness greet,
Frae heath-clad hamlets, 'mang the muirland rills,
The dewy mountains climb wi' naked feet,
Skiffin' the daisies droukit i' the weat;
The bleating flocks come nibblin' doun the brae,
To shadowy pastures screen'd frae summer's heat;
In woods where tinklin' waters glide away,
'Mong holms o' clover red, and bright brown rye-
grass hay.

His ewes and lambs brought careful frae the height,
The shepherd's children watch them frae the corn;
On green sward scented lawn, wi' gowans white,
Frae page o' pocket psalm-book, soil'd and torn,
The task prepar'd, assign'd for Sabbath morn,
The elder bairns their parents join in prayer;
One daughter dear, beneath the flowery thorn,
Kneels down apart her spirit to prepare,
On this her first approach the sacred cup to share.

The social chat wi' solemn converse mix'd,
At early hour they finish their repast,
The pious sire repeats full many a text
Of sacramental Sabbaths long gone past.
To see her little family featly dress'd

The careful matron feels a mother's pride,
Gie's this a linen shirt, gie's that a vest;
The frugal father's frowns their finery chide,
He prays that Heaven their souls may wedding
robes provide.

The sisters buskit, seek the garden walk,
To gather flowers, or watch the warning bell,
Sweet-william, danglein' dewy frae the stalk,
Is mix'd wi' mountain-daisies, rich in smell,
Green sweet-briar sprigs, and daisies frae the dell,
Where Spango shepherds pass the lane abode,
An' Wanlock miners cross the muirland fell;
Then down the sunny winding muirland road,
The little pastoral band approach the house of God.

Streams of my native mountains, oh! how oft
That Sabbath morning walk in youth was mine;
Yet fancy hears the kirk-bell, sweet and soft,
Ring o'er the darkling woods o' dewy pine;
How oft the wood-rose wild and scented thyme
I've stoop'd to pull while passing on my way;
But now in sunny regions south the line,
Nae birks nor broom-flow'rs shade the summer
brae,—
Alas! I can but dream of Scotland's Sabbath-day.

But dear that cherish'd dream I still behold:
The ancient kirk, the plane-trees o'er it spread,
And seated 'mong the graves, the old, the young,
As once in summer days, for ever fled.
To deck my dream the grave gives up its dead:
The pale precentor sings as then he sung,
The long-lost pastor wi' the hoary head
Pours forth his pious counsels to the young,
And dear ones from the dust again to life are sprung.

Lost friends return from realms beyond the main,
And boyhood's best beloved ones all are there;
The blanks in family circles fill'd again;
No seat seems empty round the house of prayer.
The sound of psalms has vanish'd in the air,
Borne up to heaven upon the mountain breeze,
The patriarchal priest wi' silvery hair,
In tent erected 'neath the fresh green trees,
Spreads forth the book of God with holy pride,
and sees

The eyes of circling thousands on him fix'd,
The kirkyard scarce contains the mingling mass
Of kindred congregations round him mix'd;
Close seated on the gravestones and the grass,
Some crowd the garden-walls, a wealthier class
On chairs and benches round the tent draw near;
The poor man prays far distant, and alas!
Some seated by the graves of parents dear,
Among the fresh green flow'rs let fall a silent tear.

Sublime the text he chooseth: "Who is this
From Edom comes? in garments dy'd in blood,
Travelling in greatness of His strength to bless,
Treading the wine-press of Almighty God."
Perchance the theme, that Mighty One who rode
Forth leader of the armies cloth'd in light,
Around whose fiery forehead rainbows glow'd,
Beneath whose head heav'n trembled, angels
bright
Their shining ranks arrang'd around his head of
white.

Behold the contrast, Christ, the King of kings,
A houseless wanderer in a world below;
Faint, fasting by the desert springs,
From youth a man of mourning and of woe,
The birds have nests on summer's blooming bough,
The foxes on the mountain find a bed;
But mankind's Friend found every man his foe,
His heart with anguish in the garden bled,
He, peaceful like a lamb, was to the slaughter led.

The action-sermon ended, tables fenc'd,
While elders forth the sacred symbols bring,
The day's more solemn service now commenc'd;
To heaven is wafted on devotion's wing,
The psalms these entering to the altar sing,
"I'll of salvation take the cup, I'll call
With trembling on the name of Zion's King;

His courts I'll enter, at His footstool fall,
And pay my early vows before His people all."

Behold the crowded tables clad in white,
Extending far above the flowery graves;
A blessing on the bread and wine-cup bright
With lifted hands the holy pastor craves,
The summer's sunny breeze his white hair waves,
His soul is with his Saviour in the skies;
The hallow'd loaf he breaks, and gives
The symbols to the elders seated nigh,
Take, eat the bread of life, sent down from heaven
on high.

He in like manner also lifted up
The flagon fill'd with consecrated wine,
Drink, drink ye all of it, salvation's cup,
Memorial mournful of his love divine.
Then solemn pauseth;—save the rustling pine
Or plane-tree boughs, no sounds salute mine ears;
In silence pass'd, the silver vessels shine,
Devotion's Sabbath dreams from bygone years
Return'd, till many an eye is moist with spring-
ing tears.

Again the preacher breaks the solemn pause,
Lift up your eyes to Calvary's mountain—see,
In mourning veil'd, the mid-day sun withdraws,
While dies the Saviour bleeding on the tree;
But hark! the stars again sing jubilee,
With anthems heaven's armies hail their King,
Ascend in glory from the grave set free;
Triumphant see Him soar on seraph's wing,
To meet His angel hosts around the clouds of
spring.

Behold His radiant robes of fleecy light,
Melt into sunny ether soft and blue;
Then in this gloomy world of tears and night,
Behold the table He hath spread for you.
What though you tread affliction's path—a few,
A few short years your toils will all be o'er,
From Pisgah's top the promis'd country view;
The happy land beyond Immanuel's shore,
Where Eden's blissful bower blooms green for
evermore.

Come here, ye houseless wanderers, soothe your
grief,
While faith presents your Father's lov'd abode;
And here, ye friendless mourners, find relief,
And dry your tears in drawing near to God;
The poor may here lay down oppression's load,
The rich forget his crosses and his care;
Youth enter on religion's narrow road,
The old for his eternal change prepare,
And whosoever will, life's waters freely share.

How blest are they who in thy courts abide,
Whose strength, whose trust, upon Jehovah stay;
For he in his pavilion shall them hide

In covert safe when comes the evil day;
 Though shadow'd darkness compasseth his way,
 And thick clouds like a curtain hide his throne;
 Not even through a glass our eyes shall gaze,
 In brighter worlds his wisdom shall be shown,
 And all things work for good to those that are
 his own.

And blessed are the young to God who bring
 The morning of their days in sacrifice,
 The heart's young flowers yet fresh with spring
 Send forth an incense pleasing in his eyes.
 To me, ye children, hearken and be wise,
 The prophets died, our fathers where are they?
 Alas! this fleeting world's delusive joys,
 Like morning clouds and early dews, decay;
 Be yours that better part that fadeth not away.

Walk round these walls, and o'er the yet green
 graves

Of friends whom you have lov'd let fall the tear;
 On many dresses dark deep mourning waves,
 For some in summers past who worshipp'd here
 Around these tables each revolving year.
 What fleeting generations I have seen,
 Where, where my youthful friends and comrades
 dear?

Fled, fled away, as they had never been,
 All sleeping in the dust beneath those plane-trees
 green.

And some are seated here, mine aged friends,
 Who round this table never more shall meet;
 For him who bowed with age before you stands,
 The mourners soon shall go about the street;
 Below these green boughs, shadow'd from the
 heat,

I've bless'd the Bread of Life for threescore years;
 And shall not many mould'ring 'neath my feet,
 And some who sit around me now in tears,
 To me be for a crown of joy when Christ appears?

Behold he comes with clouds, a kindling flood
 Of fiery flame before his chariot flees,
 The sun in sackcloth veil'd, the moon in blood,
 All kindreds of the earth dismay shall seize,
 Like figs untimely shaken by the breeze;
 The fix'd stars fall amid the thunder's roar;
 The buried spring to life beneath these trees,
 A mighty angel standing on the shore,
 With arms stretch'd forth to heaven, swears time
 shall be no more!

The hour is near, your robes unspotted keep,
 The vows you now have sworn are seal'd on high;
 Hark! hark! God's answering voice in thunders
 deep,

'Midst waters dark and thick clouds of the sky;
 And what if now to judgment in your eye
 He burst, where yonder livid lightnings play,
 His chariot of salvation passing by;

The great white throne, the terrible array
 Of Him before whose frown the heavens shall flee
 away.

My friends, how dreadful is this holy place,
 Where rolls the thick'ning thunder, God is near,
 And though we cannot see Him face to face,
 Yet as from Horeb's mount His voice we hear;
 The angel armies of the upper sphere
 Down from these clouds on your communion
 gaze;

The spirits of the dead, who once were dear,
 Are witness of all your ways;
 Go from His table then, with trembling tune His
 praise.

THE CAMERONIAN'S DREAM.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away,
 To the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
 Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
 Engraved on the stone where the heather grows
 green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and
 blood,
 When the minister's home was the mountain and
 wood;
 When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of
 Zion,
 All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from
 the east
 Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's
 breast;
 On Wardlaw and Cairntable the clear shining dew
 Glisten'd there 'mong the heath-bells and moun-
 tain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny
 cloud,
 The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
 And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and
 deep,
 Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of
 sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music
 and gladness,
 The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and
 redness;
 Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
 And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

But, oh! there were hearts cherish'd far other
 feelings,
 Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,

Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it
to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron
were lying
Conceal'd 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl
was crying,
For the horsemen of Earlsall around them were
hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin
misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were
unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was
unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were
ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rush'd on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they
were shrouded,
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and
unclouded,
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and
unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is
rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were
gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was
streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was
rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty
were falling.

When the righteous had fallen and the combat
was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud de-
scended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of
brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribu-
lation
Have mounted the chariot and steeds of salvation,

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding,
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen
are riding;

Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

THE CAMERONIAN'S VISION.¹

From the climes and the seas of the fair sunny
south,
I return'd to the gray hills and green glens of
youth.
By mountain graves musing on days long gone
past,
A dream-like illusion around me was cast.

In a vision, it seem'd that the chariot of time
Was roll'd back till I stood in the ages of crime,
When the king was a despot, who deem'd with
his nod
He would cancel the bond bound a nation to God.

The religion of Christ, like a lamb, took its flight,
As the horns of the mitre wax'd powerful in
might,
And prelates with priestcraft men's spirits en-
chain'd,
Till they fear'd to complain when their heart's
blood was drain'd.

Stern law made religion no longer a link
The soul to sustain on eternity's brink;
But the gold of the gospel was changed to a chain,
The spirit of Scotland to curb and restrain:

A political bridle the people to check,
When the priest or the prince chose to ride on
their neck;
For churchmen a chariot in splendour who roll'd,
At the poor man's expense, whose salvation they
sold.

From the court, over Scotland went forth a
decree—

“Let the kirk of the north to the king bend the
knee:

To the prince and his priesthood divine right is
given,
A sceptre to sway both in earth and in heaven.

“Let no one presume from the pulpit to read
The Scriptures, save curates by courtiers decreed;
At their peril let parents give precepts to youth,
Till prelates and prayer-books put words in their
mouth.

“And none 'mong the hills of the heather shall
dare

To meet in the moorlands for praises and prayer;
Nor to Heaven in private prefer their request,
Except as the prince should appoint by the
priest.”

¹ Written on the banks of the Crawick, Sept. 30,
1825.—Ed.

The nation of Knox held the mandate accurs'd:
 He the fetters of Popery and priestcraft had
 burst,
 With the stamp of his foot brought their towers
 to the ground,
 Till royalty trembling shrunk back when he
 frown'd.

And Melville the fiery had fearlessly dared,
 In a prince's own presence his priesthood to beard;
 On the archbishop's head made his mitre to shake,
 And the circle of courtiers around him to quake.

And Scotland's Assemblies in council sat down,
 God's word well to weigh with decrees of the
 crown:

A Covenant seal'd, as they swore by the Lord,
 Their Bibles and birthrights to guard with the
 sword.

These priests from their kirks by the prelates
 were driven,
 A shelter to seek with the fowls of the heaven;
 The wet mist their covering, the heather their
 bed,
 By the springs of the desert in peril they fed.

At the risk of their lives with their flocks they
 would meet,
 In storm and in tempest, in rain and in sleet;
 Where the mist on the moorglens lay darkest,
 'twas there
 In the thick cloud conceal'd, they assembled for
 prayer.

At their wild mountain worship no warning bell
 rung,
 But the sentries were fix'd ere the psalm could
 be sung;
 When the preacher his Bible brought forth from
 his plaid,
 On the damp rock beside him his drawn sword
 he laid.

The sleepless assemblies around him who met,
 Were houseless and hungry, and weary and wet;
 The wilderness wandering, through peril and
 strife,
 To be fill'd with the word and the waters of life.

For in cities the wells of salvation were seal'd,
 More brightly to burst in the moor and the field;
 And the Spirit, which fled from the dwellings of
 men,
 Like a manna-cloud rain'd round the camp of the
 glen.—

I beheld in my vision a prince on his throne;
 Around him in glory the mitred heads shone;
 And the sovereign assembly said, "Who shall go
 forth
 In the moorlands to murder the priests of the
 north?"

"Our horsemen now hunted the moor and the
 wood,
 But the soldiers shrunk back from the shedding
 of blood;
 And some we sent forth with commission to slay,
 Have with Renwick remain'd in the mountains
 to pray.

"Is there no one around us whose soul and whose
 sword
 Will hew down in the desert that priesthood
 abhorr'd;
 With their blood, on the people's minds print our
 decree?
 The warrior's reward shall be Viscount Dundee."

'Twas a title of darkness, dishonour, and shame;
 No warrior would wear it, save Claver'se the
 Graham.

With the warrant of death, like a demon he flew,
 In the blood of his brethren his hands to imbrue.

The mission of murder full well fitted him,
 For his black heart with malice boil'd up to the
 brim;
 Remorse had his soul made like angels who fell,
 And his breast was imbued with the spirit of hell.

A gleam of its flame in his bosom had glow'd,
 Till his devilish delight was in cursing of God:
 He felt him a foe, and his soul took a pride
 Bridle-deep through the blood of His sufferers to
 ride.

His heart, hard as flint, was with cruelty mail'd;
 No tear of the orphan with him e'er prevail'd;
 In the blood of its sire while his sword was defil'd,
 The red blade he wav'd o'er the widow, and
 smiled.—

My vision was changed, and I stood in a glen
 Of the moorlands, remote from the dwellings of
 men,
 Mong Priesthill's black scenery, a pastoral abode,
 Where the shepherds assembled to worship their
 God.

A light-hearted maiden met there with her love,
 Who had won her affections, and fix'd them above:
 Conceal'd 'mong the mist on the dark mountain
 side,
 Stood Peden the prophet, with Brown and his
 bride.

A silent assembly encircled the seer,
 A breathless expectance bent forward to hear;
 For the glance of his gray eye wax'd bright and
 sublime,
 As it fix'd on the far-flood of fast-coming time.

"O Scotland! the angel of darkness and death
 One hour the Almighty hath staid on his path:
 I see on yon bright cloud his chariot stand still;
 But his red sword is naked, and lifted to kill.

"In mosses, in mountains, in moor and in wood,
That sword must be bath'd yet in slaughter and
blood,
Till the number of saints who shall suffer be seal'd,
And the breaches of backsliding Scotland be
heal'd.

"Then a prince of the south shall come over the
main,
Who in righteousness over the nations shall reign;
The race of the godless shall fade from the throne,
And the kingdom of Christ shall have kings of
its own.

"But think not, ye righteous, your sufferings
are past;
In the midst of the furnace ye yet must be cast;
But the seed we have sown in affection and tears,
Shall be gather'd in gladness in far distant years.

"On the scroll of the Covenant blood must be
spilt,
Till its red hues shall cancel the backslider's guilt.
Remember my warning. Around me are some
Who may watch, for they know not the hour He
shall come.

"And thou, pretty maiden, rejoice in the truth
Of the lover I link for thy husband of youth.
Be kind while he lives; clasp him close to thy
heart;
For the time is not far when the fondest must
part.

"The seal of the Saviour is printed too deep
On the brow of thy bridegroom for thee long to
keep.
The wolf round the sheepfold will prowl for his
prey,
And the lamb be led forth for the lion to slay.

"His winding-sheet linen keep woven by thee;
It will soon be requir'd, and it bloody will be.
A morning of terror and tears is at hand,
But the Lord will give strength in thy trial to
stand."—

My vision was changed: happy summers had
fled
O'er the heath-circled home where the lovers
were wed;
Affection's springs bursting from hearts in their
prime,
The stream of endearment grew deeper with time.

At the door of his home, in a glad summer's night,
With his children to play was the father's delight;
One dear little daughter he fondly caress'd,
For she look'd like the young bride who slept on
his breast.

Of her sweet smiling offspring the mother was
fain,
Each added a new link to love's wedded chain;

One clung to her bosom, one play'd round her
knee,
And one 'mong the heather ran chasing the bee.

In union of warm hearts, of wishes, of thought,
The prophet's prediction was almost forgot;
With wedded affection their hearts overflow'd,
And their lives pass'd in rearing their offspring
to God.

The mist of May morning lay dark on the moun-
tains;
The lambs cropt the flowers springing fresh by
the fountains;
The waters, the woods, and the green holms of
hay, lay
In sunshine asleep down in Wellwood's wild valley.

In Priesthill at dawning the psalm had ascended,
The chapter been read, and the humble knee
bended;
Now in moors thick with mist, at his pastoral
employment,
The meek soul of Brown with his God found
enjoyment.

At home Isabella was busy preparing
The meal, with a husband so sweet aye in sharing;
On the floor, at her feet, in the cradle lay smiling
Her infant, as wild songs its fancies beguiling.

His daughter went forth in the dews of the
morning,
To meet on the footpath her father returning;
Alone 'mong the mist she expected to find him,
But horsemen in armour came riding behind him.

The mother, in trembling, in tears, and dismay,
Clasp'd her babe to her bosom, and hasted away;
She clung to her husband, distracted and dumb,
For she felt that the hour of her trial was come.

But vain her distraction, her tears, and her
prayer,
For Claver's commanded his horsemen come
there;
With his little ones weeping around him, he
brought
The fond father forth, in their sight to be shot.

"Bid farewell thy family, and welcome thy death,
Since thou choosest so fondly to cherish thy faith;
Some minutes my mercy permits thee for prayer.
Let six of my horsemen their pistols prepare."—

"My widow, my orphan, O God! I resign
To thy care; and the babe yet unborn, too, is
thine:
Let thy blessing be round them, to guard and to
keep,
When over my green grave forsaken they weep."—

At the door of his home, on the heather he knelt;
His prayer for his family the pitiless felt;

The rough soldiers listen'd with tears and with sighs,
Till Claver'se curs'd him, and caus'd him arise.

For the last time the lips of his young ones he kiss'd,
His dear little daughter he clasp'd to his breast:
"To thy mother be kind, read thy Bible, and pray;
The Lord will protect thee when I am away.

"Isabella, farewell! Thou shalt shortly behold
Thy love on the heather stretch'd bloody and cold.
The hour I've long look'd for hath come at the last—

Art thou willing to part?—all its anguish is past."—

"Yes, willing," she said, and she sought his embrace,
While the tears trickled down on her little one's face.

"Tis the last time I ever shall cling to thy heart,
Yet with thee I am willing, yes, willing to part."—

'Twas a scene would have soften'd a savage's ire;
But Claver'se commanded his horsemen to fire;
As they curs'd his command, turning round to retreat,
The demon himself shot him dead at his feet.

His temples, all shatter'd and bleeding, she bound,
While Claver'se with insult his cruelty crown'd:
"Well, what thinkest thou of thy heart's cherish'd pride?
It were justice to lay thee in blood by his side."—

"I doubt not, if God gave permission to thee,
That thou gladly wouldst murder my offspring and me;
But thy mouth he hath muzzled, and doom'd thee, in vain,
Like a bloodhound to bay at the end of thy chain.

"Thou friendless, forsaken, hast left me and mine,
Yet my lot is a bless'd one, when balanc'd with thine,
With the viper remorse on thy vitals to prey,
And the blood on thy hands that will ne'er wash away.

"Thy fame shall be wafted to far future time,
A proverb for cruelty, cursing, and crime;
Thy dark picture, painted in blood, shall remain
While the heather waves green o'er the graves of the slain.

"Thy glory shall wither; its wreaths have been gain'd
By the slaughter of shepherds, thy sword who disdain'd:
That sword thou hast drawn on thy country for hire,
And the title it brings shall in blackness expire.

"Thy name shall be Claver'se, the bloodthirsty Scot,
The godly, the guiltless, the grayhair'd who shot.
Round my Brown's bloody brow glory's garlands shall wave,
When the muse marketh 'murder' over thy grave."

A LOVE SONG.

How sweet the dewy bell is spread,
Where Spango's mossy streams are lavin'
The heathery locks o' deepenin' red
Around the mountain brow aye wavin'!
Here, on the sunny mountain side,
Dear lassie, we'll lie down thegither,
Where nature spreads luv'e's crimson bed,
Among the bonnie bloomin' heather.

Lang hae I wish'd, my lovely maid,
Amang thae fragrant wilds to lead ye;
And now, aneath my tartan plaid,
How blest I lie wi' you aside me!
And art thou happy, dearest, speak,
Wi' me aneath the tartan plaidie?—
Yes; that dear glance, sae soft and meek,
Resigns thee to thy shepherd laddie.

The saftness o' the gentle dove,
Its eyes in dying sweetness closin',
Is like thae languid eyes o' love,
Sae fondly on my heart reposin'.
When simmer suns the flowers expand,
In a' their silken beauties shinin',
They're no sae saft as thy white hand,
Upon my love-warm cheek reclinin'.

While thus aneath my tartan plaid
Sae warmly to my lips I press ye,
That hinnied bloom o' dewy red
Is nocht like thy sweet lips, dear lassie!
Reclined on luv'e's soft crimson bed,
Our hearts sae fondly lock'd thegither,
Thus o'er my cheek thy ringlets spread,
How happy, happy 'mang the heather!

SONG—TO YOU.

The Woodland Queen in her bower of love,
Her gleaming tresses with wild-flowers wove,
But her breathing lips, as she sat in her bower,
Were richer far than the honey'd flower!

The waving folds of the Indian silk
Hung loose o'er her ringlets and white neck of milk;

And O! the bosom that sigh'd below
Was pure and soft as the winter snow!

A tear-drop bright in her dark eye shone,
To think that sweet summer would soon be gone;
How blest the hand of the lover who may
From an eye so bright wipe such tears away!

How blest is he in the moonlight hour
Who may linger with her in her woodland bower,
'Midst the gleaming ringlets and silk to sigh,
And share in the tear and the smile of her eye.

My heart was a stranger to love's young dream
Till I found her alone by the fairy stream;
But she glided away through the branches green,
And left me to sigh for the Woodland Queen!

LET ITALY BOAST.

Let Italy boast of her bloom-shaded waters,
Her bowers, and her vines, and her warm
sunny skies,
Of her sons drinking love from the eyes of her
daughters,
While freedom expires mid their softness and
sighs.

Scotland's bleak mountains wild,
Where hoary cliffs are piled,
Towering in grandeur, are dearer to me!
Land of the misty cloud—
Land of the tempest loud—
Land of the brave and proud—land of the free!

Enthroned on the cliff of the dark Highland
mountain,

The spirit of Scotland reigns fearless and free;
While her tartan-folds wave over blue lake and
fountain,

Exulting she sings, looking over the sea:

"Here on my mountains wild

I have serenely smiled,

Where armies and empires against me were
hurled;

Throned on my native rocks,

Calmly sustained the shocks

Of Caesar, and Denmark, and Rome, and the
world.

When kings of the nations in council assemble,
The frown of my brow makes their proud hearts
to quake,

The flash of mine eye makes the bravest to
tremble,

The sound of my war-song makes armies to
shake.

France long shall mind the strain

Sung on her bloody plain,

While Europe's bold armies with terror did
shiver;

Exulting 'midst fire and blood,
Then sang the pibroch loud,
'Dying, but unsubdued—Scotland for ever.'"

See at the war-note the proud horses prancing—
The thick groves of steel trodden down in their
path,

The eyes of the brave like their bright swords are
glancing,

Triumphantly riding through ruin and death.

Proud heart and nodding plume

Dance o'er the warrior's tomb,

Dyed with blood is the red tartan wave,

Dire is the horseman's wheel,

Shiv'ring the ranks of steel;

Victor in battle is Scotland the brave!

FRAGMENT OF A DREAM.

I follow'd it on by the pale moonlight,
Through the deep and the darksome wood;
It tarried—I trembled—it pointed and fled!—
'Twas a grave where the spirit had stood:—

'Twas a grave—but 'twas mystery and terror to
think

How the bed of the dead could be here;

'Twas here I had met in the morning of life

With one that was loving and dear:—

'Twas here we had wander'd while gathering
flowers

In the innocent days of our childhood,

And here we were screen'd from the warm sunny
showers

By the thickening green of the wildwood.

And here in the sweet summer morning of love

Young affection first open'd its blossom,

When none were so innocent, loving, and kind

As the maiden that lay in my bosom:—

I look'd on the woods; they were budding as
green

As the sorrowful night that we parted,—

When turning again to the grave I had seen,

At the voice of a spirit I started!—

In terror I listen'd! No sound met mine ear

Save the lone waters murmuring by;

But I saw o'er the woods, in the dead of the night,

A dark mourning carriage draw nigh:—

By the green grave it hover'd, mine eye could
perceive,

Where a white covered coffin now lay—

It hover'd not long, but again through the woods
It mournfully glided away!—

Where the kirk-yard elms shade the flat gray
stones

With the long green grass overgrown,
The carriage stood still o'er an opening grave,
And I saw a black coffin let down.

Upon its dark page were a name and an age—
'Twas my Lydia in death that lay sleeping;
All vanish'd away, but her spirit pass'd by,
As alone by the grave I stood weeping!

How death-like and dim was the gaze of that eye,
Where love's warmest fires once were glowing;

The pale linen shroud now enfaulked the cheek
Where once beauty's ringlets were flowing!

O Lydia, why thus dost thou gaze upon me,
And point to the darksome wood?—
An invisible hand seem'd to proffer a ring,
Or a dagger all stained with blood:—

But the bright sun of summer return'd with his
ray,
And the singing of birds brought the morrow;
Those visions of darkness all faded away
As I woke from my slumber of sorrow!

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL.

BORN 1798—DIED 1870.

HENRY SCOTT RIDDELL was born at Sorbie, in the Vale of Ewes, Dumfriesshire, Sept. 23, 1798. His father was a shepherd, and a man of strong though uneducated mind. Young Henry herded the cows in summer, and went to school during the winter months. At first a careless scholar, he afterwards became a diligent one, and while "out-bye herding" was either studying nature or a book, or composing verses. The lines of an epistle written by him subsequently will convey some idea of his habits at this period:—

"My early years were pass'd far on
The hills of Ettrick wild and lone;
Through summer sheen and winter shade
Tending the flocks that o'er them stray'd.
In bold enthusiastic glee
I sung rude strains of minstrelsy,
Which mingling with died o'er the dale,
Unheeded as the plover's wail.
Oft where the waving rushes shed
A shelter frail around my head,
Weening, though not through hopes of fame,
To fix on these more lasting claim,
I'd there secure in rustic scroll
The wayward fancies of the soul.
Even where yon lofty rocks arise,
Hoar as the clouds in wintry skies,
Wrapp'd in the plaid, and dorn'd beneath
The colder cone of drifted wreath,
I noted them afar from ken,
Till ink would freeze upon the pen;
So deep the spell which bound the heart
Unto the bard's undying art—
So rapt the charm that still beguiled
The minstrel of the mountains wild."

After herding for two years at Deloraine he removed to Todrig to follow the same occupation. Here he met a congenial spirit in William Knox, the cultured author of "The Lonely Hearth," and their friendship continued ever afterwards. "While here," he says, "my whole leisure time was employed in writing. I composed while walking and looking the hill. I also wrote down among the wilds. I yet remember, as a dream of poetry itself, how blessedly bright and beautiful exceedingly were these wilds themselves early in summer mornings, or when the white mists filled up the glens below, and left the summits of the mountains near and far away as sight could travel, green, calm, and serene as an eternity."

While at Todrig Riddell's style of thought and experience—doubtless through contact with William Knox—underwent a great change. He abandoned frivolous compositions, and applied himself to sacred themes. "My reading," he says, "was extended, and having begun to appreciate more correctly what I did read, the intention which I had sometimes entertained gathered strength: this was to make an effort to obtain a regular education (to fit himself for the Christian ministry). The consideration of the inadequacy of my means had hitherto bridled my ambition, but having herded as a regular shepherd nearly three years, during which I had no occasion

to spend much of my income, my prospects behoved to be a little more favourable. It was in this year that the severest trial that had yet crossed my path had to be sustained. The death of my father overthrew my happier mood; at the same time the event, instead of subduing my secret aim, rather strengthened my determination. My portion of my father's worldly effects added something considerable to my own gainings. I bade farewell to the crook and plaid."

He went to school at Biggar, where he found a kind schoolmaster, who taught him much beside Latin and Greek. Here he studied earnestly, and cultivated a circle of intellectual acquaintances, and in due time entered as a student at the University of Edinburgh, where he attracted the attention of Professor Dunbar by a translation of one of the odes of Anacreon. He also won for himself the affectionate regard of Professor Wilson, whose house was always open to him, with all the companionship of genius which graced its hospitable roof-tree.

When his university course was completed, his last session having been spent at St. Andrews, Mr. Riddell went to reside at Ramsay Cleughburn with his brother, and shortly after became the minister of Teviothead. He then married the excellent lady whose affectionate counsel and companionship were a solace and stay to him in his chequered life. There was no manse at Teviothead when he received the charge. He therefore occupied the farmhouse of Flex, nine miles distant; and as his income of £52 a year could not enable him to keep a conveyance, he had to walk eighteen miles every Sabbath, and whenever he went to visit his hearers. The Duke of Buccleuch built a cottage for the minister, and it was while it was in progress that, returning home from preaching one Sabbath afternoon, wet and weary, Mrs. Riddell, looking forward with pleasant anticipation of getting the new home, exclaimed, while he was changing his wet clothes, "Ah! Henry, I wish we were hame to our ain folk!" This was the inspiration to which we are indebted for his most exquisite lyric—a strain which cannot die.

Mr. Riddell ministered faithfully to the people of Teviothead for nearly nine years. His genius and worth had been recognized and appreciated, and everything seemed to

bid fair for his progress in the church; but in 1841 a serious attack of nervous disease came upon him, not to pass away for years; and when he did recover, it was deemed prudent that he should not return to the labours of the pastorate. The Duke of Buccleuch generously permitted him to occupy the manse cottage during his lifetime, and also granted him a small annuity and a piece of ground beside his dwelling. This was enough for his simple wants and for the education of his three boys, one of whom died full of poetic promise when budding into manhood. During the remaining years of his life the poet resided in this spot by the banks of the Teviot, reclaiming and beautifying his land, and cherishing his poetic tastes. He had intended to be present at the meeting of the Border Counties Association, held at Hawick, July 28, and his name was associated with the toast of the "literature of the Borders;" but on that day he was seized with a mortal illness, and died on July 30, 1870, aged seventy-two. On August 2, surrounded by a great concourse of friends from far and near, all that was mortal of the Bard of Teviotdale was laid in its last resting-place, in that

"churchyard that lonely is lying
Amid the deep greenwood by Teviot's wild strand."

The poet's loving and faithful wife died May 29, 1875, and now rests by his side.

Riddell wrote much, and much that he wrote became extremely popular. When a student of theology he composed many of his best songs for the *Irish Minstrel* and *Select Melodies* of R. A. Smith, and for the *Original National Melodies* of Peter M'Leod. His *Songs of the Ark, with other Poems*, appeared in 1831, followed in 1844 by a prose work entitled *The Christian Politician, or the Right Way of Thinking*. Three years later he published a third volume, *Poems, Songs, and Miscellaneous Pieces*; and in 1855 he prepared for publication, by request of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, a translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew into Lowland Scotch, followed in 1857 by a similar translation of the Psalms. Mr. Riddell also wrote a valuable series of papers on "Store-Farming in the South of Scotland," and a number of prose tales similar to those in Wilson's *Tales of the Border*. His last composition was a poem written for a

meeting of the Border Association, held at Hawick two days before his death. In 1871 two volumes of Riddell's poetical works, accompanied by a portrait, and a well-written memoir from the pen of his friend James Brydon, M.D., were published in Glasgow.

In a letter accompanying a song written for Mrs. Mary Wilson Gibbs in 1867, the venerable poet remarks, "In addressing a song to you I wish that it had turned out somewhat more worth while than now appears to be the case. At all events I might have adopted a more harmonious measure, and thereby have given myself at least a chance of wording more harmonious verses: and I could now wish that I had done so, regardless of the air: but I was ambitious of putting the air in your possession, it having been composed by the Ettrick Shepherd. I am no daub—or rather a great *daub* in the literal sense of the term—at copying music, and in attempting to give you a copy I am uncertain whether I have given you altogether a correct one; but I hope you will make it out in some way. Of the song which I originally wrote to it Hogg was wonderfully fond, and I had always to sing it to him when we met. I dare say it is much better as a song than that which I send you: I was not then so hoary-headed, and could write with more freedom and vigour. Yet it is not greatly unlike the verses with which I trouble you,

and that you may judge for yourself I will also herewith copy it, more especially as it also related to one who could by her exquisite singing cast a spell of enchantment over the human heart. . . .

"Mrs. Oliver informed me when you intended to leave old Scotland: I therefore made up my mind to write out these things to-day. They are of little consequence I readily confess, but from the respect which I entertained for your father, together with that which I entertain for yourself, I felt anxious to do something that might if possible prevent you from utterly forgetting that we had met. . . . I shall hope that you will soon return to the 'gay green braes of Teviotdale,' and cheer our hearts as in days gone by."

A brother of the late bard, known as Borthwick Riddell, a dark, stalwart, and independent-looking man, who was, both in regard to musical talent and personal appearance, an impersonation of the spirit of ancient Border minstrelsy—a worthy representative of Allister M'Allister, Habbie Simpson, and Rab the Ranter—was in his day and generation the most celebrated piper on the Border. As the writer listened to his soul-stirring strains near Canobie Lee, he appeared to be just such a minstrel as we can imagine strode forth before the Bruce, the Bold Buccleuch, or the Black Douglas of bygone days.

THE CROOK AND PLAID.

I winna love the laddie that ca's the cart and
plough,

Though he should own that tender love that's
only felt by few;

For he that has this bosom a' to fondest love
betray'd,

Is the faithfu' shepherd laddie that wears the
crook and plaid;

For he's aye true to his lassie—he's aye
true to his lassie,

Who wears the crook and plaid.

At morn he climbs the mountains wild his
fleecey flocks to view,

While o'er him sweet the laverock sings, new
sprung frae 'mang the dew;

His doggie frolics roun' and roun', and may
not weel be stay'd,

Sae blythe it is the laddie wi' that wears the
crook and plaid;

And he's aye true, &c.

At noon he leans him down upon the high and
heathy fell,

And views his flocks beneath him a', fair feed-
ing in the dell;

And then he sings the sangs o' love, the sweet-
est ever made;

O! how happy is the laddie that wears the
crook and plaid;

And he's aye true, &c.

He pu's the bells o' heather red, and the lily
flowers sae meek,

Ca's the lily like my bosom, and the heath-
bell like my cheek;

His words are sweet and tender, as the dews
 frae heaven shed;
 And weel I love to list the lad who wears the
 crook and plaid;
 For he's aye true, &c.

When the dews begin to fauld the flowers, and
 the gloamin' shades draw on,
 When the star comes stealing through the sky,
 and the kye are on the loan,
 He whistles through the glen sae sweet, the
 heart is lighter made
 To ken the laddie hameward hies, who wears
 the crook and plaid;
 For he's aye true, &c.

Beneath the spreading hawthorn gray, that's
 growing in the glen,
 He meets me in the gloamin' aye, when nane
 on earth can ken,
 To woo and vow, and there I trow, whatever
 may be said,
 He kens aye unco weel the way to row me in
 his plaid;
 For he's aye true, &c.

The youth o' mony riches may to his fair one
 ride,
 And woo across the table cauld his madam-
 titled bride;
 But I'll gang to the hawthorn gray, where
 cheek to cheek is laid,
 O! nae woers like the laddie that rows me in
 his plaid;
 And he's aye true, &c.

To own the truth o' tender love what heart wad
 no comply,
 Since love gives purer happiness than aught
 aneath the sky?
 If love be in the bosom, then the heart is ne'er
 afraid;
 And through life I'll love the laddie that wears
 the crook and plaid;
 For he's aye true, &c.

OUR MARY.¹

Our Mary liket weel to stray
 Where clear the burn was rowin',
 And trowth she was, though I say sae,
 As fair as ought e'er made o' clay,
 And pure as ony gowan.

And happy, too, as ony lark
 The clud might ever carry;
 She shunned the ill and sought the good,
 E'en mair than weel was understood;
 And a' fouk liket Mary.

But she fell sick wi' some decay,
 When she was but eleven;
 And as she pined frae day to day,
 We grudged to see her gaun away,
 Though she was gaun to heaven.

There's fears for them that's far awa',
 And fykes for them are flitting;
 But fears and cares, baith grit and sma',
 We by-and-by o'er-pit them a';
 But death there's nae o'er-pitting.

And nature's bands are hard to break,
 When thus they maun be broken;
 And e'en the form we loved to see,
 We canna lang, dear though it be,
 Preserve it as a token.

But Mary had a gentle heart—
 Heaven did as gently free her;
 Yet lang afore she reach'd that part,
 Dear sir, it wad hae made ye start
 Had ye been here to see her.

Sae changed, and yet sae sweet and fair,
 And growing meek and meeker;
 Wi' her lang locks o' yellow hair,
 She wore a little angel's air,
 Ere angels cam' to seek her.

And when she could na stray out by,
 The wee wild flowers to gather;
 She oft her household plays would try,
 To hide her illness frae our eye,
 Lest she should grieve us farther.

But ilka thing we said or did
 Aye pleased the sweet wee creature;
 Indeed ye wad hae thocht she had
 A something in her made her glad,
 Ayont the course o' nature.

For though disease, beyond remeed,
 Was in her frame indented,
 Yet aye the mair as she grew ill,
 She grew and grew the lovelier still,
 And mair and mair contented.

But death's cauld hour cam' on at last,
 As it to a' is comin';
 And may it be, whene'er it fa's,
 Nae waur to others than it was
 To Mary—sweet wee woman!

¹ From Mr. Riddell's poem "The Cottagers of Glendale."—Ed.

WOULD THAT I WERE WHERE WILD WOODS WAVE.

Would that I were where wild woods wave,
 Aboon the beds where sleep the brave;
 And where the streams o' Scotia lave
 Her hills and glens o' grandeur!

Where freedom reigns and friendship dwells,
 Bright as the sun upon the fells,
 When autumn brings the heather-bells
 In all their native splendour.
 The thistle wi' the hawthorn joins,
 The birks mix wi' the mountain pines,
 And heart with dauntless heart combines
 For ever to defend her.
 Then would I were, &c.

There roam the kind, and live the leal,
 By lofty ha' and lowly shiel;
 And she for whom the heart must feel
 A kindness still mair tender.
 Fair, where the light hill breezes blaw,
 The wild flowers bloom by glen and shaw;
 But she is fairer than them a',
 Wherever she may wander.
 Then would I were, &c.

Still, far or near, by wild or wood,
 I'll love the generous, wise, and good;
 But she shall share the dearest mood
 That Heaven to life may render.
 What boots it then thus on to stir,
 And still from love's enjoyment err,
 When I to Scotland and to her
 Must all this heart surrender.
 Then would I were, &c.

SCOTLAND YET.¹

Gae, bring my guid auld harp ance mair,—
 Gae, bring it free and fast,
 For I maun sing another sang
 Ere a' my glee be past;
 And trow ye as I sing, my lads,
 The burden o't shall be
 Auld Scotland's howes, and Scotland's knowes,
 And Scotland's hills for me—
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
 Wi' a' the honours three.

The heath waves wild upon her hills,
 And foaming frae the fells,

Her fountains sing o' freedom still
 As they dance down the dells;
 And weel I lo'e the land, my lads,
 That's girded by the sea;
 Then Scotland's dales and Scotland's vales,
 And Scotland's hills for me—
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
 Wi' a' the honours three.

The thistle wags upon the fields
 Where Wallace bore his blade,
 That gave her foeman's dearest bluid
 To dye her auld gray plaid;
 And looking to the lift, my lads,
 He sang this doughty glee—
 Auld Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me—
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
 Wi' a' the honours three.

They tell o' lands wi' brighter skies,
 Where freedom's voice ne'er rang;
 Gie me the hills where Ossian lies,
 And Coila's minstrel sang;
 For I've nae skill o' lands, my lads,
 That ken na to be free;
 Then Scotland's right and Scotland's might,
 And Scotland's hills for me—
 I'll drink a cup to Scotland yet
 Wi' a' the honours three.

THE WILD GLEN SAE GREEN.

When my flocks upon the heathy hill are
 lying a' at rest,
 And the gloamin' spreads its mantle gray o'er
 the world's dewy breast,
 I'll take my plaid and hasten through yon
 woody dell unseen,
 And meet my bonnie lassie in the wild glen
 sae green.

I'll meet her by the trysting-tree, that's stannin'
 a' alane,
 Where I hae carved her name upon yon little
 moss gray stane,
 There I will fauld her to my breast, and be
 mair bless'd, I ween,
 Than a' that are aneath the sky, in the wild
 glen sae green.

Her head reclined upon this breast, in simple
 bliss I'll share,
 The pure, pure kiss o' tender love that owns
 nae earthly care,

¹ This song set to music was first published in a separate sheet, and the profits given for the purpose of putting a parapet and railing round the monument of Burns on the Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

And spirits hovering o'er us shall bless the
heartfelt scene,
While I woo my bonnie lassie in the wild glen
sae green.

My fauldin' plaid shall shield her frae the
gloamin's chilly gale;
The star o' eve shall mark our joy, but shall
not tell our tale—
Our simple tale o' tender love—that tauld sae
oft has been
To my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen
sae green.

It may be sweet at morning hour, or at the
noon o' day,
To meet wi' those that we lo'e weel in grove or
garden gay;
But the sweetest bliss o' mortal life is at the
hour o' e'en,
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen
sae green.

O! I could wander earth a' o'er, nor care for
aught o' bliss,
If I might share, at my return, a joy sae pure
as this;
And I could spurn a' earthly wealth—a palace
and a queen,
For my bonnie, bonnie lassie, in the wild glen
sae green!

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE.

I sat in the vale, 'neath the hawthorns so hoary,
And the gloom of my bosom seem'd deep as
their shade,
For remembrance was fraught with the far-trav-
ell'd story,
That told where the dust of the minstrel was
laid:
I saw not his harp on the wild boughs above me,
I heard not its anthems the mountains among;
But the flow'rets that bloom'd on his grave were
more lovely
Than others would seem to the earth that be-
long.

"Sleep on," said my soul, "in the depths of thy
slumber
Sleep on, gentle bard! till the shades pass away;
For the lips of the living the ages shall number
That steal o'er thy heart in its couch of decay,
Oh! thou wert beloved from the dawn of thy
childhood,
Beloved till the last of thy suffering was seen,

Beloved now that o'er thee is waving the wild-wood,
And the worm only living where rapture hath
been.

"Till the footsteps of time are their travel for-
saking,
No form shall descend, and no dawning shall
come,
To break the repose that thy ashes are taking,
And call them to life from their chamber of
gloom;
Yet sleep, gentle bard! for, though silent for ever,
Thy harp in the hall of the chieftain is hung;
No time from the mem'ry of mankind shall sever
The tales that it told, and the strains that it
sung."

THE EMIGRANT'S WISH.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where the gentle are leal, and the simple are weal,
And the hames are the hames o' our ain folk.
We've met wi' the gay and the guid where we've
come;
We're canty wi' mony and couthy wi' some;
But something's awantin' we never can find,
Sin' the day that we left our auld neebors behind.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
When daffin' and glee, wi' the friendly and free,
Made our hearts aye sae fond o' our ain folk.
Some told us in gowpens we'd gather the gear,
Sae soon as we cam' to the rich mailens here;
But what is in mailens, or what is in mirth,
If 'tis na enjoyed in the land o' our birth?

O, I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
When maidens and men, in the strath and the glen,
Still welcomed us aye as their ain folk;
Though spring had its trials, and summer its toils,
And autumn craved pith ere we gathered its spoils;
But winter repaid a' the toil that we took,
When ilk ane craw'd crouse at his ain ingle nook.

I wish I were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
But deep are the howes, and heigh are the knowes,
That keep us awa' frae our ain folk;
The seat at the door, where our auld fathers sat,
To tell o'er their news, and their views, and a' that;
While down by the kail-yard the burnie row'd
clear,
Is mair to my liking than aught that is here.

I wish we were hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,

Where the wild thistles wave o'er the beds o' the brave.

And the graves are the graves o' our ain folk;
But happy-gae-lucky, we'll trudge on our way,
Till the arm waxes weak and the haffet grows
gray;

And though in this world our own still we miss,
We'll meet them at last in a warl' o' bliss;

And then we'll be hame to our ain folk,
Our kind and our true-hearted ain folk,
Where far 'yond the moon, in the heavens aboon,
The hames are the hames o' our ain folk.

ROBERT POLLOK.

BORN 1798 — DIED 1827.

The gifted author of the "Course of Time" was born at the farm of North Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, October 19, 1798. He acquired the rudiments of his education at Langlee and at a school at Newton-Mearns, and afterwards entered the University of Glasgow. Being destined for the ministry he studied for five years in the divinity hall of the United Secession Church at Glasgow, under the Rev. Dr. Dick of that city. During his student days he wrote a series of tales relating to the sufferings of the Covenanters, which were published anonymously. A second edition of these "Tales," accompanied by a portrait and memoir of the author, appeared after his death.

The spirit of poetry and inspiration was formed and "became a living soul" within Robert Pollok in the rural solitudes of Muirhouse, where he spent his boyhood. His short compositions written at this time gave, however, little promise of the poetic power developed by him later in life. His celebrated poem was commenced in December, 1824, and finished in the space of nineteen months. The following letter announcing its completion was addressed to his brother, July 7, 1826:—"It is with much pleasure that I am now able to tell you that I have finished my poem. Since I wrote to you last, I have written about three thousand five hundred verses; which is considerably more than a hundred every successive day. This you will see was extraordinary expedition to be continued so long; and I neither can nor wish to ascribe it to anything but an extraordinary manifestation of divine goodness. Although some nights I

was on the borders of fever, I rose every morning equally fresh, without one twitch of headache; and with all the impatience of a lover hastened to my study. Towards the end of the tenth book—for the whole consists of ten books—where the subject was overwhelmingly great, and where I, indeed, seemed to write from immediate inspiration, I felt the body beginning to give way. But now that I have finished, though thin with the great heat and the unintermitted mental exercise, I am by no means languishing and feeble. Since the 1st of June, which was the day I began to write last, we have had a Grecian atmosphere; and I find the serenity of the heavens of incalculable benefit for mental pursuit. And I am convinced that summer is the best season for great mental exertion, because the heat promotes the circulation of the blood, the stagnation of which is the great cause of misery to cogitative men. The serenity of mind which I have possessed is astonishing. Exalted on my native mountains, and writing often on the top of the very highest of them, I proceeded from day to day as if I had been in a world in which there was neither sin, nor sickness, nor poverty. In the four books last written I have succeeded, in almost every instance, up to my wishes; and in many places I have exceeded anything that I had conceived. This is not boasting, remember. I only say that I have exceeded the degree of excellence which I had formerly thought of."

The "Course of Time" was issued in March, 1827, and was at once recognized as a great work. In style it sometimes resembles the lofty march of Milton, and at other times

imitates that of Blair and Young. With much of the spirit and the opinions of Cowper, Pollok lacked his taste and refinement: shortcomings which time might have removed, but like Henry Kirke White and David Gray he was destined for an early grave. In less than two months after the appearance of his poem he was licensed for the ministry. The success of the "Course of Time" had excited high hopes in respect to his professional career, which were, however, not destined to be realized. He preached but four times, once for his friend Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, when the writer's father happened to be present, and was greatly impressed with his power and self-possession. Symptoms of pulmonary disease becoming apparent, produced by over-exertion in his studies while preparing for the ministry and in the composition of his poem, Pollok spent the summer of 1827 under the roof of a clerical friend, where every means were tried for the restoration of his health. These proving unsuccessful he was persuaded to try the climate of Italy, his many admirers promptly furnishing the means necessary for the journey. He reached London along with his sister, but by the advice of physicians, who deemed him unable to endure the journey to the Continent, he proceeded to Shirley Common, near Southampton, where he died, September 18, 1827. He was

buried with the rites of the Church of England in the neighbouring churchyard of Millbrook, near the sea-shore, where a granite obelisk, erected by the admirers of his genius, marks his grave. But, as the inscription on it truly says, "His immortal poem is his monument." The same year witnessed Robert Pollok's advent as a poet and a preacher and his untimely death. He has been described as tall, well proportioned, of a dark complexion "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," with deep-set eyes, heavy eyebrows, and black bushy hair. "A smothered light burned in his dark orbs, which flashed with a meteor brilliancy whenever he spoke with enthusiasm and energy."

After Pollok's death several short poems from his pen, together with a memoir of his life, were published by his brother at Edinburgh, and in New York a volume appeared entitled "*Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Robert Pollok*," edited by Rev. James Scott." The sum paid for the "Course of Time," a poem that has passed through eighty editions in Scotland and at least double that number in the United States, amounted to £2500—a price greatly exceeding that given for the poems of Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Campbell, and nearly as large as was ever paid to any poet in the height of his fame, and when poetry was most in vogue with the public.

THE COURSE OF TIME.¹

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.—Invocation to the Eternal Spirit.—The subject of the Poem announced.—A period long after the Last Judgment described.—Two youthful Sons of Paradise, waiting on the battlements of Heaven, observant of the return of holy messengers, or the arrival from distant worlds of spirits made perfect, discover one directing his flight towards Heaven.—The hills of Paradise.—The Mount of God.—Welcome of the faithful servant.—The hill of the Throne of God pointed out to him.—The Sons of Paradise offer to guide him into the presence of the Most High.—The New-arrived, bewildered by the strange sights beheld in his flight, begs for knowledge, and the solution of the mysteries he has seen.—Describes his flight through Chaos, and arrival at the place of Everlasting Punishment.—Wall of fiery adamant.—The worm that

never dies—Eternal Death—Hell—The dreadful sights beheld there.—The youthful Sons of Heaven refer the New-arrived to an ancient Bard of Adam's race.—They fly towards his dwelling.—Flight through the fields of Heaven.—The Bard of Earth described—His Bower in Paradise.—He is entreated to clear up the wondering doubt of the New-arrived, who tells what he has seen and conjectured.—The Bard informs him the gracious form he beheld in Hell is Virtue—Agrees to relate the history of the human race.

Eternal Spirit! God of truth! to wh m
All things seem as they are—Thou who of old
The prophet's eye unscaled, that nightly saw,
While heavy sleep fell down on other men,
In holy vision tranced, the future pass
Before him, and to Judah's harp attuned
Burdens that made the Pagan mountains shake,

¹ He (Pollok) had much to learn in composition; and, had he lived, he would have looked almost with humili-

ation on much that is at present eulogized by his devoted admirers. But the soul of poetry is there,

And Zion's cedars bow—inspire my song;
My eye unseal; me what is substance teach,
And shadow what, while I of things to come,
As past, rehearsing, sing the course of Time,
The second birth, and final doom of man.

The muse that soft and sickly woos the ear
Of love, or chanting loud, in windy rhyme,
Of fabled hero, raves through gaudy tale,
Not overfraught with sense, I ask not: such
A strain befits not argument so high.
Me thought and phrase severely sifting out
The whole idea, grant, uttering as 'tis
The essential truth—Time gone, the righteous
saved,
The wicked damned, and Providence approved.

Hold my right hand, Almighty! and me teach
To strike the lyre, but seldom struck, to notes
Harmonious with the morning stars, and pure
As those by sainted bards and angels sung,
Which wake the echoes of Eternity;
That fools may hear and tremble, and the wise,
Instructed, listen of ages yet to come.

Long was the day, so long expected, past
Of the eternal doom, that gave to each
Of all the human race his due reward.
The sun, earth's sun, and moon, and stars, had
ceased

To number seasons, days, and months, and years,
To mortal man; Hope was forgotten, and Fear;
And Time, with all its chance, and change, and
smiles,

And frequent tears, and deeds of villany
Or righteousness, once talked of much as things
Of great renown, was now but ill remembered;
In dim and shadowy vision of the past
Seen far remote, as country which has left
The traveller's speedy step, retiring back
From morn till even; and long Eternity
Had rolled his mighty years, and with his years
Men had grown old. The saints, all home returned
From pilgrimage, and war, and weeping, long
Had rested in the bowers of peace, that skirt

though often dimly enveloped, and many passages there
are, and long ones too, that heave and hurry and glow
along in a divine enthusiasm.—*Professor Wilson.*

The "Course of Time" is a very extraordinary poem;
vast in its conception, vast in its plan, vast in its
materials, and vast, if very far from perfect, in its
achievement. The wonderful thing is, indeed, that it
is such as we find it, and not that its imperfections are
numerous. It has nothing at all savouring of the little
or conventional in it, for he passed at once from the
merely elegant and graceful.—*Dr. D. M. Moir.*

Pollok's "Course of Time," much overlauded on its
first appearance, is the immature work of a man of
genius who possessed very imperfect cultivation. It is
clumsy in plan, tediously dissertative, and tastelessly

The stream of life; and long—alas! how long
To them it seemed!—the wicked who refused
To be redeemed, had wandered in the dark
Of hell's despair, and drunk the burning cup
Their sins had filled with everlasting woe.

Thus far the years had rolled, which none but
God

Doth number, when two sons, two youthful sons
Of Paradise, in conversation sweet—
For thus the heavenly muse instructs me, wooed
At midnight hour with offering sincere
Of all the heart, poured out in holy prayer—
High on the hills of immortality,
Whence goodliest prospect looks beyond the walls
Of heaven, walked, casting off their eye far
through

The pure serene, observant if returned
From errand duly finished any came;
Or any, first in virtue now complete,
From other worlds arrived, confirmed in good.

Thus viewing, one they saw, on hasty wing,
Directing towards heaven his course; and now,
His flight ascending near the battlements
And lofty hills on which they walked, approached.
For round and round, in spacious circuit wide,
Mountains of tallest stature circumscribe
The plains of Paradise, whose tops, arrayed
In uncreated radiance, seem so pure,
That nought but angel's foot, or saint's elect
Of God, may venture there to walk. Here oft
The sons of bliss take morn or evening pastime,
Delighted to behold ten thousand worlds
Around their suns revolving in the vast
External space, or listen the harmonies
That each to other in its motion sings;
And hence, in middle heaven remote, is seen
The mount of God in awful glory bright.
Within, no orb create of moon, or star,
Or sun, gives light; for God's own countenance,
Beaming eternally, gives light to all.
But farther than these sacred hills, His will
Forbids its flow, too bright for eyes beyond.
This is the last ascent of virtue; here
All trial ends, and hope; here perfect joy,

magniloquent; but it has passages of good and genuine
poetry.—*Professor W. Spalding.*

The sentiments of the author are strongly Calvinistic,
and in this respect, as well as in a certain crude ardour
of imagination and devotional enthusiasm, the poem
reminds us of the style of Milton's early prose treatises.
It is often harsh, turgid, and vehement.—*Dr. Robert
Chambers.*

This poem is pregnant with spiritual hope, but over-
shadowed by gloomy views of merely human objects and
pursuits. The style is often turgid, without the epi-
grammatic vividness of Young. As the production of
a youth the "Course of Time" must rank among the
most wonderful efforts of genius.—*Daniel Scrymgeour.*

With perfect righteousness, which to these
heights
Alone can rise, begin, above all fall.

And now, on wing of holy ardour strong,
Hither ascends the stranger, borne upright—
For stranger he did seem, with curious eye
Of nice inspection round surveying all—
And at the feet alights of those that stood
His coming, who the hand of welcome gave,
And the embrace sincere of holy love;
And thus, with comely greeting kind, began:—

Hail, brother! hail, thou son of happiness!
Thou son beloved of God! welcome to heaven,
To bliss that never fades! thy day is past
Of trial, and of fear to fall. Well done,
Thou good and faithful servant! enter now
Into the joy eternal of thy Lord.
Come with us, and behold far higher sight
Than e'er thy heart desired, or hope conceived.
See! yonder is the glorious hill of God,
'Bove angel's gaze in brightness rising high.
Come, join our wing, and we will guide thy flight
To mysteries of everlasting bliss—
The tree and fount of life, the eternal throne
And presence-chamber of the King of kings.
But what concern hangs on thy countenance,
Unwont within this place? Perhaps thou deem'st
Thyself unworthy to be brought before
The always Ancient One? so are we too
Unworthy; but our God is all in all,
And gives us boldness to approach His throne.

Sons of the Highest! citizens of heaven!
Began the new-arrived, right have ye judged:
Unworthy, most unworthy is your servant
To stand in presence of the King, or hold
Most distant and most humble place in this
Abode of excellent glory unrevealed.
But God Almighty be for ever praised,
Who, of His fulness, fills me with all grace
And ornament, to make me in His sight
Well pleasing, and accepted in His court.
But if your leisure waits, short narrative
Will tell why strange concern thus overhangs
My face, ill seeming here; and haply, too,
Your elder knowledge can instruct my youth
Of what seems dark and doubtful, unexplained.

Our leisure waits thee: speak; and what we
can,
Delighted most to give delight, we will;
Though much of mystery yet to us remains.

Virtue, I need not tell, when proved and full
Matured, inclines us up to God and heaven,
By law of sweet compulsion strong and sure:
As gravitation to the larger orb
The less attracts, through matter's whole domain.
Virtue in me was ripe. I speak not this

In boast; for what I am to God I owe,
Entirely owe, and of myself am naught.
Equipped and bent for heaven, I left yon world,
My native seat, which scarce your eye can reach,
Rolling around her central sun, far out,
On utmost verge of light: but first to see
What lay beyond the visible creation,
Strong curiosity my flight impelled.
Long was my way and strange. I passed the
bounds

Which God doth set to light, and life, and love;
Where darkness meets with day, where order
meets

Disorder, dreadful, waste, and wild; and down
The dark, eternal, uncreated night
Ventured alone. Long, long on rapid wing
I sailed through empty, nameless regions vast,
Where utter Nothing dwells, unformed and void.
There neither eye nor ear, nor any sense
Of being most acute finds object; there
For aught external still you search in vain.
Try touch, or sight, or smell; try what you will,
You strangely find nought but yourself alone.
But why should I in words attempt to tell
What that is like, which is and yet is not?
This past, my path descending led me still
O'er unclaimed continents of desert gloom
Immense, where gravitation shifting turns
The other way, and to some dread, unknown,
Infernal centre downward weighs: and now,
Far travelled from the edge of darkness, far
As from that glorious mount of God to light's
Remotest limb, dire sights I saw, dire sounds
I heard; and suddenly before my eye
A wall of fiery adamant sprung up,
Wall mountainous, tremendous, flaming high
Above all flight of hope. I paused and looked;
And saw, where'er I looked upon that mound,
Sad figures traced in fire, not motionless,
But imitating life. One I remarked
Attentively; but how shall I describe
What nought resembles else my eye hath seen?
Of worm or serpent kind it something looked,
But monstrous, with a thousand snaky heads,
Eyed each with double orbs of glaring wrath;
And with as many tails, that twisted out
In horrid revolution, tipped with stings;
And all its mouths, that wide and darkly gaped,
And breathed most poisonous breath, had each
a sting,

Forked, and long, and venomous, and sharp;
And in its writhings infinite, it grasped
Malignantly what seemed a heart, swollen, black,
And quivering with torture most intense;
And still the heart, with anguish throbbing high,
Made effort to escape, but could not; for
Howe'er it turned—and oft it vainly turned—
These complicated foldings held it fast;
And still the monstrous beast with sting of head
Or tail transpierced it, bleeding evermore.
What this could image, much I searched to know;

And while I stood, and gazed, and wondered long,

A voice, from whence I knew not, for no one I saw, distinctly whispered in my ear These words: "This is the Worm that never dies."

Fast by the side of this unsightly thing,
Another was portrayed, more hideous still;
Who sees it once shall wish to see't no more.
For ever undescribed let it remain!
Only this much I may or can unfold—
Far out it thrust a dart that might have made
The knees of terror quake, and on it hung,
Within the triple barbs, a being pierced
Through soul and body both. Of heavenly make
Original the being seemed, but fallen,
And worn and wasted with enormous woe.
And still around the everlasting lance
It writhed convulsed, and uttered mimic groans;
And tried and wished, and ever tried and wished
To die; but could not die. Oh horrid sight!
I trembling gazed, and listened, and heard this voice

Approach my ear: "This is Eternal Death."

Nor these alone. Upon that burning wall,
In horrible emblazonry, were limned
All shapes, all forms, all modes of wretchedness,
And agony, and grief, and desperate woe.
And prominent in characters of fire,
Where'er, the eye could light, these words you read:

"Who comes this way, behold, and fear to sin!"
Amazed I stood; and thought such imagery
Foretokened, within, a dangerous abode.
But yet to see the worst a wish arose:
For virtue, by the holy seal of God
Accredited and stamped, immortal all,
And all invulnerable, fears no hurt.
As easy as my wish, as rapidly,
I through the horrid rampart passed, unscathed
And unopposed; and, poised on steady wing,
I hovering gazed. Eternal Justice! Sons
Of God! tell me, if ye can tell, what then
I saw, what then I heard. Wide was the place,
And deep as wide, and ruinous as deep.
Beneath, I saw a lake of burning fire,
With tempest tossed perpetually; and still
The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation broke, and music made
Of melancholy sort; and overhead,
And all around, wind warred with wind, storm howled

To storm, and lightning forked lightning crossed,
And thunder answered thunder, muttering sounds
Of sullen wrath; and far as sight could pierce,
Or down descend in caves of hopeless depth,
Through all that dungeon of unfading fire,
I saw most miserable beings wafk,
Burning continually, yet unconsumed;
For ever wasting, yet enduring still;

Dying perpetually, yet never dead.
Some wandered lonely in the desert flames,
And some in fell encounter fiercely met,
With curses loud, and blasphemies that made
The cheek of darkness pale; and as they fought,
And cursed and gnashed their teeth, and wished
to die,

Their hollow eyes did utter streams of woe.
And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
That always sighed, and tears that ever wept,
And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
And Sorrow, and Repentance, and Despair
Among them walked, and to their thirsty lips
Presented frequent cups of burning gall.
And as I listened, I heard these beings curse
Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
The earth, the resurrection morn; and seek,
And ever vainly seek, for utter death.
And to their everlasting anguish still,
The thunders from above responding spoke
These words, which, through the caverns of perdition

Forlornly echoing, fell on every ear—
"Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not:"
And back again recoiled a deeper groan.
A deeper groan! oh, what a groan was that!
I waited not, but swift on speediest wing,
With unaccustomed thoughts conversing, back
Retraced my venturous path from dark to light.
Then up ascending, long ascending up,
I hastened on; though whiles the chiming spheres,
By God's own finger touched to harmony,
Held me delaying, till I here arrived,
Drawn upward by the eternal love of God,
Of wonder full and strange astonishment,
At what in yonder den of darkness dwells,
Which now your higher knowledge will unfold.

They answering said:—To ask and to bestow
Knowledge, is much of heaven's delight; and now
Most joyfully what thou requir'st we would;
For much of new and unaccountable
Thou bring'st. Something indeed we heard
before,

In passing conversation slightly touched,
Of such a place; yet rather to be taught
Than teaching, answer, what thy marvel asks,
We need: for we ourselves, though here, are but
Of yesterday, creation's younger sons.
But there is one, an ancient bard of Earth,
Who, by the stream of life, sitting in bliss,
Has oft beheld the eternal years complete
The mighty circle round the throne of God:
Great in all learning, in all wisdom great,
And great in song; whose harp in lofty strain
Tells frequently of what thy wonder craves;
While round him, gathering, stand the youth of
heaven,

With truth and melody delighted both.
To him this path directs, an easy path,
And easy flight will bring us to his seat.

So saying, they, linked hand in hand, spread out
 Their golden wings, by living breezes fanned,
 And over heaven's broad champaign sailed serene.
 O'er hill and valley, clothed with verdure green
 That never fades; and tree, and herb, and flower,
 That never fade; and many a river, rich
 With nectar, winding pleasantly, they passed;
 And mansion of celestial mould, and work
 Divine. And oft delicious music, sung
 By saint and angel bands that walked the vales,
 Or mountain tops, and harped upon their harps,
 Their ear inclined, and held by sweet constraint
 Their wing; not long, for strong desire, awaked,
 Of knowledge that to holy use might turn,
 Still pressed them on to leave what rather seemed
 Pleasure, due only when all duty's done.

And now beneath them lay the wished-for spot,
 The sacred bower of that renowned bard;
 That ancient bard, ancient in days and song;
 But in immortal vigour young, and young
 In rosy health; to pensive solitude
 Retiring oft, as was his wont on earth.

Fit was the place, most fit for holy musing.
 Upon a little mount that gently rose,
 He sat, clothed in white robes; and o'er his head
 A laurel tree, of lustiest, eldest growth,
 Stately and tall, and shadowing far and wide—
 Not fruitless, as on earth, but bloomed and rich
 With frequent clusters, ripe to heavenly taste—
 Spread its eternal boughs, and in its arms
 A myrtle of unfading leaf embraced.
 The rose and lily, fresh with fragrant dew,
 And every flower of fairest cheek, around
 Him smiling flocked; beneath his feet, fast by
 And round his sacred hill, a streamlet walked,
 Warbling the holy melodies of heaven.
 The hallowed zephyrs brought him incense sweet;
 And out before him opened, in prospect long,
 The river of life, in many a winding maze
 Descending from the lofty throne of God,
 That with excessive glory closed the scene.

Of Adam's race he was, and lonely sat,
 By chance that day, in meditation deep,
 Reflecting much of Time, and Earth, and Man.
 And now to pensive, now to cheerful notes,
 He touched a harp of wondrous melody;
 A golden harp it was, a precious gift,
 Which, at the Day of Judgment, with the crown
 Of life, he had received from God's own hand,
 Reward due to his service done on earth.

He sees their coming, and with greeting kind,
 And welcome, not of hollow forged smiles,
 And ceremonious compliment of phrase,
 But of the heart sincere, into his bower
 Invites: like greeting they returned. Not bent
 In low obeisance, from creature most
 Unfit to creature, but with manly form

Upright they entered in; though high his rank,
 His wisdom high, and mighty his renown.
 And thus, deferring all apology,
 The two their new companion introduced.

Ancient in knowledge, bard of Adam's race!
 We bring thee one, of us inquiring what
 We need to learn, and with him wish to learn.
 His asking will direct thy answer best.

Most ancient bard! began the new-arrived,
 Few words will set my wonder forth, and guide
 Thy wisdom's light to what in me is dark.

Equipped for heaven, I left my native place:
 But first beyond the realms of light I bent
 My course; and there, in utter darkness, far
 Remote, I beings saw forlorn in woe,
 Burning continually, yet unconsumed.
 And there were groans that ended not, and sighs
 That always sighed, and tears that ever wept
 And ever fell, but not in Mercy's sight.
 And still I heard these wretched beings curse
 Almighty God, and curse the Lamb, and curse
 The earth, the resurrection morn, and seek,
 And ever vainly seek, for utter death.
 And from above the thunders answered still,
 "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."
 And everywhere throughout that horrid den
 I saw a form of excellence, a form
 Of beauty without spot, that nought could see
 And not admire, admire and not adore.
 And from its own essential beams it gave
 Light to itself, that made the gloom more dark.
 And every eye in that infernal pit
 Beheld it still; and from its face, how fair!
 O, how exceeding fair! for ever sought,
 But ever vainly sought, to turn away.
 That image, as I guess, was Virtue, for
 Nought else hath God given countenance so fair.
 But why in such a place it should abide?
 What place it is? what beings there lament?
 Whence came they? and for what their endless
 groan?
 Why curse they God? why seek they utter death?
 And chief, what means the resurrection morn?—
 My youth expects thy reverend age to tell.

Thou rightly deem'st, fair youth, began the bard;
 The form thou saw'st was Virtue, ever fair.
 Virtue, like God, whose excellent majesty,
 Whose glory virtue is, is omnipresent.
 No being, once created rational,
 Accountable, endowed with moral sense,
 With sapience of right and wrong endowed
 And charged, however fallen, debased, destroyed;
 However lost, forlorn, and miserable;
 In guilt's dark shrouding wrapped, however thick;
 However drunk, delirious, and mad,
 With sin's full cup; and with whatever damned
 Unnatural diligence it work and toil,
 Can banish Virtue from its sight, or once

Forget that she is fair. Hides it in night,
 In central night; takes it the lightning's wing,
 And flies for ever on, beyond the bounds
 Of all; drinks it the maddest cup of sin;
 Dives it beneath the ocean of despair:
 It dives, it drinks, it flies, it hides in vain.
 For still the eternal beauty, image fair,
 Once stamped upon the soul, before the eye
 All lovely stands, nor will depart; so God
 Ordains; and lovely to the worst she seems,
 And ever seems; and as they look, and still
 Must ever look upon her loveliness,
 Remembrance dire of what they were, of what
 They might have been, and bitter sense of what
 They are, polluted, ruined, hopeless, lost,
 With most repenting torment rend their hearts.
 So God ordains—their punishment severe
 Eternally inflicted by themselves.
 'Tis this, this Virtue hovering evermore
 Before the vision of the damned, and in
 Upon their monstrous moral nakedness
 Casting unwelcome light, that makes their woe,
 That makes the essence of the endless flame.
 Where this is, there is hell, darker than aught
 That he, the bard three-visioned, darkest saw.

The place thou saw'st was Hell; the groans thou
 heard'st
 The wailings of the damned, of those who would
 Not be redeemed, and at the Judgment-day,
 Long past, for unrepented sins were damned.
 The seven loud thunders which thou heard'st,
 declare
 The eternal wrath of the Almighty God.
 But whence, or why they came to dwell in woe,
 Why they curse God, what means the glorious
 morn
 Of resurrection—these a longer tale
 Demand, and lead the mournful lyre far back
 Through memory of sin and mortal man.
 Yet haply not rewardless we shall trace
 The dark disastrous years of finished Time:
 Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.
 Nor yet shall all be sad; for God gave peace,
 Much peace, on earth, to all who feared his name.

But first it needs to say, that other style
 And other language than thy ear is wont,
 Thou must expect to hear—the dialect
 Of man; for each in heaven a relish holds
 Of former speech, that points to whence he came.
 But whether I of person speak, or place,
 Event or action, moral or divine;
 Or things unknown compare to things unknown;
 Allude, imply, suggest, apostrophize;
 Or touch, when wandering through the past, on
 moods
 Of mind thou never felt; the meaning still,
 With easy apprehension, thou shalt take.
 So perfect here is knowledge, and the strings
 Of sympathy so tuned, that every word
 That each to other speaks, though never heard
 Before, at once is fully understood,
 And every feeling uttered, fully felt.

So shalt thou find, as from my various song,
 That backward rolls o'er many a tide of years,
 Directly or inferred, thy asking, thou,
 And wondering doubt, shalt learn to answer, while
 I sketch in brief the history of man.

HELEN'S TOMB.

At morn a dew-bathed rose I past,
 All lovely on its native stalk,
 Unmindful of the noon-day blast,
 That strew'd it on my evening's walk.

So, when the morn of life awoke,
 My hopes sat bright on fancy's bloom,
 Forgetful of the death-aimed stroke
 That laid them in my Helen's tomb.

Watch there my hopes! watch Helen sleep,
 Nor more with sweet-lipped Fancy rave,
 But with the long grass sigh and weep
 At dewy eve by Helen's grave.

WILLIAM THOM.

BORN 1799 — DIED 1848.

WILLIAM THOM, the author of "The Mither-less Bairn" and many other touching and pathetic Scottish lyrics, was born at Aberdeen in the year 1799. His father died soon after his birth, leaving his mother too poor to give

her son much education. When ten years old William was placed in a public factory, where he served an apprenticeship of four years, after which he obtained employment in the weaving establishment of Gordon, Barron, &

Co., where he continued for a period of seven-teen years. About 1830 he left Aberdeen, after entering into matrimony, and went to reside at Dundee. From here he removed to the village of Newtyle, near Cupar-Angus, where he passed several years of hard work, and domestic happiness with his loved Jean. At length, in 1837, heavy failures in the United States silenced in one week six thousand looms in Dundee, and spread dismay through the country. Thom's earnings had been small, and being thrown out of employment he had great difficulty to maintain his family. He purchased a few articles, and accompanied by his wife and children, with only two shillings in his possession, began the precarious life of a pedlar. They did not succeed in their attempts to trade, and one evening found themselves without means to obtain a night's lodging. Leaving his family at the roadside, Thom applied at several places for shelter, but without success. Of one of these applications the poet says: "I pleaded the infancy of my family and the lateness of the hour, but 'No, no' was the cruel reply. I returned to my family by the wayside. They had crept closer together, and all except the mother were fast asleep. I drew her mantle over the wet and chilled sleepers, and sat down beside them." At length a passer-by took pity upon them, and though an outhouse was the only accommodation he could offer, it was gladly accepted; but the morning revealed that their favourite little Jeanie had sunk under the exposure of the previous night.

For several months the poet's lot was a grievous one, and he was fain to seek a living by assuming the humbling position of a mendicant musician. But although this was found more profitable than the packman's trade, he grew sick of what he calls "beggar's work," and on reaching Aberdeen he sat down once more to the loom. Finding more profitable occupation at Inverury, he removed to that village, where, nine months after, he lost his beloved wife—the faithful partner of all his sorrowful wanderings. "She left us," he says, "just as the last cold cloud was passing, ere the outbreak of a brighter day. That cloud passed, but the warmth that followed lost half its value to me, she being no partaker therein." He now occupied a time of slackness in com-

posing small poems, one of the best of which, No. 1 of "The Blind Boy's Pranks," he sent to the *Aberdeen Herald*. The piece was in due time inserted, with the following editorial note:—"These beautiful stanzas are by a correspondent who subscribes himself 'A Serf,' and declares that he has to 'weave fourteen hours out of the twenty-four.' We trust his daily toil will soon be abridged, that he may have more leisure to devote to an art in which he shows so much natural genius and cultivated taste." This poem was copied extensively into other journals, and attracted the attention of Mr. Gordon of Knockespeck, in the neighbourhood, who, ascertaining the indigent circumstances of the poet, sent him five pounds, and undertook to patronize him. Thom had found a real Mæcenas, for soon afterwards, he tells us, he and his daughter were dashing along in a handsome carriage through the streets of London; and under the protection and at the expense of Mr. Gordon they spent upwards of four months in England, visiting and being visited by many of the leading men of the day.

In 1841 he published a volume of poems and songs, with a brief autobiography, under the title of "Rhymes and Recollections of a Handloom Weaver," which reached a third edition. On his return to London the year following he was entertained at a public dinner, a member of Parliament presiding, and numerous distinguished artists and men of letters being present. The working classes of London organized a meeting for his benefit, which was presided over by Dr. Bowring, and proved a success. Charles Dickens, the Howitts, Eliza Cook, John Forster, and other literary magnates of the metropolis, paid the weaver-poet attentions. From the United States he received, chiefly through the efforts of Margaret Fuller, upwards of two thousand dollars; and considerable sums were also sent to him from India and Australia.

This was the culminating point of Thom's career. With the assistance of parasites who hovered around him his money was soon spent, his habits became bad, he could not obtain any literary employment, his great friends grew tired of him, he lost caste, and at last lost heart and hope. Starvation was almost staring him in the face, and he resolved to return to

his humble friends and his loom in Scotland. From this time a change came over him. He walked about, as his brother-poet Gow said, "with his death upon him." The last paper he wrote was entitled "Weeds," for which Douglas Jerrold sent him five pounds. He

died in deep poverty at Dundee, Feb. 29, 1848, and his remains were honoured with a public funeral. He had married a second time, and left a widow and three children, for whom a handsome sum was afterwards raised by subscription.

THE BLIND BOY'S PRANKS.

No. I.

"I'll tell some ither time, quo' he,
How we love an' laugh in the north countrie."
Legend.

Men grew sae cauld, maids sae unkind,
Love kentna whaur to stay,
Wi' fient an arrow, bow, or string—
Wi' droopin' heart an' drizzled wing,
He faught his lanely way.

"Is there nae mair, in Garioch fair,
Ae spotless hame for me?
Hae politics, an' corn, an kye,
Ilk bosom stappit? Fie, O fie!
I'll swithe me o'er the sea."

He launched a leaf o' jessamine,
On whilk he daured to swim,
An' pillowed his head on a wee rosebud,
Syne laithfu', lanely, Love 'gan send
Down Ury's waefu' stream.

The birds sang bonnie as Love drew near,
But dowie when he gaed by;
Till lulled wi' the sough o' mony a sang,
He sleepit fu' soun' an' sailed along
Neath heav'n's gowden sky!

'Twas just whaur creepin' Ury greets
Its mountain-cousin Don,
There wandered forth a weel-faur'd dame,
Wha listless gazed on the bonnie stream,
As it flirted an' played wi' a sunny beam
That flickered its bosom upon.

Love happit his head, I trow, that time,
The jessamine bark drew nigh,
The lassie espied the wee rosebud,
An' aye her heart gae thud for thud,
An' quiet it wadna lie.

"O gin I but had yon wearie wee flower
That floats on the Ury sae fair!"
She lootit her hand for the silly rose-leaf,
But little wist she o' the pawkie thief
Was lurkin' an' laughin' there!

Loveglower'd when he saw her bonnie dark e'e,
An' swore by heaven's grace
He ne'er had seen, nor thought to see,
Since e'er he left the Paphian lea,
Sae lovely a dwallin' place.

Syne, first of a', in her blythesome breast,
He built a bower, I ween;
An' what did the waefu', devilick neist?
But kindled a gleam like the rosy east,
That sparkled frae baith her een.

An' then beneath ilk high e'e-bree
He placed a quiver there;
His bow? what but her shinin' brow?
An' O! sic deadly strings he drew
Frae out her silken hair.

Guid be our guard! sic deeds waur deen,
Rooun' a' our countrie then;
An' mony a hangin' lug was seen
'Mang farmers fat, an' lawyers lean,
An' herds o' common men!

DREAMINGS OF THE BEREAVED.

The morning breaks bonnie o'er mountain an'
stream,
An' troubles the hallowed breath o' my dream!
The gowd light of morning is sweet to the e'e,
But, ghost-gathering midnight, thou'rt dearer
to me.
The dull common world then sinks from my sight,
An' fairer creations arise to the night;
When drowsy oppression has sleep-sealed my e'e,
Then bright are the visions awaken'd to me!

O! come, spirit mother, discourse of the hours,
My young bosom beat all its beating to yours,
When heart-woven wishes in soft counsel fell,
On ears—how unheedful prov'd sorrow might tell!
That deathless affection—nae trial could break,
When a' else forsook me ye woulna forsake;
Then come, O! my mother, come often to me,
An' soon an' for ever I'll come unto thee!

An' thou shrouded loveliness! soul-winning Jean,
How cold was thy hand on my bosom yestreen!

'Twas kind—for the lowe that your e'e kindled
there
Will burn—ay, an' burn, till that breast beat nae
mair.

Our bairnies sleep round me. O! bless ye their
sleep,
Your ain dark-e'd Willie will wauken an' weep;
But, blythe in his weepin', he'll tell me how you,
His *heaven-hamed* mammie, was "dautin' his
brow."

Though dark be our dwellin'—our happin' though
bare,

An' night closes round us in cauldness an' care;
Affection will warm us—an' bright are the beams
That halo our hame in yon dear land of dreams.
Then weel may I welcome the night's deathly reign,
Wi' souls of the dearest I mingle me then;
The gowd light of morning is lightless to me,
But oh for the night wi' its ghost revelrie!

JEANIE'S GRAVE.

I saw my true love first on the banks of queenly
Tay,
Nor did I deem it yielding my trembling heart
away;

I feasted on her deep dark eye, and loved it
more and more,
For, oh! I thought I ne'er had seen a look so
kind before!

I heard my true love sing, and she taught me
many a strain,
But a voice so sweet, oh! never shall my cold
ear hear again.

In all our friendless wanderings, in homeless
penury,
Her gentle song and jetty eye were all un-
changed to me.

I saw my true love fade—I heard her latest
sigh—

I wept no friv'lous weeping when I closed her
lightless eye;
Far from her native Tay she sleeps, and other
waters lave
The markless spot where Ury creeps around
my Jeanie's grave.

Move noneless, gentle Ury! around my Jeanie's
bed,

And I'll love thee, gentle Ury! where'er my
footsteps tread;

For sooner shall thy fairy wave return from
yonder sea,

Than I forget yon lowly grave, and all it hides
from me.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

When a' i'ther bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame:
Wha stan's last an' lanely, an' naebody carin'?—
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn!

The mitherless bairn gangs till his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn!

Aneath his cauld brow, siccan dreams tremble
there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair!
But mornin' brings clutches, a' reckless an' stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly-rock'd bed,
Now rests in the mools whaur her mammie is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens nae the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn!

Her spirit, that pass'd in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wand'rings on earth,
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak him nae harshly—he trembles the
while—

He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile!
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall
learn

That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

Oh! tempt me not to the drunkard's draught,
With its soul-consuming gleam!
Oh! hide me from the woes that waft
Around the drunkard's dream!

When night in holy silence brings
The God-willed hour of sleep,
Then, then the red-eyed revel swings
Its bowl of poison deep!

When morning waves its golden hair,
And smiles o'er hill and lea,
One sick'ning ray is doomed to glare
On yon rude revelry!

The rocket's flary moment sped,
Sinks black'ning back to earth;
Yet darker—deeper sinks his head
Who shares the drunkard's mirth!

Know ye the sleep the drunkard knows?
That sleep, oh! who may tell?
Or who can speak the fiendful throes
Of his self-heated hell?

The soul all reft of heav'nly mark—
Defaced God's image there—
Rolls down and down yon abyss dark,
Thy howling home, Despair!

Or bedded his head on broken hearts,
Where slimy reptiles creep;

And the ball-less eye of Death still darts
Black fire on the drunkard's sleep!

And lo! their coffin'd bosoms rife,
That bled in his ruin wild!
The cold, cold lips of his shrouded wife,
Press lips of his shrouded child!

So fast—so deep the hold they keep!
Hark! that unhallow'd scream;
Guard us, oh God! from the drunkard's sleep—
From the drunkard's demon-dream!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

BORN 1799 — DIED 1859.

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY was born February 4, 1799, at Paisley, the birthplace of so many poets and men of eminence. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and devoted some years to the study of law, but abandoned it and adopted the more congenial pursuit of literature. In 1824 Hervey published his poem "Australia," which contains many exquisite descriptive passages, showing that he possessed the "inspiration and the faculty divine." Five years later he issued *The Poetical Sketch-book*, including a third edition of "Australia." His next volumes, published in the order named, were *Illustrations of Modern Sculpture*, *The English Helicon*, and *The Book of Christmas*, every page of which affords a literary feast worthy of the happy season. Mr. Hervey was also the author of a satirical poem entitled "The Devil's Progress," and many popular pieces contributed to the pages of various annuals edited by him. His connection with the London *Athenæum*, of which at its commencement and for several

years afterwards he was sole editor, proves him to have been a man of ability.

After Hervey's death, February 17, 1859, a collection of his poems was made by his widow, which, together with a memoir from her practised pen, was published in the United States in 1867. Dr. D. M. Moir says:—"The genius of T. K. Hervey (for he has genius at once pathetic and refined) is not unallied to that of Pringle and Watts, but with a dash of Tom Moore. He writes uniformly with taste and elaboration, polishing the careless and rejecting the crude; and had he addressed himself more earnestly and more unreservedly to the task of composition, I have little doubt, from several specimens he has occasionally exhibited, that he might have occupied a higher and more distinguished place in our poetical literature than he can be said to have attained. His 'Australia' and several of his lyrics were juvenile pledges of future excellence which maturity can scarcely be said to have fully redeemed."

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Morn on the waters! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,

And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in
the gale.
The winds come around her in murmur and
song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.

See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds.
Onward she glides amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away and away!
Bright as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light!
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?

Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea amidst sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat and with canvas unfurled,
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs;
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts that the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

Wake, soldier! wake! thy war-horse waits
To bear thee to the battle back;—
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,
And thy red falchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier! sleep! thy warfare o'er,—
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,
With summons to the battle-plain;
A trumpet note more loud and deep
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep.

Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass now,
Beyond the Grecian hero's boast,—
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,
Nor shrink before a myriad host,—
For head and heel alike are sound—
A thousand arrows cannot wound.

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,
With that mild, widowed look she wore
The day—how long to her it seems!—
She kissed thee at the cottage door,
And sicken'd at the sounds of joy
That bore away her only boy.

Sleep, soldier! let thy mother wait
To hear thy bugle on the blast;
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate;
And bid her home to thee at last;—
He cannot tell a sadder tale
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,
When last—and far away—she heard its lin-
gering echoes fail!

THE GONDOLA GLIDES.

The gondola glides,
Like a spirit of night,
O'er the slumbering tides,
In the calm moonlight.
The star of the north
Shows her golden eye,
But a brighter looks forth
From yon lattice on high!

Her taper is out,
And the silver beam
Floats the maiden about
Like a beautiful dream!
And the beat of her heart
Makes her tremble all o'er;
And she lists with a start
To the dash of the oar.

But the moments are past,
And her fears are at rest,
And her lover at last
Holds her clasped to his breast;

And the planet above,
And the quiet blue sea,
Are pledged to his love
And his constancy.

Her cheek is reclined
On the home of his breast;
And his fingers are twined
Mid her ringlets, which rest,
In many a fold,
O'er his arm that is placed
Round the cincture of gold
Which encircles her waist.

He looks to the stars
Which are gemming the blue,
And devoutly he swears
He will ever be true;
Then bends him to hear
The low sound of her sigh,

And kiss the fond tear
From her beautiful eye.

And he watches its flashes,
Which brightly reveal
What the long fringing lashes
Would vainly conceal;
And reads—while he kneels
All his ardour to speak—
Her reply, as it steals
In a blush o'er her cheek.

Till won by the prayers
Which so softly reprove,
On his bosom, in tears,
She half-murmurs her love;
And the stifled confession
Enraptured he sips,
'Mid the breathings of passion,
In dew from her lips.

JAMES LAWSON.

JAMES LAWSON was born in Glasgow, November 9, 1799. He completed his education at the university of his native city, and in 1815 emigrated to the United States, and entered the counting-house of a relative residing in New York. A few years later the failure of the firm of which Lawson was a partner induced him to turn his attention to literature. In company with James G. Brooks and John B. Skilman he established the *Morning Courier*, the first number of which appeared in 1827. In 1829 Lawson retired from this concern, and joined Amos Butler in the *Mercantile Advertiser*, with which he was associated till 1833. In 1830 he published a volume entitled *Tales and Sketches by a Cosmopolite*. His next work was *Giordano: a Tragedy*, an Italian state story of love and conspiracy, which was first performed at the Park Theatre, New York. The prologue was written by William Leggett, and the epilogue by P. M. Wetmore. Mr. Lawson has several times appeared before the public in connection with the stage. He was associated with the American poets Fitz-Greene Halleck and William Cullen Bryant on the committee which secured for Edwin Forrest the prize play of

"*Metamora*" by John A. Stone, and he was also one of a similar committee which selected the prize play of "*Nimrod Wildfire*, or the Kentuckian in New York," by James K. Paulding.

Since his retirement from the press in 1833 Mr. Lawson has engaged in the business of marine insurance, and is well known among the mercantile men of New York. He has been during the past fifty years a frequent contributor of criticisms, essays, tales, and verse to the periodicals of the day; and in 1857 printed for private circulation an octavo volume entitled *Poems: Gleanings from Spare Hours of a Business Life*, with the following dedication:—"To my Children and their Mother, these poems, at their solicitation thus gathered together but not published, are affectionately inscribed by the father and husband, James Lawson." This handsome volume was followed in 1859 by *Liddesdale, or the Border Chief: a Tragedy*, which was also printed for private circulation. Mr. Lawson has for many years resided at Yonkers, on the Hudson, where he is well known as a public-spirited citizen and the genial entertainer of men of letters.

THE APPROACH OF AGE.

Well, let the honest truth be told!
 I feel that I am growing old,
 And, I have guessed for many a day,
 My sable locks are turning gray.
 At least, by furtive glances, I
 Some very silvery hairs espy,
 That thread-like on my temples shine,
 And fain I would deny are mine:
 While wrinkles creeping here and there,
 Some score my years, a few my care.
 The sports that yielded once delight
 Have lost all relish to my sight;
 But, in their stead, more serious thought
 A graver train of joys has brought,
 Which, while gay fancy is refined,
 Correct the taste, improve the mind.

I meet the friends of former years,
 Whose smile approving, often cheers:
 How few are spared! the poisonous draught
 The reckless in wild frenzy quaffed,
 In dissipation's giddy maze,
 O'erwhelmed them in their brightest days.
 And one, my playmate when a boy,
 I see in manhood's pride and joy;
 He too has felt, through sun and shower,
 Old Time, thy unrelenting power.
 We talk of things which well we know
 Had chanced some forty years ago;
 Alas! like yesterday they seem,
 The past is but a gorgeous dream!
 But speak of forty coming years,
 Ah, long indeed that time appears!
 In nature's course, in forty more,
 My earthly pilgrimage is o'er;
 And the green turf on which I tread
 Will gayly spring above my head.

Beside me, on her rocking-chair,
 My wife her needle plies with care,
 And in her ever-cheerful smiles
 A charm abides, that quite beguiles
 The years that have so swiftly sped,
 With their unfaltering, noiseless tread:
 For we, in mingled happiness,
 Will not the approach of age confess.
 But when our daughters we espy,
 Bounding with laughing cheek and eye,
 Our bosoms beat with conscious pride,
 To see them blooming by our side.
 God spare ye, girls, for many a day,
 And all our anxious love repay!
 In your fair growth of form and grace,
 We see age coming on apace.

When o'er our vanished days we glance,
 Far backward to our young romance,

**

And muse upon unnumbered things,
 That crowding come on memory's wings;
 Then varied thoughts our bosoms gladden,
 And some intrude that deeply sadden:
 Fond hopes in their fruition crushed,
 Beloved tones for ever hushed.
 We do not grieve that being's day
 Is fleeting, shadow-like, away;
 But thank thee, Heaven, our lengthened life
 Has passed in love, unmarred by strife;
 That sickness, sorrow, pain, and care,
 Have fallen so lightly to our share.
 We bless thee for our daily bread,
 In plenty on our table spread;
 And Thy abundance helps to feed
 The worthy poor, who pine in need;
 And thanks, that in our worldly way,
 We have so seldom stepped astray.
 But well we should in meekness speak,
 And pardon for transgressions seek,
 For oft, how strong soe'er the will
 To follow good, we've chosen ill.

The youthful heart unwisely fears
 The sure approach of coming years;
 Though cumbered oft with weighty cares,
 Yet age its burden lightly bears.
 Though July's scorching heats are done,
 Yet blandly smiles the slanting sun,
 And sometimes, in our lovely clime,
 To dark December's frosty time.
 Though day's delightful noon is past,
 Yet mellow twilight comes, to cast
 A sober joy, a sweet content,
 Where virtue with repose is blent,
 Till, calmly on the fading sight,
 Mingles its latest ray with night.

TO A LINTIE

FRIGHTENED FROM HER NEST.

Wee lintie, stay, an' dinna fear me,
 It is nae i' my heart to steer ye,
 Ye needna flee, tho' I am near ye,
 Frae lounie nest,
 But i' your thorny shelter hear me,
 Wi' unscaithed breast.

I hae nae come by ill inclined,
 Keekin' ilk leafy bield behind,
 As I wad fain wee tremblers find,
 In hedge or brier;
 If I had kent ye here reclined,
 I'd nae come near.

But tired o' Glasgow's wark an' wile,
 I've wandered mony a weary mile

To see the knowes sae blythely smile
 Wi' wealth o' flowers;
 The burns and braes my thoughts beguile
 O' dreary hours.

I've come to muse by Grieto's linn,
 To hear its pleasing, prattling din,
 To spy the trout wi' rapid fin
 Dart 'neath a stane,
 As frae its green banks I peep in,
 Amused, alane.

The lark sings to the rising day,
 The mavis to its latest ray;
 Frae morn to night on ilka spray
 Sweet wild notes ring;
 My heart exults at every lay
 The warblers sing.

An' weel I lo'e your cheerful sang,
 The bloom' whin or broom amang,
 I've listened aft the morning lang,
 Wi' raptured ear:
 Puir thing! I wadna do ye wrang
 For warlds o' gear.

Then wherefore, lintie, lea' your bield?
 Mair mither-like to stay and shield,
 Wi' a' the art that ye may wield,
 Your yaupin' things,
 Than flee atoure yon stibble-field,
 Wi' flurried wings.

If man possess a selfish heart,
 Our mithers wadna act thy part,
 To drive awa' at ilka start
 Sae heedlessly;
 They'd save their bairns, or share their smart,
 Or wi' them dee.

Come, lintie, to your cozie nest,
 An' cuddle 'neath your downy breast
 Your unfledged young; their needfu' rest
 I've broke ower lang;
 I'm gaun awa', but this request—
 Sing me a sang!

WHEN SPRING ARRAYED IN FLOWERS.

When spring arrayed in flowers, Mary,
 Danced wi' the leafy trees;
 When larks sang to the sun, Mary,
 And hummed the wandering bees;
 Then first we met and loved, Mary,
 By Kelburn's loupin' linn,
 And blither was thy voice, Mary,
 Than linties i' the whin.

Now autumn winds blaw cauld, Mary,
 Amang the withered boughs;
 And a' the bonnie flowers, Mary,
 Are faded frae the knowes;
 But still thy love's unchanged, Mary,
 Nae chilly autumn there;
 And sweet thy smile, as spring's, Mary,
 Thy sunny face as fair.

Nae mair the early lark, Mary,
 Trills on his soaring way;
 Hushed is the lintie's sang, Mary,
 Through a' the shortening day;
 But still thy voice I hear, Mary,
 Like melody divine;
 Nae autumn in my heart, Mary,
 And summer still in thine.

CAMPSIE GLEN.¹

Let us ower to Campsie Glen, bonnie lassie, O,
 By the dingle that you ken, bonnie lassie, O,
 To the tree where first we woo'd,
 And cut our names sae rude,
 Deep in the sauch-tree's wood, bonnie lassie, O.

O'er the willow brig we'll wend, bonnie lassie, O,
 And the ladders we'll ascend, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where the woodroof loves to hide
 Its scented leaves, beside
 The streamlets, as they glide, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the blue bell on the brae, bonnie lassie, O,
 Where the sweetest scented lassie, bonnie lassie, O,
 And the flow'rets ever new,
 Of nature's painting true,
 All fragrant bloom for you, bonnie lassie, O.

Where the music of the wood, bonnie lassie, O,
 And the dashing of the flood, bonnie lassie, O,
 O'er the rock and ravine mingle,
 And glen and mountain dingle,
 With the merry echoes tingle, bonnie lassie, O.

On the moss-seat we'll recline, bonnie lassie, O,
 Wi' a hand in each of thine, bonnie lassie, O;
 The bosom's warmest thrill
 Beats truer, safter still,
 As our hearts now glowing fill, bonnie lassie, O.

Then before bright heaven's eye, bonnie lassie, O,
 We will double love-knots tie, bonnie lassie, O;
 Then true affection plighted,
 We'll love and live united,
 With hearts and hands united, bonnie lassie, O.

¹ Campsie Glen is a beautiful valley near the village of Lennoxton, about ten miles north of Glasgow. It is rich in geological and botanical treasures, and is enlivened by a cascade or waterfall.—Ed.

JOHN IMLAH.

BORN 1799 — DIED 1846.

JOHN IMLAH, whose ancestors for many generations had been farmers in the parish of Fyvie, was born in Aberdeen, Nov. 15, 1799. Of seven sons born in succession he was the youngest. He had the advantage of a good English education, after completing which he was apprenticed to a pianoforte manufacturer. Having given evidence of possessing a musical ear, his employer initiated him into the mysteries of tuning. Becoming an expert, Imlah sought service as a piano-tuner in London, and ultimately entered into an engagement with the firm of Broadwood & Co., which continued until he left Great Britain to visit his brother in the West Indies. Under this arrangement, from January to June he performed the duties of a regular tuner at a fixed salary, and the

rest of the year he was allowed to travel in Scotland tuning on his own account, and occasionally adding to his income by the sale of a piano.

Imlah composed songs from his early boyhood. In 1827 he published *May Flowers*, a volume of lyrics chiefly in the Scottish dialect; followed in 1841 by *Poems and Songs*, containing several spirited, patriotic, and popular pieces. He was also a contributor to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, and other periodicals of the day. He was cut off in the vigour of manhood while on a visit to a brother residing in Jamaica, where after a brief period of enjoyment he fell a victim to the fatal disease of the island, Jan. 9, 1846, having just entered upon his forty-seventh year.

WHERE GADIE RINS.

O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennachie.¹

I've roam'd by Tweed—I've roam'd by Tay,
By Border Nith and Highland Spey,
But dearer far to me than they
The braes o' Bennachie.

When blade and blossom sprout in spring,
And bid the birdies wag the wing,
They blithely bob, and soar, and sing
By the foot o' Bennachie.

When simmer cleeds the varied scene
Wi' licht o' gowd and leaves o' green,
I fain wad be where aft I've been,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When autumn's yellow sheaf is shorn,
And barn-yards stored wi' stooks o' corn,
'Tis blythe to toom the clyack horn,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

When winter winds blaw sharp and shrill,
O'er icy burn and sheeted hill,
The ingle neuk is gleesome still,
At the foot o' Bennachie.

Though few to welcome me remain,
Though a' I loved be dead and gane,
I'll back, though I should live alane,
To the foot o' Bennachie.

O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins—where Gadie rins,
O! gin I were where Gadie rins,
By the foot o' Bennachie.

AULD SCOTIA'S SANGS.

Auld Scotia's sangs! auld Scotia's sangs—the
strains o' youth and yore!—

O lilt to me, and I will list—will list them
o'er and o'er;

Though mak' me wae, or mak' me wud,—or
changfu' as a child,

Yet lilt to me, and I will list—the “native
wood-notes wild!”

¹ Gadie is the name of a rivulet, and Bennachie of a hill, both in Aberdeenshire.—Ed.

They mak' me present wi' the past—they bring
up fresh and fair
The Bonnie Broom o' Cowden Knowes, the
Bush abune Traquair,
The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow, or the Birks o'
Invermay,
Or Catrine's Green and Yellow Woods in au-
tumn's dwining day!

They bring me back the holms and howes whar
siller burnies shine,
The lea-rig whar the gowans glint we pu'd in
Auld Langsyne;
And, mair than a', the Trystin' Thorn that
blossom'd down the vale,
Whar gloamin' breathed sae sweetly—but far
sweeter luv'e's fond tale!

Now melt we o'er the lay that wails for Flod-
den's day o' dule,—
And now some rant will gar us loup like daffin'
yonth at Yule;—
Now o'er young luv'e's impassion'd strain our
conscious heart will yearn,—
And now our blude fires at the call o' Bruce
o' Bannockburn!

O! lovely in the licht o' sang the Ettrick and
the Tweed,
Whar shepherd swains were wont to blaw auld
Scotia's lyric reed;—
The Logan and the Lugar too, but, hallow'd
meikle mair,
The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,—the
Afton and the Ayr!

The hind whase hands are on the plough—the
shepherd wi' his crook—
The maiden o'er the milking pail, or by the
ingle neuk.
Lo'e weel to croon auld Scotia's sangs—O may
they ever sae!
And it may be a daffin' lilt—may be a dowie
lay!

Though warldly grief and warldling's guile
maun I like ithers dree,
Maun thole the sair saigh rive my breist—the
het tear scald my e'e!
But let me list the melodies o' some o' Scotia's
sangs.
And I will a' forget my waes—will a' forgi'e
my wrangs!

O! born o' feeling's warmest depths—o' fancy's
wildest dreams,
They're twined wi' mony lovely thochts, wi'
monie lo'esome themes;

They gar the glass o' memorie glint back wi'
brichter shine,
On far aff scenes and far aff friends, and auld
langsyne!

Auld Scotia's sangs!—auld Scotia's sangs!—
her "native wood-notes wild!"
Her monie artless melodies, that move me like
a child;
Sing on—sing on! and I will list—will list
them o'er and o'er,—
Auld Scotia's sangs!—auld Scotia's sangs!—
the sangs o' youth and yore!

THOU'RT SAIR ALTER'D.

Thou'rt sair alter'd now, May,
Thou'rt sair alter'd now:
The rose is wither'd frae thy cheek,
The wrinkles on thy brow;
And gray hath grown the locks o' jet,
Sae shining wont to be,
Thou'rt alter'd sair—but, May, thou'rt yet
The May o' yore to me.

Thy voice is faint and low, May,
That aft in former time
Hath woke the wild bird's envious chant,
The echo's amorous chime;
Thy e'e hath lost its early light,
My star in ither years,
That aye hath beam'd sae kindly bright,
To me through smiles and tears.

For a' the sigus that show, May,
The gloamin' o' our day,
I lo'ed thee young—I lo'e thee yet,
My ain auld wife, May.
Nae dearer hope hae I than this,
Beyond the day we die,
Thy charms shall bloom again to bless
My halidome on hie!

THE GATHERING.¹

Rise, rise! Lowland and Highlandmen,
Bald sire to beardless son, each come and early:
Rise, rise! mainland and islandmen,
Belt on your broad claymores—fight for Prince
Charlie.
Down from the mountain steep,
Up from the valley deep,

¹ This song has been erroneously ascribed to the
Ettrick Shepherd.—ED.

Out from the clachan, the bothie, and shieling,
Bugle and battle drum
Bid chief and vassal come,
Bravely our bagpipes the pibroch is pealing.

Men of the mountains—descendants of heroes!
Heirs of the fame as the hills of your fathers;
Say, shall the Southern—the Sassenach fear us
When to the war peal each plaided clan gathers?
Too long on the trophied walls
Of your ancestral halls,
Red rust hath blunted the armour of Albin;
Seize then, ye mountain Macs,
Buckler and battle-axe,
Lads of Lochaber, Braemar, and Breadalbin!

When hath the tartan plaid mantled a coward?
When did the blue bonnet crest the disloyal?
Up, then, and crowd to the standard of Stuart,
Follow your leader—the rightful—the royal!
Chief of Clanronald,
Donald Macdonald!
Lovat! Lochiel! with the Grant and the Gordon!
Rouse every kilted clan,
Rouse every loyal man,
Gun on the shoulder, and thigh the good sword
on!

THERE LIVES A YOUNG LASSIE.

There lives a young lassie
Far down yon lang glen;

How I lo'e that lassie
There's nae ane can ken!
O! a saint's faith may vary,
But faithful I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

Red, red as the rowan
Her smiling wee mou';
An' white as the gowan
Her breast and her brow!
Wi' a foot o' a fairy
She links o'er the lea;
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
An' Mary lo'es me.

She sings sweet as onie
Wee bird of the air,
And she's blithe as she's bonnie,
She's guid as she's fair;
Like a lammie sae airy
And artless is she,
O! weel I lo'e Mary,
And Mary lo'es me.

Where yon tall forest timmer,
An' lowly broom bower,
To the sunshine o' simmer
Spread verdure an' flower;
There, when night clouds the cary,
Beside her I'll be;
For weel I lo'e Mary,
And Mary lo'es me.

WILLIAM KENNEDY.

BORN 1799—DIED 1849.

WILLIAM KENNEDY, the personal friend and literary partner of William Motherwell, whose biographer calls him an "Irish gentleman," was born near Paisley,¹ Dec. 26, 1799. Before he was twenty-five years of age he published an interesting prose story called "My Early Days;" followed in 1827 by a volume of short poems under the name of "Fitful Fancies,"

which met with unusual success. In 1828-29 he was associated with Motherwell in the management of the *Paisley Magazine*, pronounced at the time to be the best edited provincial periodical published in Great Britain. Many of Motherwell's and Kennedy's poems first appeared in its columns. The magazine was not, however, a pecuniary success, and was

¹ Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie writes to us (Feb. 1, 1873):—"I frequently met William Kennedy in London about 1847. At that time he was British consul at Galveston, the great commercial capital of Texas, and was home on leave of absence. I have always understood that he was a Paisley man. . . . He was a tall, slight,

gentlemanly person, of about forty five or fifty years old when I knew him. His hair was of a golden colour, manners very gentle, not much of a talker, and very temperate as to drink, with an unusually small appetite. . . . I think he died about 1850, but I cannot find any record of it among my papers."—Ed.

therefore abandoned. In 1830 there appeared from the press of a London publisher "The Arrow and the Rose, and other Poems, by William Kennedy," in a handsome 8vo volume, dedicated to Motherwell. The principal poem is founded on a traditional story of the love of Henry IV. of France, when a youth, for a gardener's daughter, by name Fleurette, and was pronounced by Christopher North to be "exceedingly graceful, elegant, and pathetic." An extract from "The Arrow and the Rose" appears in the following selections from Kennedy's compositions; but we find more to admire among his minor pieces, which are characterized by manly vigour and tenderness.

Having taken up his residence in London Kennedy entered upon his career there by editing, in company with Leitch Ritchie, a magazine issued monthly by Hurst & Chance, at the same time contributing numerous articles in prose and verse to other magazines and periodicals. When the Earl of Durham went to Canada Kennedy accompanied him as his private secretary, and on the return of the earl to England he received the appointment of British consul at Galveston, Texas, where he resided for many years. Before crossing the Atlantic the poet visited Scotland, and spent some happy hours with his family and his attached friend Motherwell, and wrote the spirited stanzas beginning "I love the land." When published they called forth another poem en-

titled "The Response," from which we take the following lines:—

"I love it too,—
Ay, and I love it well,
Nor, Kennedy, the muse's minion, thou
May not have felt thy bosom higher swell,
Than mine has erst, as listless verse may show;
For Albyn owns no classic lyre can tell
Like Kennedy's what tones do echo through
The bursting heart—what time the weird-like swell
Comes o'er the quiv'ring lips in 'fare thee well!
I love it too."

In 1841 Kennedy published in London the *Rise, Progress, and Prospects of the Republic of Texas*, in two 8vo vols. He returned to England in 1847, and retired on a pension, taking up his residence near London, where he died in 1849. Soon after landing in the Old World he again visited Scotland, and while there he wrote the beautiful lines inspired by a visit to Motherwell's then unmarked grave in the Necropolis of Glasgow.

Sheriff Bell of Glasgow wrote to the Editor of this Work as follows: "I was well acquainted with the late William Kennedy. He was a man of considerable genius, and died comparatively young nearly twenty years ago." Allan Cunningham, in his *History of the Literature of the last Fifty Years*, says, "William Kennedy has fancy and feeling, nor is he without sudden bursts of manly vigour, but he is unequal in execution and occasionally overstrained in language."

THE ARROW AND THE ROSE.

(EXTRACT.)

Against a pleasant chestnut tree
A youth, not yet sixteen, was leaning;
A goodly bow he had, though he
Inclined not to their archery,
But with a look of meaning,
A wayward smile, just half subdued,
Apart the sylvan pastime viewed.
His careless cap, his garments gray,
His fingers strong—his clear brown cheek
And hair of hapless red, you'd say
A mountain lad did speak—
A stripling of the Bearnese hills,
Reared hardy among rocks and rills.
But his rude garb became him well;
His gold locks softly, curling fell;

His face with soul was eloquent,
His features delicately blent,
And freely did his quick glance roam,
As one who felt himself at home
Where'er a warrior's weapon gleam'd,
Or the glad eye of beauty beam'd.

"What, loitering thus, hope of Guienne!"
Cries Guise's duke, advancing near
The boy's retreat—"A wondering man
Am I to find you here!
The fiery steed brooks not the stall
When hound and horn to greenwood call,
And bowman bold will chafe to be
Restrain'd from his artillerie.

My liege impatient is to learn
Where bides the merry Prince of Bearne."

With solemn tone and brow demure
The blossom of Navarre replied,
"Trust me, my lord, you may assure
My cousin that with pride
I'd venture in the morning's sport,
Had I been perfected at court
In forest lore. The little skill
I boast was gleaned on woodland hill,
From the wild hunters of our land,
Who Paris modes ill understand.
If you will countenance to-day
Trial of our provincial way,
I'll take my chance among the rest,
And, hap what will, I'll do my best."

Loud laughed the king, and cried, "Agreed!"

Ladies and lords laughed louder still.
The buoyant prince, with feathery speed,
Unheeding, worked his will.
At a tall yeoman's boldest pace
He measured o'er the shooting space,
Planted an orange on a pole,
And, pointing, said, "Behold the goal!"
Then stood as practised archers stand
When the coy deer invites the hand.

Back to his ear the shaft he drew,
And gracefully, as he had been
Apollo's pupil—twang! it flew
Right to the mark, which, pierced core through,
Fell sever'd on the green.

High swell'd the plaudits of the crowd;
The marksman neither spoke nor bow'd,
But braced him for a second shot,
As was the custom of the play,
When Charles, in accents brief and hot,
Desired him to give way,
And with small show of courtesy
Displaced him ere he could reply.

His generous cheek flush'd into flame—
Trembled from head to heel his frame.
Again he had his weapon ready,
His eye concentred on the king,
With manhood's mettle burning steady,
A fearful-looking thing!

A knight the amplest in the field
Served the scared monarch for a shield
Until his cousin's anger slept,
When from his portly-screen he stept
And idly strove the mark to hit,
Passing a spear's length wide of it;
Muttering a ban on bow and quiver,
He flung them both into the river,
And straight departed from the scene,
His dignity disturbed by spleen.

France's lost laurel to regain,
Guise shot and cleft the fruit in twain.
Harry liked little to divide
The garland with Parisian pride,
And failing at the time to find
An orange suited to his mind,
Begg'd from a blushing country maid
A red rose on her bosom laid.
Poor girl! it was not in her power
From such a youth to save the flower!
The prize was his—triumphantly
He fixed it on a neighbouring tree—
His bonnet doffed and cleared his brow,
While beauty whispered "Note him now."
A moment, and the sweet rose shiver'd
Beneath the shaft that in it quiver'd.

He bore the arrow and its crest,
The wounded flower, to the fair,
The pressure of whose virgin breast
It late seem'd proud to bear.
Shrinking, she wished herself away
As the young prince, with bearing gay
And gallant speech, before her bent,
Like victor at a tournament—
"Damsel! accept again," he said,
"With this steel stalk, thy favourite, dead!
Unwept it perished—for there glows
On thy soft cheek a lovelier rose!"

THE DIRGE OF THE LAST CONQUEROR.

The flag of battle on its staff hangs drooping—
The thundering artillery is still—
The war-horse pines, and, o'er his sabre stooping,
His rider grieves for his neglected skill:
The chief who swept the ruddy tide of glory,
The conqueror! now only lives in story.
Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no
more,
Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your
hearth with gore!

Skies, baleful blue—harvests of hateful yellow—
Bring sad assurance that he is not here;
Where waved his plume the grape forgot to mel-
low,
He changed the pruning-hook into the spear.
But peace and her dull train are fast returning,
And so farewell to famine, blood, and burning!
Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no
more,
Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your
hearth with gore!

Hopes of the young and strong, they're all departed—

Dishonour'd manhood tills the ungrateful farm;
Parents' life's balm hath fled—now, broken-hearted,

Deplore the fate that bids your sons disarm.
O heavenly times! when your own gold was paying
Your gallant sons for being slain, or slaying!

Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,

Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

Bud of our island's virtue! thou art blighted,

Since war's hot breath abroad hath ceased to blow;

Instead of clashing swords, soft hearts are plighted,

Hands joined, and household goblets made to flow;

And for the ocean-roar of hostile meeting,
Land wafts to land Concord's ignoble greeting.

Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,

Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

The apple-tree is on the rampart growing;

On the stern battlement the wall-flower blooms;
The stream that roll'd blood-red is faintly glowing
With summer's rose, which its green banks perfumes;

The helm that girt the brow of the undaunted
By peasant hands with garden shrubs is planted.

Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,

Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

Men wax obscurely old—the city sleeper

Starts not at horse-tramp or deep bugle-horn;
The grenadier consoles no lovely weeper,

Above her sullen kindred's bodies borne;
The people smile, and regal pride's declining
Since round imperial brows the olive's twining.

Mourn, nations! mourn! the godlike man's no more,

Who fired your roofs, and quench'd your hearths with gore!

THE PIRATE'S SERENADE.¹

My boat's by the tower, my bark's in the bay,
And both must be gone ere the dawn of the day;
The moon's in her shroud, but to guide thee afar,

On the deck of the Daring's a love-lighted star;
Then wake, lady! wake! I am waiting for thee,
And this night or never my bride thou shalt be!

Forgive my rough mood, unaccustomed to sue,
I woo not, perchance, as your land lovers woo;
My voice has been tuned to the notes of the gun,
That startle the deep when the combat's begun;
And heavy and hard is the grasp of a hand
Whose glove has been ever the guard of a brand.

Yet think not of these, but this moment be mine,
And the plume of the proudest shall cower to thine;

A hundred shall serve thee, the best of the brave,
And the chief of a thousand will kneel as thy slave;

Thou shalt rule as a queen, and thy empire shall last

Till the red flag, by inches, is torn from the mast.

O! islands there are, on the face of the deep,
Where the leaves never fade, where the skies never weep;

And there, if thou wilt, shall our love bower be,
When we quit, for the greenwood, our home on the sea;

And there shalt thou sing of the deeds that were done,

When we braved the last blast, and the last battle won.

Then haste, lady! haste! for the fair breezes blow,
As my ocean-bird poises her pinions of snow;
Now fast to the lattice these silken ropes twine,
They are meet for such feet and such fingers as thine;

The signal, my mates—ho! hurra for the sea!
This night and for ever my bride thou shalt be.

I LOVE THE LAND.

(WRITTEN ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.)

I love the land!

I see its mountains hoary,
On which Time vainly lays his iron hand;
I see the valleys robed in sylvan glory,
And many a lake with lone, romantic strand;
And streams and towers, by immortal story
Ordained heart-stirring monuments to stand;
Yet tower, stream, lake, or valley could not move me,
Nor the star-wooing mountain, thus to love thee,
Old, honour'd land!

I love the land!

I hear of distant ages,
A voice proclaiming that it still was free;

¹ The "Serenade" is everywhere sung throughout the United States, and his "Camp Song" is one of the popular and well-established favourites in Texas.—Ed.

That from the hills where winter wildest rages
Swept forth the rushing winds of Liberty;
That blazoned brightly on the noblest pages
E'er stamped by Fame its children's deeds
shall be.

Oh! poor pretender to a poet's feeling
Were he who heard such voice in vain appealing:
I love the land!

I love the land!

My fathers lived and died there;
But not for that the homage of their son;
I found the spirit in its native pride there—
Unfettered thoughts—right actions boldly
done;

I also found (the memory shall preside here,
Throned in this breast, till life's tide cease to
run)

Affection tried and true from men high-hearted.
Once more, as when from those kind friends I
parted,
God bless the land!

LINES

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT TO THE GRAVE OF MY
FRIEND WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, NOV. 1847.

Place we a stone at his head and his feet;
Sprinkle his sward with the small flowers sweet;
Piously hallow the poet's retreat,
Ever approvingly,
Ever most lovingly,
Turned he to nature, a worshipper meet.

Harm not the thorn which grows at his head;
Odorous honours its blossoms will shed,
Grateful to him, early summoned, who sped
Hence, not unwillingly—
For he felt thrillingly—
To rest his poor heart 'mong the low-lying dead.

Dearer to him than the deep minster bell,
Winds of sad cadence, at midnight, will swell,
Vocal with sorrows he knoweth too well,
Who, for the early day,
Plaining this roundelay,
Might his own fate from a brother's foretell.

Worldly ones treading this terrace of graves,
Grudge not the minstrel the little he craves,
When o'er the snow-mound the winter-blast
raves—

Tears—which devotedly,
Though all unnotedly,
Flow from their spring in the soul's silent caves.

Dreamers of noble thoughts, raise him a shrine,
Graced with the beauty which lives in his line;
Strew with pale flow'rets, when pensive moons
shine,

His grassy covering,
Where spirits, hovering,
Chant for his requiem music divine.

Not as a record he lacketh a stone!
Pay a light debt to the singer we've known—
Proof that our love for his name hath not flown
With the frame perishing—
That we are cherishing
Feelings akin to the lost poet's own.

JAMES TELFER.

BORN 1800—DIED 1862.

JAMES TELFER, for twenty-five years a school-master who was "passing rich with forty pounds a year," was born in the parish of Southdean, Roxburghshire, Dec. 3, 1800. At first he followed his father's occupation of a shepherd. A very great admirer of the Ettrick Shepherd's "Queen's Wake," he while quite young determined to produce some ballads similar to those contained in that charming work, and in 1824 he published at Jedburgh a volume of *Border Ballads and Miscellaneous Poems*, which obtained for him something more

than a local reputation. It contained some fine lines, such as the fairy ballad of the "Gloamynne Buchte," which is remarkable for its tenderness. The style and measure of others of his pieces are as wild and graphic as the old specimens of Scottish ballads. The volume was dedicated to James Hogg in a few sweetly modulated lines. In 1835 Telfer published "Barbara Gray," a well written and interesting prose tale. He was also a frequent contributor in prose and verse to the magazines, and like the Ettrick Shep-

herd excelled in weird and wild subjects, fairy legends, and folk-lore. He contributed several stories to Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*. A collected edition of his best productions in prose and verse was published in London in 1852, with the title of *Tales and Sketches*.

Telfer had abandoned the crook, and having qualified himself he for a time kept a school at Castleton, Langholm, and for the last twenty-five years of his life he was the schoolmaster at Saughtrees, Liddesdale, where in his humble but happy home he was frequently visited by

the Ettrick Shepherd. His attainments were rewarded with a salary of some forty pounds per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr. Abraham Adams in *Joseph Andrews*, who being a scholar and a man of virtue was “provided with a handsome income of twenty-three pounds a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.” Telfer was a most exemplary man and a vigorous writer. He died January 18, 1862, in his sixty-second year.

THE GLOAMYNE BUCHTE.

The sun was reid as a furnace mouthe,
As he sank on the Ettricke hyll;
And gloamyn gatherit from the easte,
The dowye worldit to fill.

When bonnye Jeanye Roole she milkit theyowes,
I' the buchte aboon the lynne;
And they were wilde and ill to weare,
But the hindmost buchtfu' was inne.

O milk them weil, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
The wylie shepherd could say,
And sing to me “The Keache i' the Creel,”
To put the tyme away.

It's fer owre late at e'en, shepherd,
Replied the maiden fair;
The fairies wad hear, quo' bonny Jeanye Roole,
And wi' louting my back is sair.

He's ta'en her round the middel sae sma',
While the yowes ran bye between,
And out o' the buchte he's layd her down,
And all on the dewye green.

The star o' love i' the eastern lifte
Was the only e'e they saw;—
The only tongue that they might hear
Was the lynne's deep murmuring fa'.

O who can tell of youthfu' love!
O who can sing or say!
It is a theme for minstrel meete,
And yet transcends his lay.

It is a thraldome, well I weene,
To hold the heart in sylke;
It is a draught to craze the braine,
Yet mylder than the mylke.

O sing me the sang, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Now, dearest, sing to me!
The angels will listen at yon little holes,
And witness my vows to thee.

I mayna refuse, quo' bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Sae weel ye can me winne:
And she satte in his armis, and sweetly shesang,
And her voice rang frae the lynne.

The liltings o' that sylver voice,
Might weel the wits beguile;
They clearer were than shepherd's pipe
Heard o'er the hylls a mile.

The liltings o' that sylver voice,
That rose an' fell so free,
They softer were than lover's lute,
Heard o'er a sleeping sea.

The liltings o' that sylver voice
Were melody sae true;
They sprang up-through the welkin wide
To the heaven's keystone blue.

Sing on, sing on, my bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Sing on your sang sae sweet;—
Now Chryste me save! quo' the bonnye lass,
Whence comes that waesome greetie?

They turned their gaze to the Mourning Cleuch,
Where the greeting seemed to be,
And there beheld a little greene bairne
Come o'er the darksome lea.

And aye it raised a waesome greetie,
Butte and an eiry crye,
Untill it came to the buchte fauld ende,
Where the wysome payr did lye.

It lookit around with its snail-cap eyne,
That made their hearts to grou;
Than turned upright its grass-green face,
And opend its goblyne mou’;

Then raised a youle, sae loude and lange—
Sae yerlish and sae shrille,
As dirled up throwe the twinkling holes
The second lifte untill.

I tell the tale as tolde to me,
I swear so by my faye;
And whether or not of glamourye,
In soothe I cannot say.

That youling yowte sae yerlish was,
Butte and sae lang and loude,
The rysing moone like saffron grewe,
And holed ahint a cloude.

And round the boddome o’ the lifte,
It rang the worlth through,
And boomed against the milkye waye,
Afore it closed its mou’.

Then neiste it raised its note and sang
Sae witchinglye and sweete,
The moudies, powtelit out o’ the yirth,
And kyssed the synger’s feete.

The waizle dunne frae the auld grey cairn,
The theiffe foulmart came nighe;
The hurcheon raxed his scory chafts,
And gepit wi’ girning joye.

The todde he came frae the Serethy holes,
And courit fou cunninglye;
The stinkin’ brocke wi’ his lang lank lyske,
Shotte up his gruntle to see.

The kidde and martyne ranne a race
Amang the dewye ferne;
The mawkin gogget i’ the synger’s face,
Th’ enchanting notes to learne.

The pert little eskis they curlit their tails,
And danced a myrthsome reele;
The tade held up her auld dunne lufes,
She likit the sang sae weele.

The herone came frae the witch-pule tree,
The houlet frae Deadwood howe;
The auld gray corbie hoverit aboone,
While tears down his cheeks did flowe.

The yowes they lap out-owre the buchte,
And skippit up and downe;
And bonnye Jeanye Roole i’ the shepherd’s
armis,
Fell back out-owre in a swoone.

It might be glamourye or not,
In sooth I cannot say,
It was the witching time of night—
The hour o’ gloamyne gray,
And she that lay in her loveris armis
I wis was a weel-faured Maye.

Her pulses all were beatinge trewe,
Her heart was loupinge lighte,
Unto that wondrous melody—
That simple song of mighte.

THE SONGE.

O where is tinye Hewe?
O where is little Lenne?
And where is bonnye Lu?
And Menie o’ the glenne?
And where’s the place o’ rest?
The ever changinge hame—
Is it the gowan’s breast,
Or ’neath the bell o’ faem?
CHORUS.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y’u, &c.

The fairest rose you finde
May have a taint withinne;
The flower o’ womankind,
May ope her breast to sinne.
The foxglove cuppe you’ll bring,
The taile of shootinge sterne,
And at the grassy ring,
We’ll pledge the pith o’ ferne.
CHORUS.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y’u, &c.

And when the blushing moone
Glides down the western skye,
By streamer’s wing we soon
Upon her top will lye;—
Her hichest horn we’ll ride,
And quaffe her yellowe dewe;
And frae her skaddowye side,
The burning daye we’ll viewe.
CHORUS.—Ay lu lan, lan dil y’u, &c.

The straine raise high, the straine fell low,
Then fainted fitfullye;
And bonnye Jeanye Roole she lookit up,
To see what she might see.

She lookit hiche to the bodynge hille,
And laighe to the darklyng deane;—
She heard the soundis still ringin’ i’ the lifte,
But naethinge could be seene.

She held her breathe with anxious care,
And thought it all a dreame;—
But an eiry nicher she heard i’ the linne,
And a plich-platch in the streime.

Never a word said bonnye Jeanye Roole,
Butte, shepherd, lette us gange;
And never mair, at a Gloamyne Buchte,
Wald she singe another sange.

SAINT ULLIN'S PILGRIM.

"Remain with us, thou gentle guest,
Remain with us, till morning stay:
The daylight's dying in the west,
And long and lonesome is the way.

"My sons to wake the deer are gone
In far Glen Affric's wild-wood glade;
Flora and I are left alone,
Give us thy company, dear maid.

"Think not that covert guile doth lie
Disguised in garb of fair good-will,
The name of hospitality
Is sacred on the Highland hill.

"Wert thou the daughter of my foe,
As thou'rt the Saxon stranger's child,
I would not, could not let thee go
To be benighted in the wild.

"Flora, my darling, cheer prepare,
And bid the maid our welcome prove;
Old Kenneth of the snowy hair
Is young to see his daughter's love."

"Entreat me not, thou good old man,"
With falt'ring tongue the maid replied,
"I must pursue my wayward plan,—
I may not, cannot here abide."

"Ah! maiden, wayward sure thou art,
And if thou must, thou must be gone;
Yet was it never Kenneth's part
To send the helpless forth alone.

"All-blighting Time hath me subdued,
Mine eyes are glazed and dim of ken,
The way is rugged, waste and rude—
Glenelchaig is a dreary glen.

"Yet Flora will her father aid,
So speaks that bright expressive eye;—
Shall we desert the stranger maid,
When other aid none else is nigh?"

"O kind old man," the maiden spoke,
"All human aid I must forego,
My sacred vow must not be broke—
The vow the living must not know.

"Farewell! entreat not, O! farewell."
So said, she sped away in haste;
Deep, deep the gloom of evening fell,
And heaven and earth were all a waste.

"Abate thy grief, thou white-hair'd man,
And, lovely Flora, cease to weep;
For Heaven the heart can truly scan,
And doth of love remembrance keep.

"For He who is our trust and might,
And who is with His own alway,
As nigh us is in shades of night,
As in the brightest beams of day.

"His presence shield the maiden's soul!"—
The gloom now dark and darker hung;
With wild, continuous, fearful howl
Each glen, each cliff, each cavern rung.

Yet held she on—avaunt, dismay!—
O'er sparry ledge and rolling stone;
Rude, dark, and toilsome was the way,
And all untrod, yet held she on.

Yet held she on, by hill and stream,
Thro' tearing brakes and sinking swamps,
While savage eyes around her gleam
Like half-extinguished cavern lamps.

She heard the Glomah, ever dark,
Like wakening thunder deeply moan;
And louder heard the howl and bark,
With scream, and hiss, and shriek, and groan.

She came beneath that fatal rock
Where horror lower'd in tenfold wrath—
A hamlet here,¹ the mountain broke,
And life was overwhelmed in death.

She deem'd she heard the bursting crash,
The agonized and stifled shriek;
Her senses reel, her ear-drums dash,
Her eyeballs strain well nigh to break.

Yet sped she on, her heart beat high,
So loud it did itself alarm;
She crossed at length the Altondye,
Then lighter grew her thoughts of harm.

Still sped she on by rock and bush,
Her tender limbs much grievance found;
She heard the streams of Fahda rush,
And hollow tongues were whispering round.

¹ There is a pass in Glenelchaig nearly blocked up with detached pieces of rock. Here, says tradition, was once a village, and the rock above giving way in the night buried it and all its inhabitants.—Ed.

Kilullin¹ met her sight at length—
 Corpse candles burnt with livid flame—
 Now Heaven assist the maiden's strength,
 'Tis much to bear for mortal frame.

As near'd she to the camp of death,
 The lights danced in the yawning blast,
 And sheeted spectres crossed her path,
 All gibbering ghastly as they pass'd.

Yet high resolve could nothing harm,
 Sped on the maiden free of scathe;
 Night's clammy dews fell thick and warm,
 The sulph'ry air was hot to breathe.

She reached at length Saint Ullin's stone,
 Composed in effort thereon sate;
 Thou Power that yet hast led her on,
 Enstrengthen her the end to wait!

She knelt her by the slumbering cawt,
 Viper and toad around her crawl;
 Yet swerv'd she not—her soul grew faint,
 In prayer her lips did move—'twas all.

A languor chilled the living stream,
 She sunk upon the mould of death:
 Say did she sleep as those who dream,
 Or sleep as those who slept beneath?

Her sleep was not that mortal night
 In which the spirit leaves the clay;
 'Twas wak'ning to a vision bright
 Of light and everlasting day.

'Twas wak'ning in another sphere,
 A fairer, purer, holier, higher;
 Where all is eye, where all is ear,
 Where all is gratified desire.

Burst on her sight that world of bliss,
 Where woe and death may never come,
 She heard the hymns of Paradise,
 Where not a tuneful breeze is dumb.

She saw Life's river flowing wide,
 With Love and Mercy on the brim,
 Compared unto its crystal tide
 The splendour of our sun was dim.

And on that tide were floating isles,
 With bowers of ever-verdant green,
 Where sate beneath th' eternal smiles
 Those who on earth had faithful been.

She heard the hallelujahs rise
 From those who stood before the throne;

She turned aside her mortal eyes
 From what they might not look upon.

Her lovely face she strove to hide,
 It was, as angel's, mild and fair;
 She felt a tear spontaneous glide,
 She thought of one she saw not there.

A shining seraph to her came,
 In melody his accents moved,—
 "Fair virgin of the mortal frame,
 Thy steadfast faith is well approved.

"'Twas seen thy soul devoid of stain—
 'Twas seen thy earthly passion pure—
 Thou deem'st thy love in battle slain—
 'Twas seen what virtue can endure.

"'Twas seen your souls asunder rent—
 Each to its better being lost;
 In pity was a vision sent—
 You both are proved, and faith shall boast.

"Cease not to love while life shall last,
 And smooth your path shall love divine;
 And when your mortal time is past,
 This visioned blissful land is thine."

He ceased,—the maiden raised her eye,
 His radiant form she could not mark;
 She heard the music fall and die—
 The vision pass'd, confused and dark.

She felt her heart give fitful thrill—
 She felt the life-stream slowly play—
 She thought she heard the lark sing shrill—
 She thought she saw the breaking day.

She felt impressed a glowing kiss,
 She heard the well-known accents move—
 She started round—O powers of bliss!
 'Tis Allan Samradh—he, her love!

Can fleeting visions sense enslave?
 No, these are past, she doth not sleep;
 'Tis he for whom she death could brave,—
 For whom her eyes in heaven could weep.

The sun above the mountains bright
 Streamed liquid gold o'er land and sea;
 Earth, ocean, sky, did float in light,
 And Nature raised her hymns of glee.

Our lovers saw not sea nor sun,
 They heard not Nature's matin hymn;
 Their souls were pour'd from one to one—
 Each other's eyes, all else was dim.

¹ Kilullin, literally the burying-place of Ullan.—ED.

OH, WILL YE WALK?

"Oh, will ye walk the wood wi' me?
Oh, will ye walk the green?
Or will ye sit within mine arms,
My ain kind Jean?"

"It's I'll not walk the wood wi' thee,
Nor yet will I the green;
And as for sitting in your arms,
It's what I dinna mean."

"Oh! slighted love is ill to thole,
And weel may I compleen;
But since that better mayna be,
I e'en maun thol't for Jean."

"Gang up to May o' Mistycleugh,
Ye saw her late yestreen;
Ye'll find in her a lightsome love
Ye winna find in Jean."

"Wi' bonny May o' Mistycleugh
I carena to be seen;
Her lightsome love I'd freely gie
For half a blink frae Jean."

"Gang down to Madge o' Miryfaulds,
I ken for her ye green;
Wi' her ye'll get a purse o' gowd—
Ye'll naething get wi' Jean."

"For doity Madge o' Miryfaulds
I dinna care a preen;
The purse o' gowd I weel could want,
If I could hae my Jean."

"Oh yes! I'll walk the wood wi' thee;
Oh yes! I'll walk the green;
But first ye'll meet me at the kirk,
And mak' me aye your Jean."

LORD KINLOCH.

BORN 1801 — DIED 1872.

WILLIAM PENNEY, although not one of the great masters of song, is entitled to a niche in our gallery as the author of numerous meritorious religious poems. He was the son of Mr. William Penney, a respectable Glasgow merchant, and was born in that city Aug. 8, 1801. He was educated at the university there, and selecting the profession of the law, he passed advocate at the age of twenty-three. His talents and industry insured him success, and in 1858 he was appointed a judge of the Court of Session, taking the title of Lord Kinloch. His first publication, entitled *The Circle of Christian Doctrine*, appeared in 1861, followed in 1863 by "Time's Treasure, or Devout Thoughts for Every Day in the Year, expressed in verse, by Lord Kinloch." "I offer this volume," he remarks in the pre-

face, "as a collection of thoughts rather than poems. My design is simply to present, day by day, a brief exercise of devout reflection, which, actually performed by one Christian, may be fitly repeated by others: expressed in that form of language, which, as it is peculiarly appropriate to the divine praise, is on that account specially fitted to be the vehicle of religious meditation. The object of the volume is not an exhibition of poetic fancy, but an expression of Christian life." *Time's Treasure* has been favourably received, and has passed through four editions. Lord Kinloch's other works are *Faith's Jewels, presented in Verse; Studies for Sunday Evening; Readings in Holy Writ; and Devout Moments: a selection from Time's Treasure*. He died at Hartrigge, near Jedburgh, Oct. 30, 1872.

GIFTS TO GOD.

I gathered, Lord, of flowers the fairest,
For thee to twine;
I hoarded gems, of hue the rarest,
To make them thine:

But thou mine offer so preventedst,
By gift from thee, beyond my thought,
That, whilst I took what thou presentedst,
I was ashamed to give thee ought.

My gifts appeared so poor and meagre,
 Matched with thy boon,
 I straightway grew to hide them eager;
 But thou, full soon,
 Smil'dst, as thou saidst, "Hast nought to
 render
 Of all thou from my grace hast gained?"
 Then all I gave thee; and the tender
 From thine acceptance worth obtained.

A LOST DAY.

Say not thou hast lost a day,
 If, amidst its weary hours,
 Gloomy thoughts, and flagging powers,
 Thou hast found that thou could'st pray.

By a single earnest prayer,
 Thou may'st much of work have done;
 Much of wealth and progress won,
 Yielded not by toil and care.

To thy dear ones, then embraced,
 Thou may'st wondrous help have lent;
 Message full of love have sent;
 Given a fortune free from waste.

If one thought was upward thrown,
 'Twas to eyes in heaven a sign;
 'Twas to heavenly treasures coin;
 'Twas in house above a stone.

In God's book of weal and crime,
 Many days, in which thou thought'st
 Thou full well and hardly wrought'st,
 Bear the blot of idle time:

Whilst the day, to which may fall
 One short prayer alone for mark,
 Writ may be, midst bright and dark,
 As thy gainfullest of all.

DYING IN DARKNESS.

The Saviour died in darkness; thus he gave
 A thought from sinking to despair to save,
 When gloom surrounds the entrance to the
 grave.

The Saviour bowed his head; and meekly went
 To death, 'midst all its woes and pangs content,
 To teach thee how to meet its worst event.

Thy Saviour felt forsaken, as he died;
 No marvel, if with such a fear be tried
 The sinner, who with him is crucified.

Yet as a son into his father's hands,
 The Saviour gave his spirit, 'midst his bands;
 Do thou the same, when run thy latest sands.

As he upon his cross, so, on thy bed,
 Be thou, amidst the darkness, free from dread;
 And find "'Tis finished," may at last be said.

The earthquake, deemed thy rock to undermine,
 Serves but to rend the veil, which masks the
 shrine;
 And make the holiest of holies thine.

DESIRE OF DEATH.

When strongest my desire of death,
 I least am fit to die;
 Because the will, which keeps my breath,
 I then would fain deny.

Why would the servant, ere the time,
 Enter the Master's room,
 Who may, as for a heedless crime,
 To longer waiting doom?

The angel, who would change his place,
 For work or watch ordained,
 God might well exile from his face,
 As one with folly stained.

'Tis the same course, the saint above,
 And earthly fellow suits;
 To serve and sing, to look and love,
 And bring the Lord his fruits.

I must, by longer stay on earth,
 Better for heaven prepare:
 I may not go, with such a dearth
 Of graces needful there.

God more of strength for duty give;
 More patience Christ supply:
 When longer I am fit to live,
 I shall be fit to die.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

I sought for wisdom in the morning time,
 When the sun cleared the hills; and strove to
 climb

Where I could further see; but all in vain
 The efforts made: 'twas but unwearying
 strain

At truth; nor had of knowledge save the
 pain.

There rose a star i' th' east, before 'twas night,
And spoke of God; but only spoke of might,
And height, and distance; in a gathering
mist,

I lost the star; I could not but persist
To seek, but how to find it nothing wist.

I journeyed long and darkly; but at last
The star appeared; and now its beams were
cast

On a poor stable, where, in swaddling bands,
An infant lay in virgin mother's hands;
Fixed there it stood, and fixed for me still
stands.

I found where wisdom dwelt; and, in my joy,
Brought forth my gifts; gold, though it held
alloy,

Which dimmed its worth; incense from forth
a breast,

Warm with new love; myrrh, through all
life possessed,

Fragrant to make the couch of earth's last
rest.

LITANY.

Lord, when earthly pleasures lure,
When the bad our doubts assure,
And to sin appears secure,
Keep us pure.

Lord, when strife we meet and wrong,
Judgments harsh, and angry throng,
For that we to Christ belong,
Keep us strong.

Lord, when in our stores we find
Wealth amassed, like idol shrined,
And the fortune threatens the mind,
Keep us kind.

Lord, when sickness brings its qualm,
Or when sorrow finds not balm,
And the prayer supplants the psalm,
Keep us calm.

Lord, when human praise we seek,
When we run beyond the weak,
And approach the topmost peak,
Keep us meek.

Lord, when rusheth whelming ill,
When our sins their pledge fulfil,
And we see in woe thy will,
Keep us still.

Lord, when nought can more be had,
To our life an hour to add,
And the parting-time is sad,
Make us glad.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

Time rolls on; and, in its flow,
Thoughts are dropped, which, day by day,
Float away,
And from reach of memory go.

Are they then for ever gone?
Or will these, upon thy sea,
Eternity,
Rise to startle us anon?

Oft are found, on after morn,
Themes which random words disperse,
Or which verse
Hath, like ark of rushes, borne.

All at once, on devious way,
Juts a corner of the stream,
With a gleam,
Bright remembrance to convey.

On the waters I have cast
Thoughts on which, like hallowed bread,
I have fed,
'Midst the scenes of moments past.

All may quickly sink from sight;
Yet enough in heaven to view
One, who grew,
Thereby, unto peace or light.

WILLIAM WILSON.

BORN 1801 — DIED 1860.

WILLIAM WILSON, the youngest but one of | and his wife Agnes Ross of Inverness, was born
a family of eight children born to John Wilson | at Crieff on Christmas-day, 1801. His family

had settled in Perthshire in the seventeenth century, and the poet's great-grandfather, Allan Wilson, fell fighting gallantly for Prince Charlie at Culloden.¹ At an early age young Wilson was imbued with a passionate love of poetry, derived from his mother, who sang with great beauty the old Jacobite songs and ballads of her native land. When five years old he lost his father, and the misfortunes of the family at that time came not singly, but in battalions. The generous merchant's death was preceded by his failure in business through the knavery of those whom he had trusted; and a bachelor brother's fortune in Jamaica was in some way lost to his children, for whom it was intended. His widow, a high-spirited woman, steadily refused pecuniary aid from sympathizing friends, preferring to rely upon her industry and economy for her own and her children's maintenance, so that Wilson's early life, like that of his friend Robert Chambers, was one of honourable poverty, dignified by hard and honest work, which ultimately brought its due reward.

Young Wilson composed verses when ten years of age. At twenty-two he became the editor of the Dundee *Literary Olio*, a large proportion of the contents of which, both in prose and verse, was from his pen. In 1826 he was induced by influential friends to remove to Edinburgh, where he established himself in business. "There was," wrote Robert Chambers, "at this time something very engaging in his appearance: a fair open countenance, ruddy with the bloom of health; manners soft and pleasing." In the same year he lost his young and devoted wife, to whom he had been married in 1819, and he sought relief from his great sorrow in composition. His contributions were welcomed in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*² and other leading periodicals. In 1830 Wilson married for his second wife Miss Sibbald of Borthaugh, a descendant of Sir Andrew Sibbald of Balgonie, and a niece of Dr.

James Sibbald, the literary antiquary and editor of the *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*. At this period his charming conversation and manners, and his excellent singing of Scottish songs, made the young poet a welcome guest in the literary circles of Edinburgh. At the house of Mrs. Grant of Laggan he was a frequent visitor, and so great was this gifted lady's attachment to the handsome young Highlander, that she claimed the privilege of giving her husband's name to his eldest son by his second marriage, and of possessing the poet's portrait painted by an eminent artist.

When thirty-two years of age Wilson removed to the United States, and settled at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, where he engaged in the business of bookselling and publishing, which he continued till his death, August 25, 1860. During his residence in the New World he occasionally contributed in prose and verse—generally anonymously—to various American periodicals, and now and then sent a paper or poem to *Blackwood* or *Chambers' Journal*. Selections of his poems appeared in the *Cabinet*, *Whistle Binkie*, *Book of Scottish Song*, the *Modern Scottish Minstrel*, and other similar publications; but he never issued them in a volume or even collected them, and it was not till the green grass was growing over his grave in the Episcopal burial-ground at Poughkeepsie, where his second wife and four of his children now sleep by his side, that a portion of his poems was published, accompanied by a memoir by Benson J. Lossing. A second edition, with additional poems, appeared in 1875.

Many of the poet's musical compositions were much admired. One of his earliest was frequently sung by an eminent songstress at the Edinburgh Theatre; and his latest—an air of great beauty—was composed during the last year of his life for one of Ainslie's sweet songs. The music and the words of many of Wilson's lyrics were written chiefly for the pleasure of hearing them sung in his own house, for he rarely permitted his musical compositions to be published.

¹ The poet's aunt, Jane Wilson, wife of Captain Munroe, commander of an armed merchant vessel owned in Inverness, received an autograph letter of thanks from Queen Charlotte, and a life-pension, for her gallantry in fighting her husband's ship after he was wounded and carried below, capturing the enemy's vessel, a French privateer; and Wilson's eldest brother was with Wellington in all his Peninsular battles and in his crowning victory at Waterloo. Three of the poet's sons

were in the armies of the North during the American civil war, and one was mortally wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg.—Ed.

² To this periodical, conducted by his friend Henry Glassford Bell, late sheriff of Lanarkshire, Wilson contributed in the course of three years thirty-two poems.

Willis pronounced one of Wilson's pieces "the best modern imitation of the old ballad style that he had ever met with;" and Bryant, another distinguished American poet, said: "The song in which the writer personates Richard the Lion-hearted during his imprisonment is more spirited than any of the ballads of Aytoun."

Hew Ainslie, who still survives his friend, writes to the Editor: "Having summered and wintered it for many long years with your dear father, I ought to know something of the base and bent of his genius, though, as he hated all shams and pretensions, a very slight acquaintance with him showed that independence and personal manhood, 'As wha daur meddle

wi' me,' were two of his strong features; while humour, deep feeling, and tenderness were prominent in all he said or wrote, and oh! the pity that he did not give us more 'Jean Linns' and 'Auld Johnny Grahams' in his native tongue. I loved him as a man, a poet, and a brother, and I had many proofs that my feelings were reciprocated."

The idea of this Work originated with William Wilson, but urgent demands upon his time, together with failing health, interfered with its execution. The task devolved upon his son, who has, as an act of filial duty no less than as a labour of love, endeavoured to complete his father's unfulfilled literary project.

TO MY CHILDREN.¹

Yes, my young darlings, since my task is done,
Again I'll mingle in your freaks and fun:
Be glad, be gay, be thoughtless, if I can,
And merge the busy worldling in the man.
Not the stiff pedagogue, with brow severe,
Authoritative air, and look austere,
But the fond sire with feelings long repress'd,
Eager to bless as eager to be bless'd,—
Longing, in home's dear sanctuary, to find
The smiling lips, the embrace, the kiss so kind,
The cloudless brow, the bearing frank and free,
The gladdening shout of merriment and glee,
And all the luxury which boisterous mirth
Scatter'd erewhile around our social hearth.

Remember ye, my sweet ones, with what "pomp
And circumstance" of glee we used to romp
From room to room, o'er tables, stools, and
chairs,
O'erturning household gods—now up the stairs,
Now under sofas, now in corners hiding,
Now in, now out, now round the garden gliding?
Remember ye—when under books and toys
The table groan'd, and evening's tranquil joys
Soothed your excited spirits to repose—
How blithe as larks at peep of dawn ye rose?
Pleased every moment, mirthful every hour,
As bees love sunshine, or as ducks the shower;
No ills annoy'd you, pleasures never pall'd,
Cares ne'er corroded, nor repinings gall'd,

But, like blithe birds from clime to clime that fly,
Each change brought blossoms and a cloudless
sky.

"But now papa's grown strange, and will not
speak,
Nor play at blind-man's buff, or hide-and-seek;
Tell no more stories ere we go to bed,
Nor kiss us when our evening prayers are said;
But still, with thoughtful look, and brow of
gloom,
He stalks in silence to his study-room,
Nor ever seeks our evening sports to share;
Why, what can dear papa be doing there?"
Such were the thoughts which oft in tears gush'd
forth

Amid the pauses of your infant mirth,
And dimm'd the lustre of your bright blue eyes—
As wandering clouds obscure the moonlight skies,
Making their misty mellowness even more
Soul-soothing than the glorious light before.

'Mid laurel'd literature's Elysian bowers,
I've been a-roaming, culling fadeless flowers,
And these collected treasures at your feet
I lay, ye beautiful! "sweets to the sweet!"
Yet all too soon I dedicate to you
Flowers of such rich perfume and varied hue,
O'er which the deathless fire of genius breathed;
And all too soon this garland I have wreathed,
To win me favour in your infant eyes;
Though years may come when ye will fondly
prize

Affection's fond memorial, given to prove
The doating fondness of a father's love;
Love full as ocean's waters, firm as faith,
Wide as the universe, and strong as death.

¹ This justly admired composition was written for his friend John Aitken, editor of *Constable's Miscellany* and the *London Cabinet*, to the third series of which work it was prefixed by Mr. Aitken as a dedication to his children. — Ed.

SWEET LAMMAS MOON.

Sweet Lammas moon, thy silvery beam
Brings many blissful thoughts to me,
Of days when in my first love dream,
I blest thy light on Craigie Lea.

And well I might—for thy young ray
Ne'er shone on fairer love than mine;
Nor ever youth met maiden gay
Beneath a brighter gleam than thine.

And well I might—for Mary's charms
Upon my bosom lay reclined;
While round her slender waist my arms
In fondest love were closely twined.

And there and then, in that blest hour,
We plighted vows of changeless faith;
Vows breathed with passion's warmest power,
And broken by the hand of death.

Sweet Lammas moon, then thy young ray
Shone on my Mary's peerless bloom;
Now waningly, in slow decay,
Thou beamest coldly on her tomb.

AULD JOHNNY GRAHAM.

Dear aunty, what think ye o' auld Johnny
Graham?

The carle sae pawkie and slee!
He wants a bit wifie to tend his bein hame,
And the bodie has ettled at me.

Wi' bonnet sae vaunty, an' owerlay sae clean,
An' ribbon that waved boon his bree,
He cam' doun the cleugh at the gloamin' yestreen,
An' rappit, an soon speert for me.

I bade him come ben whare my minnie sae thrang
Was birlin' her wheel eidentlie,
An', foul fa' the carle, he was na' that lang
Ere he tauld out his errand to me.

"Hech, Tibby, lass! a' yon braid acres o' land,
Wi' ripe craps that wave bonnilié,
An', meikle mair gear shall be at yer command,
Gin ye will look kindly on me.

"Yon herd o' fat owsen that rout i' the glen,
Sax naigies that nibble the lea;
The kye i' the sheugh, and the sheep i' the pen,
I'se gie a', dear Tibby, to thee.

"An', lassie, I've goupins o' gowd in a stockin',
An' pearlins wad dazzle yer e'e;

A mett'l'd, but canny young yaud for the yokin'
When ye wad gae jauntin' wi' me.

"I'll hap ye and fend ye, and busk ye and tend
ye,
And mak' ye the licht o' my e'e;
I'll comfort and cheer ye, and daut ye and dear
ye,
As couthy as couthy can be.

"I've lo'ed ye, dear lassie, since first, a bit bairn,
Ye ran up the knowe to meet me;
An' deekit my bonnet wi' blue-bells an' fern,
Wi' meikle glad laughin' an' glee.

"An' noo woman grown, an' mensefu' an' fair,
An' gracefu' as gracefu' can be—
Will ye tak' an auld carle wha ne'er had a care
For woman, dear Tibby, but thee?"

Sae, aunty, ye see I'm a' in a swither,
What answer the bodie to gie—
But aften I wish he wad tak' my auld mither,
And let puir young Tibby abee.

A WELCOME TO CHRISTOPHER
NORTH.¹

Oh, the queer auld man, the dear auld man,
The drollest in Christendie—
Wha sae aft has beguil'd doure care till he smil'd—
He's comin' his kinsfolk to see!
He's comin' to daud frae his bonnet a blink,
The stoure o' classic ha's—
He's hung up his gown i' the guid auld toun,
An' brunt his critic's taws.

Chorus—

He's a dear auld man, he's a queer auld man,
He's a free auld man, he's a slee auld man—
Frae the Aristook to the Raritan,
Ye'll no find the fier o' our spree auld man.

But his pike-staff o' aik whilk mony a paik,
Has rung on timmer crowns—
An' his birken crutch ye'll find few such,
For soberin' senseless loons;
Thae switches strang—the short an' the lang,
The pawkie auld carle brings;
An' wae to the pate o' the blether-skate
On whilk their vengeance rings.
He's a bauld auld man, he's a yauld auld man
He's a leal auld man, he's a hale auld man—
An' there's no a lady in a' the lan'
Wi' a blythesomer e'e than our brow auld man.

¹ Written as a welcome to Professor Wilson on hearing of his intention to visit the United States.—ED.

But a kindly wit has Scotland's Kit,
 As kind a heart an' smile—
 An' the soft words flung frae his witchin' tongue,
 The gled frae the lift wad wile;
 For a' kinds o' lear—his presence be here!
 An' a' kinds o' knowledge has he,
 Baith Latin an' Greek he as glibly can speak,
 As ye wad the A B C.
 He's a grave auld man, he's a brave auld man,
 He's a frank auld man, he's a swank auld man,
 At fleechin', or preechin', or cloovin' a pan—
 There's nae peer to our north countree auld
 man.

Sae lads to your shanks, an' thegither in ranks,
 Let's welcome gude Kit to our shore,
 In our costliest braws—wi' our loudest hurrahs,
 Till the wondering welkin roar;
 For kings are but caff, an' warld's gear draff
 Engulphed by the tide of time,
 But the heaven-born mind, lovin' a' mankind,
 Till dooms-day shall tower sublime.
 He's a grand auld man, he's a bland auld man,
 He's a yare auld man, he's a rare auld man,
 Tho' the terror o' sumph an' o' charlatan,
 He's a kind-hearted debonair auld man.

JEAN LINN.

Oh, haud na yer noddle sae hie, ma doo!
 Oh, haud na yer noddle sae hie!
 The days that hae been may be yet again seen,
 Sae look na' sae lightly on me, ma doo!
 Sae look na' sae lightly on me!
 Oh, geck na' at hame hodden gray, Jean Linn,
 Oh, geck na' at hame hodden gray!
 Yer gutcher and mine wad thocht themsels fine
 In cleidin' sae bein, bonnie may, bonnie
 may—
 In cleidin' sae bein, bonnie may.

Ye mind when we won in Whinglee, Jean Linn,
 Ye mind when we won in Whinglen,
 Your daddy, dounce carle, was cotter to mine,
 An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then, Jean
 Linn,
 An' our herd was yer bonnie sel', then.

Oh, then ye were a' thing to me, Jean Linn!
 Oh, then ye were a' thing to me!
 An' the moments scour'd by like birds through
 the sky,
 When tintin' the owsen wi' thee, Jean Linn,
 When tintin' the owsen wi' thee.

I twined ye a bower by the burn, Jean Linn,
 I twined ye a bower by the burn,

But dreamt na' that hour, as we sat in that
 bower,
 That fortune wad tak' sic a turn, Jean Linn,
 That fortune would tak' sic a turn.

Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw, Jean Linn!
 Ye busk noo in satins fu' braw!
 Yer daddy's a laird, mine's i' the kirkyard,
 An' I'm yer puir ploughman, Jock Law,
 Jean Linn,
 An' I'm your puir ploughman, Jock Law.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

Brightly, brightly the moonbeam shines
 On the castle turret-wall;
 Darkly, darkly the spirit pines,
 Deep, deep in its dungeon's thrall.
 He hears the screech-owl whoop reply
 To the warder's drowsy strain,
 And thinks of home, and heaves a sigh
 For his own bleak hills again.

Sweetly, sweetly the spring flowers spread,
 When first he was fettered there;
 Slowly, slowly the sere leaves fade,
 Yet breathes he that dungeon's air.
 All lowly lies his banner bright,
 That foremost in battle streamed,
 And dim the sword that in the fight
 Like midnight meteor gleamed.

But place his foot upon the plain,
 That banner o'er his head,
 His good lance in his hand again,
 With Paynim slaughter red,
 The craven hearts that round him now
 With coward triumph stand,
 Would quail before that dauntless brow,
 And the death-flash of that brand.

BRITANNIA.¹

Old England, warlike England,
 Thy lion wakes again!
 His roar through sunny Ind resounds
 As once it pealed in Spain.

¹ Though living under the "Stars and Stripes," Mr. Wilson never ceased to love, never forgot to render due homage to the land of his birth. The above piece, that might almost be ranked with some of Campbell's patriotic effusions, shows that William Wilson always reserved a warm corner in his heart wherein to cherish the memories of our "sea-girt isle."—*People's Journal*.

In soul-arousing notes it rings,
Through Cathay's distant clime,
And a wail
On the gale
Is blent with battle's hymn,
While the craven herds amaz'd behold
Triumph unstained by crime.

Old England, dauntless England,
Thy conq'ring legions come!
The clansmen's gathering pibroch blends
With trumpet and with drum.
Bold Erin's battle cry bursts forth,
As on the dusky bands
With a cheer
They career,
And the traitors bite the sands,
Or like the chaff by rushing wind,
Are scattered through the lands.

Old England, noble England!
Thy hand ne'er drew the glaive
But from his foes to free the wronged,
His fetters from the slave:
Yet ever gen'rous in thy strength
To spare a fallen foe,
No stain
Can remain
On thy scoutcheon's spotless snow,
Who strong in might upholds the right,
And strikes the spoiler low.

Old England, glorious England,
On this terrestrial sphere
For truth, and worth, and majesty
Where yet was found thy peer?
Thou treader down of tyranny,
Thou tamer of the strong,
Land and main
Own thy reign,
And round thy footstool throng,
While wand'ring nations worship thee,
Thou queen of sword and song.

JEANIE GRAHAM.

She whose lang loose unbraided hair
Falls on a breast o' purest snaw,
Was ance a maid as mild an' fair,
As e'er wil'd stripling's heart awa'.
But sorrow's shade has dimm'd her e'e,
And gathered round her happy hame,
Yet wherefore sad? and where is he,
The plighted love of Jeanie Graham?

The happy bridal day was near,
And blythe young joy beam'd on her brow,

But he is low she lov'd so dear,
And she a virgin widow now.
The night was mirk, the stream was high,
And deep and darkly down it came;
He sunk—and wild his drowning cry
Rose in the blast to Jeanie Graham.

Bright beams the sun on Garnet-hill,
The stream is calm, the sky is clear;
But Jeanie's lover's heart is still,
Her anguish'd sobs he cannot hear.
Oh! make his grave in yonder dell,
Where willows wave above the stream,
That every passing breeze may wail,
For broken-hearted Jeanie Graham.

SABBATH MORNING IN THE WOODS

Oh blessed morn! whose ruddy beam
Of gladness mantles fount and stream,
And over all created things
A golden robe of glory flings.

On every tendril, leaf and spray,
A diamond glistens in the ray,
And from a thousand throats a shout
Of adoration gushes out;
A glad but sweet preclusive psalm
Which breaks the hallow'd morning's calm.

Each wimpling brook, each winding rill
That sings and murmurs on at will,
Seems vocal with the blest refrain,
"The Lord has come to life again!"

And from each wild flower on the wold,
In purple, sapphire, snow or gold,
Pink, amethyst or azure hue,
Beauteous of tint and bright with dew,
There breathes an incense offering, borne
Upon the wak'ning breeze of morn
To the Creator, all divine!
Meet sacrifice for such a shrine.

Far down those lofty forest aisles,
Where twilight's solemn hush prevails,
The wind its balmy censer swings
Like odours from an angel's wings,
Who, passing swift to earth, had riven
Their fragrance from the bowers of heaven.

And through each sylvan tangled hall,
Where slanting bars of sunlight fall,
Faint sounds of hallelujahs sweet,
The tranced ear would seem to greet,

As if the holy seraphim
Were choiring here their matin hymn.

God of all nature! here I feel
Thy awful presence, as I kneel
In humble heart abasement meet,
Thus lowly at thy mercy seat;
And while I tremble, I adore;
(Like him by Bethel's stone of yore),
For this thy vouchsafed presence given,
Hath made this place the gate of heaven.

WORK IS PRAYER.

Laborare est orare.

Oh grant us faith to work, and hope to win,
When jocund youthhood's morning sun is shining,
'Tis time the work of warfare to begin,
The Christian soldier's warfare wag'd with sin.

Laborare est orare.

Oh Father, let our toil seem ever sweet!
When duty bids us still the task be plying;
The task that brings us daily to thy feet
To catch new glimpses of thy mercy-seat.

Laborare est orare.

Though stern the harvest toil, the day's work long,
With thankful hearts our scanty sheaves we'll
gather,
And strong in confidence, in trusting strong,
Still with our tears will mingle bursts of song.

Laborare est orare.

We soon must lay our earthly armour down,
And in the heavenly land are legions waiting

To raise the choral welcome of renown,
And crown us with an everlasting crown.

WANING LIFE AND WEARY.¹

Waning life and weary,
Fainting heart and limb,
Darkening road and dreary,
Flashing eye grow dim;
All betokening nightfall near
Day is done, and rest is dear.

Slowly stealing shadows
Westward lengthening still,
O'er the dark brown meadows,
O'er the sunlit hill.

Gleams of golden glory
From the opening sky,
Gild those temples hoary—
Kiss that closing eye:
Now drops the curtain on all wrong—
Throes of sorrow, grief and song.

But saw ye not the dying,
Ere life passed away,
Faintly smiled while eyeing
Yonder setting day;

And, his pale hand signing
Man's redemption sign—
Cried, with forehead shining,
Father, I am thine!
And so to rest he quietly hath passed,
And sleeps in Christ the Comforter at last.

THOMAS ATKINSON.

BORN 1801—DIED 1833.

THOMAS ATKINSON was born at Glasgow, December 30, 1801. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, and subsequently entered into partnership with David Robertson, a Glasgow bookseller and publisher. Although engrossed with the management of an extensive business, Atkinson found time to cultivate his taste for literature, and made his first appearance as a writer by the publication of *The Sextuple Alliance*, a series of poems on the subject of

Napoleon Bonaparte. In 1826-27 he edited and issued *The Ant*, a work in two volumes, comprising original and selected matter. His next publication was *The Chameleon*, a work of the character of the annuals of that day, which commenced in 1831 and extended to three volumes. The contents of this hand-

¹ Written in a feeble and faltering hand by the author a few days before his death.—ED.

some work were mostly his own composition, and many of his songs were set to music by himself. Atkinson was a keen politician of the Liberal school, and distinguished as a public speaker. He was an unsuccessful candidate for parliament at the election held subsequent to the passing of the first reform bill, and the exertions of his political canvass produced an illness which terminated in pulmonary disease.

He died October 10, 1833, during a voyage to Barbadoes for the restoration of his health, and was buried at sea. A monument to his memory was erected in the Necropolis of his native city. He left a considerable sum of money to accumulate for a time in the hands of the city corporation, and then to be applied in the erection of a building in Glasgow for scientific purposes, to be called the Atkinsonian Institution.

TO THE AURORA BOREALIS.

Banner of midnight—vagrant light—
Aurora of the darken'd pole,
Why shouldst thou here, in fitful flight,
Why thus unfurl thy portent scroll?

Yet, as we gaze on thee, to see
The future pictured, as of old,
Lo! thou shut'st up our destiny
In many a quick and antic fold!

Say, comest thou rushing, with wild wing,
To warn us of some pending ill?
For still belief will fondly cling,
When nought remains of prophet skill!

Yes! o'er the peaceful front of heaven
Methinks the charging squadrons fly!
Look! o'er yon steep battalions driven!
Hark to the missiles hurtling by!

'Tis past! the rustling strife is o'er,
But 'thwart the broad expanse of blue,
Where madly flickered light before,
Now spreads a silent, holy hue.

And, folding like the radiant wings
Of the adoring cherubim,
Thy more than sapphire lustre flings
On earth the radiance of a dream.

Then let me, as our fathers did,
In thee behold the coming time!
The future may not all be hid—
And oracles have spoke in rhyme!

When the brief strife of MIGHT and RIGHT,
The last that will be here, is o'er,
Then PEACE and TRUTH, like yon calm light,
Shall lend to earth one glory more!

But thou wilt pale when morning's ray
Makes bright yon wide expanse of sky:
Shall these, like thee, too, fade away,
And all their light and lustre die?

They perish not!—Thou melt'st in light,
While they in bliss but merge away,
Exhaled in all that's pure and bright,
As thou by yonder coming day!

THE PROUD HEART'S PAIN.

There's na ane cares for me now,
In a' this world wide;
I'm like a withered tree now,
Whar a' are green beside!
There's nae heart that can love me
Wi' love sae leal's my ain;—
Yet why should a' this move me,
Or gie my proud heart pain!

The hand o' warmest greeting,
When placed in mine, grows chill;
And if blythe's the hour o' meeting,
Fareweel seems blyther still!
The lowliest are above me,
They've aye they ca' their ain!—
Yet why should a' this move me,
Or gie my proud heart pain!

The mither dear that bore me,
In sorrow and in pine;
Yet hung in gladness o'er me,—
The lad-wean o' langsyne,—
Even wi' her leal breast drappin'
The bluid, when milk was nane,
Now cares na what may happen
To gie my proud heart pain.

And them on whom I doated,
Wi' a mair than brither's heart,
How blythely they've forgot it,
An' ne'er heed to take my part!
My kith an' kin will listen
When my name is lightly ta'en;
An' nae c'e wi' tears will glisten,
Though my proud heart be in pain!

Oh! dear, dear love o' woman
 Sae fond but fearfu' too,
 O, the ills, bye past or comin',
 How much I owe to you!
 Dead now are a' who loved me,—
 Though the grave may not ha'e ta'en!
 This—this of a' hath moved me,
 And gien my proud heart pain!

The frien's that ance I trusted,
 Ha'e left me in my need;
 They were gaen, before I wist it,
 Or word ripen'd into deed!
 "He'll maybe rise above me,"
 Said ilka ane that's gane,—
 But why should a' this move me,
 Or gie my proud heart pain!

I fed on hope and dreamin',
 Through lang, lang years o' toil,
 For the licht of fame seemed gleamin'
 In the distance a' the while!
 'Twas the shot-star that beguiled me,
 And then left me thus alane,
 O! that fause, fause licht has wiled me,
 To half my proud heart's pain!

But ae thing yet is left me,
 Which I will never tine:
 Though Fate of a' bereft me,
This wealth wad still be mine!
 The leal proud heart that never
 Hath bowed beneath its pain,
 But that forgives the giver,
 And can throb wi' love again!

ALAS! I CANNOT LOVE!

Sweet lady, there was nought in me to win a
 heart like thine;
 No stamp of honour'd ancestry, that spoke a
 noble line;
 Nor wealth that could that want repay, had I
 to lure thine eye,
 When all, but thee and thine, still pass'd the
 boy-bard coldly by.

Can I forget the blushing hour when by thee
 led to the dance,
 And all the proud who on me lower'd, with
 many a haughty glance?
 A radiant smile there was for me—for them a
 lofty look,
 Which graced my very bashfulness, and gave
 their scorn rebuke!

Beside thee, in thy father's hall, amid the
 banquet throng,
 For me was kept the place of pride—for me
 was given the song!
 What had I done—what can I do—my title to
 approve?
 Alas! this lay is all my thanks—my heart is
 dead to love.

It is not that my heart is cold, nor yet is vow'd
 away;
 But that, amid the spring of youth, it feels
 itself decay;
 The wither'd bloom of early hopes, and darings,
 hope above,
 Encrust it now, and dim its shine—Alas! I
 cannot love!

They tell me that my broken lute once wrought
 on thee its spell;
 They whisper that my voice, now mute, in
 speech could please thee well:
 Pale brow, blue eye, and Saxon locks, they
 say, thy heart could move
 More than red cheeks or raven curls—yet, ah!
 I cannot love!

It may be—as I trust it is—that in my willing
 ear
 They pour'd the dew of flattery, and that thou,
 lady, ne'er
 Hadst thoughts that friendship would not own:
 for souls like thine can prove
 How much of kindred warmth may glow with-
 out a spark of love!

One only passion now will cure this palsy of
 the heart:—
 Ambition's spell, if aught, will lure; but what-
 soe'er the part,
 In after life, I do or dree, the praise shall all
 be thine,
 And all I hope, and all I win, be offered at
 thy shrine!

MARY SHEARER.

She's aff and awa', like the lang summer day,
 And our hearts and our hills are now lanesome
 and dreary;
 The sun-blinks o' June will come back owre the
 brae,
 But lang for blithe Mary fu' mony may weary.
 For mair hearts thine mine
 Kenn'd o' nane that were dearer;
 But nane mair will pine
 For the sweet Mary Shearer!

She cam' wi' the spring, just like ane o' its flowers,
And the bluebell and Mary baith blossom'd
thegither;

The bloom o' the mountain again will be ours,
But the rose o' the valley nae mair will come
hither.

Their sweet breath is fled—
Her kind looks still endear her;
For the heart maun be dead
That forgets Mary Shearer.

Than her brow ne'er a fairer wi' jewels was hung;
An e'e that was brighter ne'er glanced on a lover;
Sounds safter ne'er dropt frae an aye-saying
tongue,

Nor mair pure is the white o' her bridal-bed
cover.

Oh! he maun be blessed
Wha's allowed to be near her;
For the fairest and best
O' her kind's Mary Shearer!

But farewell Glenlin, and Dunoon, and Loch
Striven,

My country and kin,—since I've sae lov'd the
stranger;

Whare she's been maun be either a pine or a
heaven—

Sae across the braid world for a while I'm a
ranger!

Though I try to forget—
In my heart still I'll wear her,—
For mine may be yet,
—Name and a'—Mary Shearer!

THE HOUR IS COME.

The hour is some—too soon it came—

When you and I, fair girl, must sever;
But though as yet be strange thy name,
Thy memory will be loved for ever.

We met as pilgrims on the way,
Thy smiles made bright the gloomiest weather,
Yet who is there can name the day
When we shall meet again together?

Be that as 'twill, if ne'er to meet,
At least we've had one day of gladness;
And oh! a glimpse of joy's more sweet
That it is seen through clouds of sadness.
Thus did the sun—half-hid to-day—
Seem lovelier in its hour of gleaming,
Than had we mark'd its fervid ray
Through one untired day of beaming.

ROBERT WILSON.

ROBERT WILSON was born in the parish of Carnbee, Fifeshire, in 1801. He was educated for the medical profession, and practised for some time at St. Andrews. For many years he has lived in retirement at Aberdour, a watering-place on the coast of Fife celebrated for the beauty of its scenery. Dr. Wilson is the author of *Lectures on the Game Laws*, *The*

Social Condition of France, and a volume of poems published in 1856 at Boston, Massachusetts. Since that date he has contributed many poetical pieces, chiefly lyrical, to the periodicals, which have not yet been republished in a collected form. Dr. Wilson is also the author of several *brochures* on subjects of a socio-political character.

AMERICA.

Honour to him on whose prophetic brain
First dawned the woodlands of the western main;
Who realized at last his youthful dreams,
And found the New World, with her woods and
streams,
Where living verdure fringed the circling floods,
And red men wandered in primeval woods!

When persecution scourged with iron rod
The worshippers of liberty and God;

Gave patriot-blood the tyrant's thirst to slake,
Fire to the fagot, victims to the stake,—
Freedom, from warring Europe long exiled,
Found a safe refuge in the forests wild.
When future martyrs met their trembling flocks
To worship God among the woods and rocks,
Then many a worshipper, to shun the brand,
Left for his father's faith his father-land,
And, in the western woodlands far away,
Sought fearlessly the house of God to pray;

Once more their pious bosoms proudly swell
To list the tinkling of the Sabbath-bell.

And thither pilgrims flocked from many a clime,
Where love to God or freedom was a crime;
And when at last, across the severing wave,
A giant-arm was stretched to crush the brave,
When Britain strove to impose the tyrant-yoke,
'Twas then the glorious cry for Freedom woke:
The stirring memory of want and wrong,
Sustained in various lands from whence they
sprung,

Bound in one resolute devoted band
The scattered children of that foster-land:
The patriot-ranks the stalwart woodmen own,
Beneath whose arm majestic forests groan.

The peasant, lingering round his home, surveys
His log-built cabin 'midst the flowering maize;
Then leaves his sobbing spouse and sportive child,
To wrestle for his treasures in the wild.
The aged sire, whose now-reposing arm
The waste transmuted to the cultured farm,
In hopes to spend his age among his race,
Fights for the sweet spot in the desert place.
To such a glorious band, 'mong whom was none
Who could not call some spot of earth his own,
What are the tools that tyrants cast away,
When at their game of lives they chance to play?
Freedom prevailed, and left this truth sublime
To her fond worshippers of future time,—
All have the power who wish but to be free;
A truth we owe, America! to thee.

Long has the venturous, woe-worn exile-band
Proclaimed thy woody shore the poor man's land,
Where all may boast some little spot of earth,
Where waves their grain, and glows the social
hearth.

That sunny spot becomes a guiding star
To suffering kindred in their homes afar,
To lure the victims sad of want and power
To happier shores in Fortune's troubled hour,
Where work the peasant and mechanic's hand
Changes more rapid than enchanter's wand.
Where late the jaguar shunned the noonday heat,
The laden wain rolls up the crowded street;
And where the youth has marked the wild deer
shake

Their forked antlers by the crystal lake,
And, never daunted by the woodman's axe,
O'er the smooth water hold their arched necks,
Ere the few gladsome years of youth have flown,
Has marked the commerce of a busy town;
And in the lately silent creek has seen
The havened barks amid the foliage green.
Where the cold ague's treacherous poison sleeps,
And o'er its bed the noxious serpent creeps,
Soon shall the homesteads with their cornfields
shine,
Beside the smooth canal's long silvery line,

Adown whose glittering steps the ships shall go
To the broad waters of the lake below.
And where the Indian maid, with barbarous rite,
Mourns for her lover slain in savage fight,
And, with the bow and quiver in his hand,
Equips her warrior for the Spirit's Land,—
There human relics shall in peace be laid,
And o'er the sad ruin mournful honours paid,
Blended with faith that Christ will come again
To raise and beautify the prostrate fane.

HUMBIE WOOD, ABERDOUR.

At sultry noon or close of day
Alike I love the woodland way,
In Hillside's shady walks to stroll,
Or thread the path by hedge or rill
That leads to Humbie's wooded hill,
Conspicuous for its beauty still,
Though trees crown every knoll.

There visions charm the inward sight;
And waking dreams that please to-night
Will yield again their bliss to-morrow;
When on the leafy copse I look,
Or soaring tree, or flowery nook,
Or list the scarce-seen bickering brook
That runs the forest thorough.

Or mark the chestnut's floral crown,
And ancient pine of solemn brown
That knows the cushat's indrawn crush;
Or watch, to waving boughs sublime,
The graceful squirrels nimbly climb,
While the plumed minstrels' mingled chime
Is heard from brake and bush.

But not these woodland sounds alone
To the rapt dreamer's ear is known;
But oft in opening glade it meets
Familiar sounds we love to hear,
From him who stoops the plough to steer;
Or oxen low on hillocks near,
Or gamesome lambkin bleats.

Our piney wood and mountain thyme
The gorgeous flower of southern clime
In spicy fragrance far exceed;
Nor Araby a perfume knows
More rich than sweetbriar or the rose,
Or where the bean or hawthorn blows,
Or hay-cock scents the mead.

Awhile my tardy steps are stayed
Beside a beech prolix of shade,
Delicious in the summer noon;
Where in the cool sequestered bower

The speedwell grows, my fav'rite flower,
Or dandelion, that tells the hour,
The herdboys' clock in June.

Or o'er the ground the trees between,
The ivy spreads its matted green;
And honeysuckle climbs the tree—
Its odours sweet the insects note,
Which through the sylvan alleys float,
And lure from mossy haunts remote
The blossom-loving bee.

For where the honeysuckle climbs,
And ample spread the luscious limes,
The toilsome bees their nectar sip;
There too the nuts and berries grow,
Whose ripening time the schoolboys know—
The berry blue, and purple sloe,
The hazel and the hip.

Emerging from the forest glade,
Scenes fair as mortal e'er surveyed
Burst sudden on the raptured view:
For now the gleams of parting day
Tint rock and ruin, inch and bay,
And softly tip with slanting ray
The wavy Pentlands blue.

The boatman hoists his slender sail
To catch the new-born coming gale,
While sidelong lies the idle oar—
And sweetly musing feels the power
Of summer gloaming's witching hour,
When gazing on fair Aberdour
And its enchanting shore.

Or from the blue unruffled bay
Goes the wheeled bark no calms delay,
Or winds deter, these coasts between;
And from its deck the gazer sees
Wood-fringed shores that ever please,
Or the high Hewes' majestic trees,
And rocks with ivy green.

Northward, to woodland wanderers dear,
Cullalo hills their barrier rear,
Their summits with rich forest clad;
While downward severing clumps are seen,
And slender lines of hedgerow green,
With sloping sheltered fields between,
For coming harvest glad.

But now around the welkin's brim
Gather the shades of evening dim,
That soon familiar sights confuse;
Far-parted forests seem to meet,
Where swains in glade with hawthorn sweet,
As here, the tale of love repeat,
And fameless poets muse.

The milkmaid opes the paddock gate,
Where kine distended meekly wait
That stated fill her shining pail.
No more the rustics drudge and moil,
Untrodden lies the fallowed soil,
And all the sounds of ruder toil
Are hushed within the vale.

The daisy knows the dewy hour,
And careful folds the tender flower
Which opens to the morning sun;
The star of eve appears to view;
Thin wreaths of smoke, so faintly blue,
From hut and hamlet rise anew—
And the long day is done.

LINES

COMPOSED IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD OF
ABERDOUR.

The stately Norman church that shows
Its arches to the open sky,
The chancel where tall seedling grows,
And vault where nobles lie;
The nameless grave, the lettered stone,
To me are more congenial themes
On which to muse an hour alone
Than all ambition's dreams.

Here father, mother, children own
Some little spot of common earth,
And cluster round the pillared stone
As round the parent hearth.
While some beneath those hillocks pressed
Together share the dreamless sleep,
Whose kindred take their lasting rest
By distant shore and deep.

Some sleep on India's sultry shore,
One where the ocean waves o'erwhelm,
Some 'neath this antique sycamore,
And immemorial elm.
Yon tablet in the churchyard wall,
Reared by a sister's tender care,
Records the fate that haps to all—
The household's names are there.

And stones around are thickly strewed,
Which still the fond survivor rears,
Where homely rhymes and sculpture rude
Speak to our hopes and fears;
And holy text and humble lay
Foretell the Christian's endless bliss,
While star and sun still point the way
To brighter worlds than this.

And see, all eloquent of death,
 Are skull and cross-bones side by side;
 The shuttle quaintly carved beneath
 Tells how the moments glide.
 The rose's stony petals there
 Speak of a transient breath and bloom,
 Fit emblems of the loved and fair
 Who find an early tomb.

And spindles rudely carved disclose
 How fine the thread of life is spun;
 This sand-glass to the gazer shows
 How soon his race is run.
 The muse in artless numbers sings
 Her tribute to the good and just,
 While cherubim with outstretched wings
 Protects the honoured dust.

The worn and weary here at last
 Repose upon their lowly bed,
 And text and arrow tell how fast
 Death's fatal weapon sped;
 And how for them fond eyes were dim,
 And tender hearts were torn:
 While sculptured crowns still speak of Him
 Who wore the crown of thorn.

Beyond the sycamores I mark
 Th' inconstant ocean ebb and flow,
 O'er which the full-sailed barge and bark,
 Like wandering pilgrims go;
 While in the sheltered haven nigh,
 Meet images of perfect rest,
 Some safe from storms together lie,
 In peaceful pennons dressed.

Below, the water of the Dour,
 Like mortal being, glides away;
 Aloft, the weather-wasted tower
 Looks down in proud decay:
 The ash-tree's verdant branches wave
 Above the heaving, hallowed mould,
 That soon shall shed o'er tomb and grave
 Their leaves of paly gold.

Though here no more the anthems swell,
 And holy men no longer preach,
 Stream, tower, and tree of frailty tell;
 While texts and verses teach,
 Inscribed above the mortal dust
 Which gathers round the house of prayer,
 That all who place in God their trust
 Immortal bliss shall share.

ROBERT MACNISH.

BORN 1802—DIED 1837.

ROBERT MACNISH, M.D., author of the *Anatomy of Drunkenness*, the *Philosophy of Sleep*, and various contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*, was born at Glasgow, February 15, 1802. After receiving the elements of education in his native city he was placed under the charge of the Rev. Alexander Easton of Hamilton, at that time at the head of a flourishing academy. The acquirement of the French language principally engaged the period between his leaving this school and his entering upon the study of medicine with his grandfather and father, who were then associated in practice in Glasgow. Having at the age of eighteen passed an examination before the College of Surgeons, he obtained from the University of Glasgow the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ*. After eighteen months of country practice in Caithness, where his health failed, he went abroad and spent a year in Paris.

With the medical prelections of Broussais and the surgical ones of Dupuytren he was much delighted; he met Cuvier, and formed an acquaintanceship with Gall. On his return to Scotland he settled in Glasgow, which continued to be his place of residence until his death.

In 1826 Dr. Macnish became a contributor of prose and verse to the most celebrated magazine of the day—*Blackwood*. His elaborate treatises, more especially the *Anatomy of Drunkenness* and the *Philosophy of Sleep*, gained for him great reputation at home, and carried his name to the United States, from whence the degree of Doctor of Laws was sent to him. They were also translated into the French and German languages. Dr. Macnish died Jan. 16, 1837; and so perished in the prime of life, and in the bloom of his fame as well as of his professional usefulness, a man whom

Scotland may well number among her gifted children. A critic said of him—"There was always a spring of life about him that vivified his pages and animated and delighted his readers." A few years after Macnish's death two volumes of his essays, poems, and sketches,

with a memoir of his life written by his friend Dr. D. M. Moir, the author of many beautiful poetical productions, was published in London. To this work we are indebted for the subjoined poems, as well as for the facts contained in this brief sketch.

TO THE RHINE.

Majestic stream! whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my soul doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

'Tis not thy track o'erhung with towers
Of antique mould—and clustering bowers—
'Tis not thy waves, romantic Rhine,
Rolling away 'mong hills of pine—
'Tis not the matchless beauty given
To thine o'erarching woods—as heaven
Sighs o'er them with her airy spell—
That bids thee in my memory dwell.

Far other ties, majestic river,
Have bound thee to this heart for ever.
The mountains whence thy streams arise
Are gladden'd over by her eyes—
Her starry eyes whose glance divine
Was oft in rapture turn'd on mine.
In vision like a radiant gleam,
I see her mirror'd on thy stream,
I hear her voice of silvery tone
Arising from thy waters lone:
I hear her lute's bland echo come
With voice so soft—so all but dumb—
That sound hath well-nigh striven in vain
To mould the melancholy strain,
Which empty silence fain would quell
For ever in thy voiceless cell.

River of rivers! unto me
Thy lucid breast shall ever be
A shrine with thousand gifts o'erflowing—
A spirit known, though all unknowing.
When by thy wizard banks I stray,
Unnumber'd thoughts bestrew my way—
Thoughts rising, like thy gushing fountains,
Far off, from those romantic mountains
Where she doth dwell who rules my heart—
A solitary star apart—
A wild flower in her native glen,
Far from the busy strife of men.
What wonder then—O! lordly stream—
Since like an everlasting dream
Her pictured memory dwells with thee,
That thou art all in all to me?
Sweet is thy course, and even the call

Of thunder—when thy waterfall
Grindeth his rebel waves to spray,
And shadoweth with mist the day.
I love thee in thy gentle path—
I love thee in thy moods of wrath—
I love thee when thou glidest under
The boughs unheard—or roll'st in thunder.
Yes, lordly stream, whose hundred fountains
Have birth among the heathy mountains,
Where she who chains my heart doth dwell,
I love thee more than words can tell.

THE LOVER'S SECRET.

Thou walk'st in tender light, by thine own beauty
made,
And all thou passest by are hidden in the shade;
Forms fair to other eyes appear not so to me,
So fully glows my heart with thoughts alone of
thee.

I dream of thee by night—I think of thee by day—
Thy form, where'er I go, o'ertakes me on my way;
It haunts my waking thoughts—it fills mine hours
of sleep,
And yet it glads me not, but only makes me
weep:—

It only makes me weep—for though my spirit's
shrine
Is fill'd with thee, I know that thou can'st ne'er
be mine:

"Unconquerable bars," raised up by Fate's
decree,
Stand, and will ever stand, between my soul and
thee!

Hope long hath passed away, and nothing now
remains
For me but bootless love—its sorrows, and its
pains;
And to increase each pang, I dare not breathe
thy name,
Or, in thy gentle ear, confess my secret flame.

Hope long hath passed away, and still thou art
enshrined
A spirit fair—within the temple of my mind:

If I had loved thee less, the secret thou hadst
known
Which strong affection binds, and binds to me
alone.

The secret thou hadst known—but terror, lest
thy heart
In feelings such as mine should bear no kindred
part,
Enchains my soul, and locks within its silent urn
Love which, perchance, from thee durst meet
with no return.

TO A CHILD.

Thy memory, as a spell
Of love, comes o'er my mind—
As dew upon the purple bell—
As perfume on the wind—
As music on the sea—
As sunshine on the river—
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be for ever.

I hear thy voice in dreams
Upon me softly call,
Like echo of the mountain streams
In sportive waterfall.
I see thy form as when
Thou wert a living thing,
And blossom'd in the eyes of men
Like any flower of spring.

Thy soul to heaven hath fled,
From earthly thralldom free;
Yet, 'tis not as the dead
That thou appear'st to me.
In slumber I behold
Thy form, as when on earth—
Thy locks of waving gold—
Thy sapphire eye of mirth.

I hear, in solitude,
The prattle kind and free
Thou utterdest in joyful mood
While seated on my knee.
So strong each vision seems,
My spirit that doth fill,
I think not they are dreams,
But that thou livest still.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

BORN 1802—DIED 1871.

It may be doubted whether in recent years the name of any literary man in Scotland has been more widely known than that of the late DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS. His career was a kind of which his native land can exhibit perhaps more examples in proportion than any other country, and of all her writers and poets of the nineteenth century, not even excepting Sir Walter Scott or Professor Wilson, he was the most thoroughly *Scotch* in his mind, feelings, and character. With his passion for reading, and his indomitable industry, he united an intense admiration for the land of his birth, and an unconquerable determination from his boyhood to celebrate in some way the glories of Auld Scotia—

"Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power),
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast;
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,

Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

If the devoted lover of his native land did not live to sing such stanzas as Burns and Scott sang, he yet lived to write "Young Randal" and many other sweet songs which entitle him to a place in our gallery, and to produce upwards of seventy volumes, exclusive of detached papers, all illustrative of the history and progress of Scotland—its literature, social life, and antiquities. He wandered over and described all its classic scenes; he collected and garnered up the fast-fading traditions and national peculiarities of bygone days; and recorded, as no other writer has done, the story of the rash and romantic military enterprise of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," which terminated in the ruin of the Stuart family.

Robert Chambers was born July 10, 1802, in the ancient town of Peebles, lying in the

lovely pastoral vale of Tweed, and the scene of the celebrated old poem "Pebilis to the Play." He and his elder brother William were educated at the schools of their native town. Family misfortunes took their father to Edinburgh, and compelled Robert, who was intended for the Church, to make choice of a different career, and to forego the advantages of a university education. At the age of fifteen he opened a small book-shop in Leith Walk, Edinburgh, his stock consisting entirely of the wreck of the family library. He managed his little business with so much industry that in 1822 he was enabled to remove to a better locality, and soon after issued his first work, entitled *Illustrations of the Author of Waverley*. Two years later he published his *Traditions of Edinburgh*, certainly in the writer's judgment the most amusing book of local antiquities to be met with. Robert Chambers' next work, issued in 1826, was the *Popular Rhymes of Scotland*, and in the year following his *Pictures of Scotland* appeared. The latter was a successful effort to elevate topographical and archæological details into the region of *belles-lettres*, and it was for many years the best companion for travellers in Scotland. Enlisted in the corps of writers for *Constable's Miscellany*, he wrote successively five volumes embodying the histories of the Scottish rebellions, of which that concerning the affair of 1745, while true as to facts, partakes of the charm of a romance. Then followed two volumes of a *Life of James I.*; three volumes of *Scottish Songs and Ballads*; and four volumes of the *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*. In addition to writing these various works, and giving attention to his business, he acted for a time as editor of the *Edinburgh Advertiser*, a well-established journal belonging to Donaldson, the founder of the hospital in the Scottish capital which bears his name.

In 1832, amid much political distraction, there was a universal upheaving in favour of popular education in Great Britain. At this critical juncture the elder brother projected *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, the first number of which appeared Feb. 4, 1832, six weeks before the appearance of the *Penny Magazine*. It was a marvel in the literary world, and at once met with surprising success, which, after a period of over forty years, it continues to enjoy.

From the first Robert was an efficient contributor to the *Journal*, his delightful essays, pathetic and humorous, fixing the publication firmly in popular esteem. Animated by the same spirit, the brothers now joined in partnership, and it is unnecessary to particularize the various enterprises in which they were unitedly concerned; suffice it to say that their publishing house has become widely known throughout both Great Britain and America. "You are aware," wrote Chambers in 1850 to William Wilson of Ponghkeepsie, his life-long friend and correspondent, "that my brother and I conduct what you may call a great literary factory. We are not publishers in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather authors and editors working out our literary plans through the medium of a printing and publishing concern in the hands of a set of subordinates. Thus the literary man takes in our case his naturally due place as the superior of the mere tradesman publisher. It is a curious problem in literary affairs that we are solving, and probably something may be heard of it twenty years hence. The printing of the books written and edited by us gives occasion for ten printing presses, the working of which is one of the sights of Edinburgh—a curious contrast with the infancy of my concern in Leith Walk, where you used to look in upon me!"

Robert Chambers' next important work was his *Cyclopedia of English Literature*, a publication of higher rank than any previous compilation of a similar character. It was followed by his *Life and Letters of Robert Burns*, including his poems. The profits of one edition, amounting to £200, were presented to the daughters of Burns' surviving sister, who had herself previously received many kindnesses from her brother's editor and admirer. "A dear and faithful friend has Mr. Chambers been to me," said the venerable lady to the writer when he visited her in her cottage of Bridgehouse, near Ayr, in the summer of 1855. Writing to the Editor from St. Andrews a short time before his death, Mr. Chambers said: "It is only last week, after an interval of three years, that I have got once more settled in a home of my own. My health, after being out of order for an equal space of time, is now completely restored. I am setting up a household with one young daughter and three grand-

children, hoping to have a few pleasant leisurely years at the close of a life which has perhaps been too active and laborious."

In 1863 the University of St. Andrews conferred on Robert Chambers the honorary degree of LL.D. In his well-known sea-side residence at St. Andrews, the Doctor dispensed a generous hospitality, and his dinners and evening parties here had something in them of the smack of old times. The pen was now taken up only occasionally as an amusement in the preparation of a *Life of Smollett*, his last literary work. The memoir when published bore strongly, like the archbishop's homily in *Gil Blas*, "the marks of mortal disease," though still a not unpleasing gossip narrative. The remaining span of his life was happily accompanied by little if any phy-

sical suffering, and he passed peacefully away March 17, 1871. In the last letter the Editor received from Dr. Chambers he wrote: "I feel greatly interested, my dear general, in your proposed selections from the Scottish poets. You honour me much by introducing me into the Work. I think the selection of my pieces as good as could be made. In answer to your query, the 10th of July, 1802, is the date of my birth. There are no portraits of Barbour, Wyntoun, and Lyndsay, nor of any before Drummond, excepting the kings, and perhaps Buchanan." In 1872 a memoir of Robert Chambers, containing some of his poems, with autobiographic reminiscences of William Chambers, was issued at Edinburgh, and immediately republished in New York, both editions meeting with a wide circulation.

THE PEERLESS ONE.

Hast thou ne'er marked, in festal hall,
Amidst the lights that shone,
Some one who beamed more bright than
all—

Some gay—some glorious one!
Some one who, in her fairy lightness,
As through the hall she went and came,
And her intensity of brightness,
As ever her eyes sent out their flame,
Was almost foreign to the scene;
Gay as it was, with beauty beaming,
Through which she moved:—a gemless queen,
A creature of a different seeming
From others of a mortal birth—
An angel sent to walk the earth!

Oh, stranger, if thou e'er hast seen
And singled such a one,
And if thou hast enraptured been—
And felt thyself undone;
If thou hast sigh'd for such a one,
Till thou wert sad with fears;
If thou hast gazed on such a one
Till thou wert blind with tears;
If thou hast sat obscure, remote,
In corner of the hall,
Looking from out thy shroud of thought
Upon the festival;
Thine eye through all the misty throng
Drawn by that peerless light,
As traveller's steps are led along
By wild-fire through the night:
Then, stranger, haply dost thou know
The joy, the rapture, and the woe,

Which in alternate tides of feeling,
Now thickening quick—now gently stealing
Throughout this lone and hermit breast,
That festal night, my soul possess'd.

O! she was fairest of the fair,
And brightest of the bright;
And there was many a fair one there,
That joyous festal night.
A hundred eyes on her were bent,
A hundred hearts beat high;
It was a thing of ravishment,
O God! to meet her eye!
But 'midst the many who look'd on,
And thought she was divine,
O, need I say that there were none
Who gazed with gaze like mine!
The rest were like the crowd who look
All idly up to heaven,
And who can see no wonder there
At either morn or even;
But I was like the wretch embound
Deep in a dungeon under ground,
Who only sees, through grating high,
One small blue fragment of the sky,
Which ever, both at noon and night,
Shows but one starlet shining bright,
Down on the darkness of his place,
With cheering and unblenching grace;
The very darkness of my woe
Made her to me more brightly show.

At length the dancing scene was changed
To one of calmer tone,

And she her loveliness arranged
 Upon fair Music's throne.
 Soft silence fell on all around,
 Like dew on summer flowers;
 Bright eyes were cast upon the ground,
 Like daisies bent with showers.
 And o'er that drooping stilly scene
 A voice rose gentle and serene,
 A voice as soft and slow
 As might proceed from angel's tongue,
 If angel's heart were sorrow-wrung,
 And wish'd to speak its woe.

The song was one of those old lays
 Of mingled gloom and gladness,
 Which first the tides of joy can raise,
 Then still them down to sadness;
 A strain in which pure joy doth borrow
 The very air and gait of sorrow,
 And sorrow takes as much alloy
 From the rich sparkling ore of joy.
 Its notes, like hieroglyphic thing,
 Spoke more than they seem'd meant to sing.
 I could have lain my life's whole round
 Entranced upon that billowy sound,
 Nought touching, tasting, seeing, hearing,
 And, knowing nothing, nothing fearing,
 Like Indian dreaming in his boat,
 As he down waveless stream doth float.
 But pleasure's tide ebbs always fast,
 And these were joys too loved to last.

There was but one long final swell,
 Of full melodious tone,
 And all into a cadence fell,
 And was in breathing gone.
 And she too went: and thus have gone
 All—all I ever loved;
 At first too fondly doted on,
 But soon—too soon removed.
 Thus early from each pleasant scene
 There ever has been reft
 The summer glow—the pride of green,
 And but brown autumn left.
 And oh, what is this cherished term,
 This tenancy of clay,
 When that which gave it all its charm
 Has smil'd—and pass'd away?
 A chaplet whence the flowers are fall'n,
 A shrine from which the god is stolen!

SCOTLAND.

Scotland! the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me;
 Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me.
 Hail, country of the brave and good;
 Hail, land of song and story;

**

Land of the uncorrupted heart,
 Of ancient faith and glory!

Like mother's bosom o'er her child,
 The sky is glowing o'er me;
 Like mother's ever-smiling face,
 The land lies bright before me.
 Land of my home, my father's land;
 Land where my soul was nourish'd;
 Land of anticipated joy,
 And all by memory cherish'd!

Oh Scotland, through thy wide domain
 What hill, or vale, or river,
 But in this fond enthusiast heart
 Has found a place for ever?
 Nay, hast thou but a glen or shaw,
 To shelter farm or sheiling,
 That is not fondly garner'd up
 Within its depths of feeling?

Adown thy hills run countless rills,
 With noisy, ceaseless motion;
 Their waters join the rivers broad,
 Those rivers join the ocean;
 And many a sunny, flowery braise,
 Where childhood plays and ponders,
 Is freshen'd by the lightsome flood,
 As wimpling on it wanders.

Within thy long-descending vales,
 And on the lonely mountain,
 How many wild spontaneous flowers
 Hang o'er each flood and fountain!
 The glowing furze, the "bonnie broom,"
 The thistle and the heather;
 The bluebell and the gowan fair,
 Which childhood likes to gather.

Oh for that pipe of silver sound,
 On which the shepherd lover,
 In ancient days, breathed out his soul,
 Beneath the mountain's cover!
 Oh for that Great Lost Power of Song,
 So soft and melancholy,
 To make thy every hill and dale
 Poetically holy!

And not alone each hill and dale,
 Fair as they are by nature,
 But every town and tower of thine,
 And every lesser feature;
 For where is there the spot of earth
 Within my contemplation,
 But from some noble deed or thing
 Has taken consecration!

Scotland! the land of all I love,
 The land of all that love me;

Land, whose green sod my youth has trod,
 Whose sod shall lie above me.
 Hail, country of the brave and good;
 Hail, land of song and story;
 Land of the uncorrupted heart,
 Of ancient faith and glory!

THE PRISONER OF SPEDLINS.

To Edinburgh, to Edinburgh,
 The Jardine he maun ride;
 He locks the gates behind him,
 For lang he means to bide.

And he, nor any of his train,
 While minding thus to flit,
 Thinks of the weary prisoner,
 Deep in the castle pit.

They were not gane a day, a day,
 A day but barely four,
 When neighbours spake of dismal cries
 Were heard frae Spedlins Tower.

They mingled wi' the sigh of trees,
 And the thud-thud o' the lin;
 But nae ane thocht 'twas a deen' man
 That made that eldrich din.

At last they mind the gipsy loon,
 In dungeon lay unfed;
 But ere the castle key was got,
 The gipsy loon was dead.

They found the wretch stretch'd out at length
 Upon the cold, cold stone,
 With starting eyes and hollow cheek,
 And arms peeled to the bone!

Now Spedlins is an eerie house,
 For oft at mirk midnight
 The wail of Porteous' starving cry
 Fills a' that house wi' fright.

"O, let me out, O let me out,
 Sharp hunger cuts me sore;
 If ye suffer me to perish so,
 I'll haunt ye evermore!"

O sad, sad was the Jardine then,
 His heart was sorely smit;
 Till he could wish himself had been
 Left in that deadly pit.

But "Cheer ye," cried his lady fair,
 "'Tis purpose makes the sin;

And where the heart has had no part,
 God holds his creature clean."

Then Jardine sought a holy man
 To lay that vexing sprite;
 And for a week that holy man
 Was praying day and night.

And all that time in Spedlins house
 Was held a solemn fast,
 Till the cries waxed low, and the boglebo
 In the deep Red Sea was cast.

There lies a Bible in Spedlins ha',
 And while it there shall lie,
 Nae Jardine can torment be
 With Porteous' starving cry.

But Applegarth's an altered man—
 He is no longer gay;
 The thought o' Porteous clings to him
 Unto his dying day.

YOUNG RANDAL.

Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed
 awa',
 Young Randal was a bonnie lad when he gaed
 awa',
 'Twas in the sixteen hundred year o' grace and
 thritty-twa,
 That Randal, the laird's youngest son, gaed awa'.

It was to seek his fortune in the High Germanie,
 To fecht the foreign loons in the High Germanie,
 That he left his father's tower o' sweet Willanslee,
 And monie mae friends in the North Countrie.

He left his mother in her bower, his father in the
 ha',
 His brother at the outer yett, but and his sisters
 twa,
 And his bonnie cousin Jean, that look'd owre the
 castle wa',
 And mair than a' the lave, loot the tears down fa'.

"Oh, whan will ye be back?" sae kindly did she
 speir,

"Oh, whan will ye be back, my hinny and my
 dear?"

"Whenever I can win eneuch o' Spanish gear,
 To dress ye out in pearlins and silks, my dear."

Oh, Randal's hair was coal-black when he gaed
 awa'—

Oh, Randal's cheeks were roses red when he gaed
 awa',

And in his bonnie e'e a spark glintit high,
Like the merrie, merrie look in the morning sky.

Oh, Randal was an altert man whan he came hame—

A sair altert man was he whan he came hame;
Wi' a ribbon at his breast, and a Sir at his name—
And gray, gray cheeks did Randal come hame.

He lichtit at the outer yett, and rispit with the ring,

And down came a ladye to see him come in,
And after the ladye came bairns feifteen;
"Can this muckle wife be my true love Jean?"

"Whatna stoure carle is this," quo' the dame,
"Sae gruff and sae grand, and sae feckless and sae lame?"

"Oh, tell me, fair madame, are ye bonnie Jeanie Graham?"

"In troth," quo' the ladye, "sweet sir, the very same."

He turn'd him about wi' a waefu' e'e,
And a heart as sair as sair could be;
He lap on his horse, and awa' did wildly flee,
And never mair came back to sweet Willanslee.

Oh, dule on the poortith o' this countrie,
And dule on the wars o' the High Germanie,
And dule on the love that forgetfu' can be;
For they've wreck'd the bravest heart in this hale countrie.

LAMENT FOR THE OLD HIGHLAND WARRIORS.

Oh, where are the pretty men of yore?

Oh, where are the brave men gone?

Oh, where are the heroes of the north?

Each under his own gray stone.

Oh, where now the broad bright claymore?

Oh, where are the trews and plaid?

Oh, where now the merry Highland heart?

In silence for ever laid.

Och on a rie, och on a rie,

Och on a rie, all are gone;

Och on a rie, the heroes of yore,

Each under his own gray stone.

The chiefs that were foremost of old,
Macdonald and brave Lochiel,
The Gordon, the Murray, and the Graham,
With their clansmen true as steel;
Who follow'd and fought with Montrose,
Glencairn, and bold Dundee;
Who to Charlie gave their swords and their all,
And would aye rather fa' than flee.
Och on a rie, &c.

The hills that our brave fathers trod
Are now to the stranger a store;
The voice of the pipe and the bard
Shall awaken never more.
Such things it is sad to think on—
They come like the mist by day—
And I wish I had less in this world to leave,
And be with them that are away.
Och on a rie, &c.

THE LADYE THAT I LOVE.

Were I a doughty cavalier
On fire for high-born dame,
With sword and lance I would not fear
To win a warrior's fame.
But since no more stern deeds of blood
The gentle fair may move,
I'll woo in softer, better mood
The ladye that I love.

For helmet bright with steel and gold,
And plumes that flout the sky,
I'll wear a soul of hardier mould,
And thoughts that sweep as high.
For scarf athwart my corselet cast,
With her fair name y-wove,
I'll have her pictur'd in my breast,
The ladye that I love.

No crested steed through battle throng
Shall bear me bravely on,
But pride shall make my spirit strong,
Where honours may be won.
Amidst the great of mind and heart,
My prowess I will prove,
And thus I'll win, by gentler art,
The ladye that I love.

THOMAS AIRD.

BORN 1802—DIED 1876.

THOMAS AIRD, who early distinguished himself as a poet, was born at Bowden, Roxburgh-shire, August 28, 1802. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he formed

the acquaintance of Professor Wilson, Dr. Moir, and other literary men. He studied originally for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, but, changing his purpose, he embraced the freedom of a literary life, and became a frequent contributor in prose and verse to *Blackwood's Magazine*. He also wrote for other Edinburgh magazines, including the *Literary Journal*, which he for a time edited. A volume of poems, published about his twentieth year, evinced the early promise of his mind; and this was followed in 1827 by a little treatise entitled *Religious Characteristics*, which won the admiration of Professor Wilson for its high imaginative power and exalted Christian tone. Three years later he published "The Captive of Fez, a Romance," in five cantos, which immediately gained for the young author a place among the poets of the day. A brief extract among our selections will give some idea of the character of this vigorous and picturesque production. Mr. Aird was in 1835 appointed editor of the *Dumfries Herald and Register*, a Conservative journal, which met with great success under his editorship, extending over a period of twenty-eight years. Its pages were enriched with some of his choicest verses and criticisms, and the generous editor was always glad to receive the contributions of the youthful talent which gathered around him. Aird's next volume was a collection of admirable tales and sketches, entitled *The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village*. After the death of his friend Dr. Moir, he edited an edition of his poems, for which he prepared a memoir. In 1848 his poems were published in a collected form, with some new ones; the volume was well received, and reached a fourth edition in 1863. Some of these pieces are of wild imaginative grandeur; the poem "My Mother's Grave," it has been said, "deserves a place beside Cowper's immortal lines: it breathes a spirit of yearning tenderness and intensest pathos." On relin-

quishing the editorship of the *Dumfries Herald*, and retiring into private life in 1863, Mr. Aird was entertained at a public dinner in Dumfries, and presented with a handsome testimonial subscribed for by men of all shades of political opinion. Resident in a beautiful country, with troops of friends around him, his remaining years glided on in happy tranquillity. He died at his residence of Castlebank, Dumfries, April 25, 1876, after a painful illness borne with manly fortitude.

In a notice of the poet which appeared at the time of his death it is said:—"Thomas Aird resembled the great poet of the English lakes in various respects—in his pure and consecrated life, his musings among the woods and streams, his modest and retiring ways. Every nest in spring was known to him, and every flower which summer brings. The beautiful meadow of the Dock, on the banks of the winding Nith, was his favourite haunt, and here he used to watch the autumn sun as he sank in crimson clouds behind the hills of Galloway, and flushed the river with his dying glory. The numerous visitors, who came from far and near, were also dear to him, amongst whom every season was Thomas Carlyle, his honoured contemporary and friend. His death, though not unexpected, has cast a shadow on Dumfries, which will miss for long his familiar presence and the quiet dignity of his daily walk. It is pleasing to know that his remains will rest in the place which is associated with his name, not far from the grave which holds the sacred ashes of Burns, and from the venerable church of St. Michael, in which for forty years he was a reverent worshipper."

In a letter to the Editor Mr. Aird remarks, "I leave it to your own judgment to select what pieces you think most suitable for your publication. But if you ask myself, I would say that 'Frank Sylvan,' 'The Holy Cottage,' and 'The River' seem to be the best liked."

THE CAPTIVE OF FEZ.

(EXTRACT.)

Gray morn appeared. "My horse!" Zemberbo cried;
And forth was brought, shrill neighing in his pride,

His battle-horse—from Araby a gift,
White as the snows, and as the breezes swift:
A chosen foal, on Yemen's barley fed,
In size and beauty grew the desert-bred,



Engraved by George Cook from a Photograph

THOMAS AULD.

Fit present for a king: his burnished chest,
Branched o'er with veins, and muscles ne'er at
rest,

Starts, throbs, and leaps with life; his eyeballs
glow;

Quick blasts of smoke his tender nostrils blow.
The chieftain sprung on him. The rolling drum
Announced his signal that the hour was come
His men should move. Trumpet and deep-smote
gong

Quell to the draining march the closing throng.
On through the short defile, compact and slow,
Betwixt the vales, Zemberbo's squadrons go.
Lo! the king's host. The mutual armies seen,
Fierce shouts arose, and claimed the space be-
tween.

Paused not the rebel phalanx. On each hand
Hung cloudy swarms, whence, ranging in a band,
The stepping archers, with their pause com-
pressed,

Let loose the glancing arrows from their breast.
Nor less from loyal bows the arrowy rain
Dark on the advancing column fell amain,
Advancing still: in crescent-shaped array,
The Fezzan host in its embosomed bay
Receives it deep; but sharpens round away,
Till curling to the column's flanks it turns,
And turning bores them with its piercing horns.
Yet onward still, still onward through the fight,
That column pushed its firm continuous might,
Till, widening out, it spread a breastwork far
Across the plain, and mingled deep the war.

But where is Julian? At the break of day
Came on his father with a bold array,
Brought by the message of his son; but fear
Disdaining for himself, himself is here
Leading the warriors on, sooner to bar
Zemberbo's rise, and end a long-protracted war.
O how rejoicing to his native band
Did Julian leap! His father, hand in hand
He'll fight with him! And through that stormy
day

They crossed Zemberbo in his fellest way.
Faint toiled the staggering battle. Fresh and
strong,

A giant troop came dashing along,
Grim set, reserved for this: Lo! bare of head,
The black compacted turm Zemberbo led;
Low couching, forward bent; and stern and still
His sword intensely waited on his will,
Held pointed by his side. Across his path
Resistance came, and eased his rigid wrath,
Which bowed him corded down. How towering
rose

The mighty creature, and made shreds of foes;
His face, as far he bounded to destroy,
Bright with the sunshine of his warlike joy!
He pointed to the thickest of the fight,
There fought the King of Portugal, with might
There Julian fought; deep plunged into the fray
That sable corps, and cleared the crush away;

Then, with the stress of numbers hemming round
That king, they bore him from the embattled
ground,

And bore his son; but not one wounding blade
Was dealt on them, for so Zemberbo bade:

Thus Julian and his sire were captive made.

Their capture smote with fear the Fezzan host;
It paused, it wavered, turned, fled—all was lost.

THE RIVER.

Infant of the weeping hills,
Nursling of the springs and rills,
Growing river, flowing ever,
Wimpling, dimpling, staying never, —
Lisping, gurgling, ever going,
Lipping, slipping, ever flowing,
Toying round the polished stone,
Kiss the sedge and journey on.
Here's a creek where bubbles come,
Whirling make your ball of foam.
There's a nook so deep and cool,
Sleep into a glassy pool.
Breaking, gushing,
Downward rushing,
Narrowing green against the bank,
Where the alders grow in rank, —
Thence recoiling,
Outward boiling,
Fret, in rough shingly shallows wide,
Your difficult way to yonder side.
Thence away, aye away,
Bickering down the sunny day,
In the sea, in yonder west,
Lose yourself, and be at rest.

Thus from darkness weeping out,
Flows our infant life away,
Murmuring now the checks about,
Singing now in onward play;
Deepening, whirling,
Darkly swirling,
Downward sucked in eddying coves;
Boiling with tumultuous loves;
Widening o'er the worldly sands;
Kissing full the cultured lands;
Dim with trouble, glory-lit,
Heaven still bending over it;
Changing still, yet ever going,
Onward, downward ever flowing.

O to be a boy once more,
Curly-headed, sitting singing
Midst a thousand flowerets springing,
In the sunny days of yore,
In the sunny world remote,
With feelings opening in their dew,
And fairy wonders ever new,

And all the budding quicks of thought!
O to be a boy, yet be
From all my early follies free!
But were I skilled in prudent lore,
The boy were then a boy no more.

Short our threescore years and ten,
Yet who would live them o'er again?
All life's good, ere they be flown,
We have felt, and we have known.
More than mortal were our fear,
If doomed to dwell for ever here.

Yet O, from age to age, that we
Might rise a day old earth to see!
Mountains high, with nodding firs,
O'er you the clouded crystal stirs,
Fresh as of old, how fresh and sweet!
And here the flowerets at my feet.
Daisy, daisy, wet with dew,
And all ye little bells of blue,
I know you all; thee, clover bloom,
Thee the fern, and thee the broom:
And still the leaves and breezes mingle
With twinklings in the forest dingle.
O through all wildering worlds I'd know
My own dear place of long ago.
Pleased would the yearning spirit then
The doings learn of living men,
The rise and fall of realms and kings,
And O a thousand homely things.
Deeper our care considerate
To know of earth's diviner state:
How speeds the church, with horns of light,
To push and pierce the heathen night?
What promise of the coming day,
When sin and pain shall pass away,
And, under love's perpetual prime,
Joy light the waving wings of time?

THE SWALLOW.

The little comer's coming, the comer o'er the
sea,

The comer of the summer, all the sunny days
to be.

How pleasant through the pleasant sleep thy
early twitter heard—

Oh swallow by the lattice! glad days be thy
reward!

Thine be sweet morning, with the bee that's
out for honey-dew;

And glowing be the noontide, for the grasshop-
per and you;

And mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun
to light thee home!

What can molest thy airy nest? Sleep till the
morrow come.

The river blue that lapses through the valley,
hears thee sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy
light-dipping wing.

The thunder-cloud, over us bow'd, in deeper
gloom is seen,

When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's
silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brings thee back with
leading-strings of love

To haunts where first the summer sun fell on
thee from above,

Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music
of our leaves,

For here thy young, where thou hast sprung,
shall glad thee in our caves.

THE HOLY COTTAGE.

"Come near, my child!" the dying father said.
Life's twilight dew lay heavy on his brow.
How softly o'er him did that daughter bow!
She wiped those dewdrops away, she raised his droop-
ing head.

He looked upon her with a long, long look,
Thinking of all her winning little ways,
His only gladness from her infant days,
Since God from them away the wife and mother
took.

Oft to the moorland places he his child
Led by the hand, or bore upon his back.
The curlew's nest he show'd her in their track,
And leveret's dewy play upon the whinny wild.

The while he dug, his coat she quaintly dressed
With flowers, aye peeping forth lest he might
see

The unfinished fancy; then how pleased when he,
Much wondering, donned her work, when came
his hour of rest!

Down sate she by him; and when hail or rain
Crossed that high country with its streaming
cloud,
She nestled in his bosom o'er her bowed,
Till through the whitening rack looked out the
sun again.

And when his axe was in the echoing wood,
Down its shy depths, looking behind her oft,
She o'er the rotting ferns and fungi soft
Thro' boughs and blinding leaves her bursting
way pursued.

The dry twig, matted in the spear-like grass,
Where fresh from morning's womb the orbèd
dew

Lies cold at noon, cracked as she stepped light
through,

Startling the cushat out close by the startled
lass.

Her fluttering heart was ready then for fear:
Through the far peeping glades she thought
she saw

Forms beckoning, luring her; the while with
awe,

The air grew dark and dumb, listening for
something drear.

The ferns were stirred, the leaves were shaken,
rain

Fell in big drops, and thunder muttered low;
Back burst the flushed dishevelled girl, and O
How glad was she to hear her father's axe again!

Blithe, sitting in the winter night, he made
Or mended by the fire his garden gear;
She with her mates, their faces glancing clear
From shade to ruddy light, quick flitting round
him played.

And aye some sly young thing, in rosy joyance,
Looked up between his knees, where she was
hid;

Humming he worked till she was found, then
chid,

But in a way that just lured back the dear
annoyance.

Up grew the virgin in her blooming beauty,
Filling her father's ordered house with grace.
And ever o'er the Word she bowed her face,
Binding her days and nights in one continuous
duty.

When Sabbath came, she plucked him mint
and thyme,

And led him forth, what hour from farms
around

By stile, and sunny croft, and meadow ground,
The parti-coloured folk came to the bell's sweet
chime.

The simple people, gathered by the sod
Of the new grave, or by the dial-stone,
Made way, and blessed her as she led him on
With short and tottering steps into the house
of God.

And holy was their Sabbath afternoon,
The sunlight falling on that father's head
Through their small western casement, as he
read

Much to his child of worlds which he must
visit soon.

And if, his hand upon the Book still laid,
His spectacles upraised upon his brow,
Frail nature slept in him, soft going now
She screened the sunny pane, those dear old
eyes to shade.

Then sitting in their garden-plot, they saw
With what delicious clearness the far height
Seemed coming near, and slips of falling light
Lay on green moorland spot and soft illumined
shaw.

Turned to the sunny hills where he was nursed,
The old man told his child of bloody times,
Marked by the mossy stone of half-sunk rhymes;
And in those hills he saw her sainted mother
first.

"I see thy mother now! I see her stand
Waiting for me, and smiling holy sweet;
The robe of white is flowing to her feet;
And O our good Lord Christ, He holds her by
the hand!

"Farewell, my orphan lamb! To leave thee thus
Is death to me indeed! Yet fear not thou!
On the Good Shepherd I do cast thee now:
'Tis but a little while, and thou shalt come to us.

"O yes! no fear! home to us in the skies
His everlasting arms will carry thee,
Couldst thou thy mother see, as I do see!
My child!" he said, and died. His daughter
closed his eyes.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

O rise, and sit in soft attire!
Wait but to know my soul's desire!
I'd call thee back to earthly days,
To cheer thee in a thousand ways!
Ask but this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

A crown of brightest stars to thee!
How did thy spirit wait for me,
And nurse thy waning light, in faith
That I would stand 'twixt thee and death!
Then tarry on thy bowing shore,
Till I have asked thy sorrows o'er!

I came not, and I cry to save
Thy life from the forgetful grave
One day, that I may well declare
How I have thought of all thy care,
And love thee more than I have done,
And make thy days with gladness run.

I'd tell thee where my youth has been,
Of perils past, of glories seen;
I'd tell thee all my youth has done,
And ask of things to choose and shun.
And smile at all thy needless fears,
But bow before thy solemn tears.

Come, walk with me, and see fair earth,
And men's glad ways; and join their mirth!
Ah me! is this a bitter jest?
What right have I to break thy rest?
Well hast thou done thy worldly task,
Nothing hast thou of me to ask.

Men wonder till I pass away,
They think not but of useless clay:
Alas for Age, that this should be!
But I have other thoughts of thee;
And I would wade thy dusty grave,
To kiss the head I cannot save.

O for life's power, that I might see
Thy visage swelling to be free!
Come near, O burst that earthy cloud,
And meet me, meet me, lowly bowed!
Alas! in corded stiffness pent,
Darkly I guess thy lineament.

I might have lived, and thou on earth,
And been to thee like stranger's birth,
Mother; but now that thou art gone,
I feel as in the world alone:
The wind which lifts the streaming tree,
The skies seem cold and strange to me:

I feel a hand untwist the chain
Of all thy love, with shivering pain,
From round my heart: This bosom's bare,
And less than wanted life is there.
Ay, well indeed it may be so!
And well for thee my tears may flow!

Because that I of thee was part,
Made of the blood-drops of thy heart;
My birth I from thy body drew,

And I upon thy bosom grew;
Thy life was set my life upon;
And I was thine, and not my own.

Because I know there is not one
To think of me as thou hast done,
From morn till starlight, year by year:
For me thy smile repaid thy tear;
And fears for me, and no reproof,
When once I dared to stand aloof!

My punishment, that I was far
When God unloosed thy weary star!
My name was in thy faintest breath,
And I was in thy dream of death;
And well I know what raised thy head,
When came the mourner's muffled tread!

Alas! I cannot tell thee now
I could not come to hold thy brow.
And wealth is late, nor aught I've won
Were worth to hear thee call thy son
In that dark hour when bands remove,
And none are named but names of love.

Alas for me, I missed that hour;
My hands for this shall miss their power!
For thee, the sun, and dew, and rain,
Shall ne'er unbind thy grave again,
Nor let thee up the light to see,
Nor let thee up to be with me!

Yet sweet thy rest from care and strife,
And many pains that hurt thy life!
Turn to thy God—and blame thy son—
To give thee more than I have done:
Thou God, with joy beyond all years,
Fill up the channels of her tears!—

Thou car'st not now for soft attire,
Yet wilt thou hear my soul's desire;
To earth I dare not call thee more,
But speak from off thy awful shore:
O ask this heart for monument,
And mine shall be a large content!

WILLIAM BENNET.

WILLIAM BENNET was born in the parish of Glencairn, Dumfriesshire, Sept. 29, 1802. His parents were in humble circumstances, and he was early apprenticed to a mechanic in a neighbouring parish. From boyhood he was fond of rhyming, and in his nineteenth year published a volume of poems, which brought him into connection with the newspaper press. He became a contributor to the *Dumfries Courier*, edited by the poet MacDiarmid, and in 1825–26

conducted the *Dumfries Magazine*, for which he wrote many interesting articles. In December, 1826, Bennet was offered and accepted the editorship of the *Glasgow Free Press*, a Liberal newspaper which took an active part in the struggle then going on for political reform. A few years afterwards he withdrew from the Liberal party, and along with Sir Daniel Sandford established the *Glasgow Constitutional*, a Conservative journal, the editorship of which he resigned in 1836.

Mr. Bennet published a second volume of poetry under the title of *Songs of Solitude*, followed by a third entitled *The Chief of Glenorchay*, a poem in five cantos, illustrative of Highland manners and mythology in the middle ages. Both his poetry and his prose contain many sentiments that reflect credit on his heart and indicate a lively and healthy imagination. He is also the author of *Pictures of Scottish Scenes and Character*, and *Sketches of the Isle of Man*. After leaving Glasgow Mr. Bennet resided successively in Ireland and England, and for the past twenty years he has

lived at Burntisland. In a letter to the Editor he says:—"I have been engaged for twenty-five years on a new translation of the Scriptures, and have finished the whole of the Old Testament, having recovered the genuine meaning of its own original Hebrew; so that part of the Word of God now shines forth in native brightness and intelligibility, clear of all that the apostasy has shrouded it with from the ebbing of the Pentecostal effusion until now. I have also written a grammar and dictionary of the recovered tongue, to let every person see and judge for himself whether the ore of its true meaning has been reached or not. All this you would take to be quite suppressive of my 'rhythmic gift.' On the contrary, however, that gift has enabled me to versify the whole of the Psalms, after translating them into prose like the other books. It was only last week that I put the finishing hand to all these labours, so that they could at once go to the press; and now I am about to commence with the New Testament, and do my best to recover it from mistranslation also."

BLEST BE THE HOUR OF NIGHT.

Blest be the hour of night,
When, his toils over,
The swain with a heart-so light,
Meets with his lover!
Sweet the moon gilds their path,
Arm in arm straying;
Clouds never rise in wrath,
Chiding their staying.

Gently they whisper low;
Unseen beside them
Good angels watch, that no
Ill may betide them.
Silence is everywhere,
Save when the sighing
Is heard, of the breeze's fall,
Fitfully dying.

How the maid's bosom glows,
While her swain's telling
The love that's been long, she knows,
In his heart swelling!
How, when his arms are thrown
Tenderly around her,
Fears she, in words to own
What he hath found her!

When the first peep of dawn
Warns them of parting,
And from each dewy lawn
Blythe birds are starting,
Fondly she hears her swain
Vow, though they sever,
Soon they shall meet again,
Mated for ever.

I'LL THINK ON THEE, LOVE.

I'll think on thee, love, when thy bark
Hath borne thee far across the deep;
And, as the sky is bright or dark,
'Twill be my fate to smile or weep;
For oh, when winds and waters keep
In trust so dear a charge as thee,
My anxious fears can never sleep
Till thou again art safe with me!

I'll think on thee, love, when each hour
Of twilight comes, with pensive mood,
And silence, like a spell of power,
Rests, in its depth, on field and wood;
And as the mingling shadows brood
Still closer o'er the lonely sea,

Here, on the beach where first we woo'd,
I'll pour to heaven my prayers for thee.

Then haply on the breeze's wing,
That to me steals across the wave,
Some angel's voice may answer bring
That list'ning heaven consents to save.
And oh, the further boon I crave
Perchance may also granted be,
That thou, return'd, no more shalt brave
The wanderer's perils on the sea!

THE ROSE OF BEAUTY.

Among the breezy heights and howes
Where winds the milk sae clearly,
A rose o' beauty sweetly grows,
A rose I lo'e most dearly.

Wi' spring's soft rain and simmer's sun,
How blooms my rose divinely!
And lang ere blows the winter roun',
This breast shall nurse it kin'ly.

May heaven's dew aye freshly weet
My rose at ilka gloamin',
And oh, may nae unhallow'd feet
Be near it ever roamin'!

I soon shall buy a snug wee cot,
And hae my rose brought thither;
And then, in that lowne sunny spot,
We'll bloom and fade thegither.

ODE TO CRAIGDARROCH WATER.

Sweet native vale! amid whose calm repose
Once set my days as joyful as they rose;
When, like the dawn arrayed in orient light,
Life's cloudless morning shone before my sight;—

When all was bliss without one shade of ill,
And all was hope that bliss would crown me still.

To those delightful days, so long gone by,
How oft from darker now I turn my eye,
And bid the sunshine on thy hills descend,
The gorgeous rainbows o'er thy valley bend;
The shadows chase each other o'er thy lea,
Which were my playthings while I dwelt in thee!

For me no more the blackbird's evening song
From hazel copse is poured thy vale along;
Nor cuckoo's herald voice, announcing spring,
Nor coo of dove, nor whirr of woodcock's wing,
Nor do thy nuts, on bending hazel tree,
Or thy green wild sloes, ripen more for me.

Yet in my absence, nature still supplies
Thy wonted charms to ravish others' eyes;
Even as the flowerets on our graves that grow,
Bloom for the living, not for those below.

Still does thy stream in bright meanders run,
With many a troutling flashing in the sun;
Still do thy maids, amid the fragrant bay,
With tales of love beguile the summer day;
Thy swains still labour in the cultured field,
Or court the balmy health thy mountains yield;
And still the sun awakes to smile on thee,
And sinks to glorious rest beyond Craignoe.

Bloom on, sweet vale—and flow, Craigdarroch
stream!

And yet of other bards be oft the theme!
But, ah! when cold the hand that in thy praise
First waked the lyre, and wreathed thee with his
bays,

Where once he lived, shall there another rise
To mark thy beauties with such partial eyes?

Shall all my dreams of youth to him be known,
And all those cherished joys were mine alone,
Whose bright reflection yet my memory fills,
Sweet as the moonlight sleeping on thy hills!
No! though his lyre should more divinely sound,
And more of nature in his verse be found,
There still are feelings mingled with this strain,
Which, dead with me, can ne'er be felt again.

HUGH MILLER.

BORN 1802—DIED 1856.

HUGH MILLER, the distinguished geologist, was born at Cromarty, October 10, 1802. In his sixteenth year he was apprenticed to a stone-mason, and it was while engaged as a hewer in the Old Red Sandstone quarries of Cromarty that he achieved those discoveries in that formation which marked a new epoch in geological science. On finishing his appren-

ticeship he removed south, and worked at his trade for two years at Niddry, near Edinburgh. Having been attacked by the disease peculiar to stone-masons he was obliged to return to his native town, and several months elapsed before he recovered. He then began to execute sculptured tablets and tombstones in Cromarty and its neighbourhood, a task for which his skill as a workman and perceptions of the beautiful admirably qualified him. In 1828 he removed to the more important town of Inverness, and while employed in the same way here became known to the editor of the *Inverness Courier*. Miller had for many years been in the habit of devoting some of his leisure hours to poetry as well as geological inquiry, and a number of his lyrics now appeared in the columns of the *Courier*, from which office was published in 1829 a small volume with the title *Poems written in the Leisure Hours of a Journeyman Mason*.

Soon after the publication of this volume a branch of the Commercial Bank was opened in Cromarty, and Miller abandoned his workman's tools to become its accountant. During his first year of office he published his *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, a prose work of very great merit, which confirmed and widely extended his reputation as an author. Shortly after he married Miss Lydia F. Fraser, a lady to whom he had been long engaged, and who survived her husband until March, 1876. After acting for some years as bank-accountant, during which a part of his leisure time was occupied in writing for *Wilson's Tales of the Borders and Chambers's Journal*, Miller in 1840 was offered and accepted the editorship of the *Witness*, a semi-weekly Edinburgh newspaper established by the party in the Church of Scotland who seceded at the Disruption in 1843. As a controversial writer on ecclesiastical topics Miller at once attained a high rank among contemporary editors. His first publication after his removal to Edinburgh was the *Old Red Sandstone*, followed by *First Impressions of England and its People*, a work on the physical and social aspects of that country. Then came his powerful work the *Footprints of the Creator*, in reply to the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. Among his other works we may mention *My Schools and Schoolmasters*,

an interesting autobiographic story of his early struggles, which appeared in 1854. His last work, the *Testimony of the Rocks*, on which he had bestowed much time and intense thought, was published posthumously in 1857.

For some years Miller's health had been gradually failing—the result of incessant mental labour, and in a measure had affected his reason. On the night of December 24, 1856, he was attacked by one of the horrible trances that proved too strong for him, for he rose from his bed, and after writing a most affectionate note to his wife and children, he committed suicide. In the morning his body, half dressed, was found lying dead upon the floor, the left lung being pierced by a bullet from his pistol. In this melancholy way ended an honourable and useful life.

Dr. John Brown, in his charming *Horæ Subsecivæ*, says, "Few men are endowed with such a brain as Hugh Miller—huge, active, concentrated, keen to fierceness; and therefore few men need fear, even if they misuse and overtask theirs as he did, that it will turn, as it did with him, and rend its master." Sir David Brewster said of him, "With the exception of Burns the uneducated genius which has done honour to Scotland during the last century has never displayed that natural refinement and classical taste and intellectual energy which mark all the writings of our author;" and Thomas Chalmers asserted, after the death of Sir Walter Scott, "that Hugh Miller was the greatest Scotchman alive."

Hugh Miller is entitled to a place among the minor poets of Scotland, but it is as a geologist and one of the most powerful prose writers of his native land that he is now, and will hereafter be, indebted for his world-wide reputation. Since the date of his decease a volume of his *Tales and Sketches*, with a memoir by Mrs. Miller, has been published; also a volume of *Essays, Historical and Biographical, Political and Social, Literary and Scientific*, with a preface by Peter Bayne. The same gentleman has written an exhaustive biography of the eminent geologist, in the preparation of which he received much assistance from Mrs. Miller, herself the authoress of several books written under the nom-de-plume of "Harriet Myrtle;" and an excellent complete edition of Miller's works was pub-

lished in 1872 in thirteen volumes. A son of Hugh Miller is treading in his father's steps both as a geologist and a writer. He has written a biography of Sir Roderick I. Murchison, and is now engaged on the geological survey of England.

OH! SOFTLY SIGHS THE WESTLIN' BREEZE.

Oh! softly sighs the westlin' breeze
Through floweries pearl'd wi' dew;
And brightly lemes the gowden sky,
That skirts the mountain blue.
An' sweet the birken trees amang,
Swell many a blithesome lay;
An' loud the bratlin burnie's voice
Comes soundin' up the brae.

But, ah! nae mair the sweets o' spring
Can glad my wearied e'e;
Nae mair the summer's op'ning bloom
Gi'es ought o' joy to me.
Dark, dark to me the pearly flowers,
An' sad the mavis' sang,
An' little heart hae I to roam
These leafy groves amang.

She's gane! she's gane! the loveliest maid!
An' wae o'erpress'd I pine;
The grass waves o'er my Myra's grave,—
Ah! ance I ca'd her mine.
What ither choice does fate afford,
Than just to mourn and dee!
Sin' gane the star that cheer'd my sky,
The beam that bless'd my e'e?

At gloamin' hour along the burn
Alane she lo'ed to stray,
To pu' the rose o' crimson bloom,
An' haw-flower purple gray.
Thier siller leaves the willows waved,
As pass'd that maiden by;
And sweeter burst the burdies' sang
Frae poplar straight an' high.

Fu' aften have I watch'd at e'en
These birken trees amang,
To bless the bonnie face that turn'd
To where the mavis sang;
An' aft I've cross'd that grassy path,
To catch my Myra's e'e;
Oh! soon this winding dell became
A blissful haunt to me.

Nae mair a wasting form within,
A wretched heart I bore;
Nae mair unkent, unloved, and lone,
The warl' I wander'd o'er.

Not then like now my life was wae,
Not then this heart repined,
Nor aught of coming ill I thought,
Nor sigh'd to look behind.

Cheer'd by gay hope's enliv'ning ray,
An' warm'd wi' minstrel fire,
Th' expected meed that maiden's smile,
I strung my rustic lyre.
That lyre a pitying muse had given
To me, for, wrought wi' toil,
She bade me, wi' its simple tones,
The weary hours beguile.

Lang had it been my secret pride,
Though nane its strains might hear;
For ne'er till then trembled its chords
To woo a list'ning ear.
The forest echoes to its voice
Fu' sad, had aft complained,
Whan, mingling wi' its wayward strain,
Murmur'd the midnight wind.

Harsh were its tones, yet Myra praised
The wild and artless strain;
In pride I strung my lyre anew,
An' waked its chords again.
The sound was sad, the sparkling tear
Arose in Myra's e'e,
An' mair I lo'ed that artless drape
Than a' the warl' could gie.

To wean the heart frae warldly grief,
Frae warldly moil an' care,
Could maiden smile a lovelier smile,
Or drap a tend'rer tear?
But now she's gane,—dark, dark an' drear,
Her lang, lang sleep maun be;
But, ah! mair drear the years o' life
That still remain to me!

Whan o'er the raging ocean wave
The gloom o' night is spread,
If lemes the twinkling beacon-light,
The sailor's heart is glad;
In hope he steers, but, mid the storm,
If sinks the warning ray,
Dees a' that hope, an' fails his saul,
O'erpress'd wi' loads o' wae.

ON SEEING A SUN-DIAL IN A CHURCHYARD.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
What motive placed thee here,
Where darkly opes the frequent grave,
And rests the frequent bier.
Ah! bootless creeps the dusky shade
Slow o'er thy figured plain;
When mortal life has pass'd away,
Time counts his hours in vain.

As sweep the clouds o'er ocean's breast
When shrieks the wintry wind,
So doubtful thoughts, gray dial-stone,
Come sweeping o'er my mind.
I think of what could place thee here,
Of those beneath thee laid,
And ponder if thou wert not raised
In mock'ry o'er the dead.

Nay! man, when on life's stage they fret,
May mock his fellow-men;
In sooth their sob' rest pranks afford
Rare food for mock'ry then.
But ah! when pass'd their brief sojourn,
When heaven's dread doom is said,
Beats there a human heart could pour
Light mock'ries o'er the dead?

The fiend unblest, who still to harm
Directs his felon power,
May ope the book of grace to him
Whose day of grace is o'er.
But sure the man has never lived,
In any age or clime,
Could raise in mock'ry o'er the dead
The stone that measures time.

Gray dial-stone, I fain would know
What motive placed thee here,
Where sadness heaves the frequent sigh,
And drops the frequent tear.
Like thy carved plain, gray dial-stone,
Grief's weary mourners be;
Dark sorrow metes out time to them,
Dark shade marks time on thee.

Yes! sure 'twas wise to place thee here,
To catch the eye of him
To whom earth's brightest gauds appear
Worthless, and dull, and dim.
We think of time when time has fled
The friend our tears deplore;
The God our light proud hearts deny,
Our grief-worn hearts adore.

Gray stone, o'er thee the lazy night
Passes untold away,
Nor is it thine at noon to teach
When falls the solar ray.
In death's dark night, gray dial-stone,
Cease all the works of men,
In life, if Heaven withholds its aid,
Bootless their works and vain.

Gray dial-stone, while yet thy shade
Points out those hours are mine,
While yet at early morn I rise,
And rest at day's decline;
Would that the sun that formed thine,
His bright rays beam'd on me,
That I, thou aged dial-stone,
Might measure time like thee.

SISTER JEANIE, HASTE, WE'LL GO.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
To where the white-starr'd gowans grow,
Wi' the puddock-flower, o' gowden hue,
The snawdrap white, and the bonnie vi'let bluc.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
To where the blossom'd lilacs grow,
To where the pine tree, dark and high,
Is pointing its tap at the cloudless sky.

Jeanie, mony a merry lay
Is sung in the young-leaved woods to-day;
Flits on light wing the dragon-flee,
And hums on the flowerie the big red bee.

Doun the burnie wirks its way
Aneath the bending birken spray,
An' wimples roun the green moss-stane,
An' mourns, I kenna why, wi' a ceaseless mane.

Jeanie, come! thy days o' play
Wi' autumn tide shall pass away;
Sune shall these scenes, in darkness cast,
Be ravaged wild by the wild winter blast.

Though to thee a spring shall rise,
An' scenes as fair salute thine eyes;
An' though, through mony a cloudless day,
My winsome Jean shall be heartsome and gay;

He wha grasps thy little hand
Nae langer at thy side shall stand,
Nor o'er the flower-besprinkled brae
Lead thee the lownest an' the bonniest way.

Dost thou see yon yard sae green,
Speckled wi' mony a mossy stane?

A few short weeks o' pain shall fly,
An' asleep in that bed shall thy puir brother lie.

Then thy mither's tears awhile
May chide thy joy an' damp thy smile;
But soon ilk grief shall wear awa',
And I'll be forgotten by ane an' by a'.

Dinna think the thought is sad;
Life vex'd me aft, but this maks glad;
When could my heart and closed my e'e,
Bonnie shall the dreams o' my slumbers be.

ODE TO MY MITHER TONGUE.

I lo'e the tones in mine ear that rung
In the days when care was unkind to me;
Ay, I lo'e thee weel, my mither tongue,
Though gloom the sons o' lear at thee.
Ev'n now, though little skilled to sing,
I've rax'd me doun my simple lyre;
O! while I sweep ilk sounding string,
Nymph o' my mither tongue, inspire!

I lo'e thee weel, my mither tongue,
An' a' thy tales, or sad or wild;
Right early to my heart they clung,
Right soon my darkening thoughts beguiled—
Ay, aft to thy sangs o' a langsyne day,
That tell o' the bluidy fight sublime,
I've listen'd, till died the present away,
An' return'd the deeds o' departed time.

An' gloom the sons o' lear at thee?
An' art thou reckoned poor an' mean?
Ah! could I tell as weel's I see,
Of a' thou art, an' a' thou'st been!
In thee has sung the enraptured bard
His triumphs over pain and care;
In courts and camps thy voice was heard—
Aft heard within the house o' prayer.

In thee, whan came proud England's might,
Wi' its steel to dismay and its gold to seduce,
Blazed the bright soul o' the Wallace wight,
And the patriot thoughts o' the noble Bruce.
Thine were the rousing strains that breathed
Frae the warrior-bard ere closed the fray;
Thine, whan victory his temples wreathed,
The sang that arose o'er the prostrate fac.

An' loftier still, the enraptured saint,
When the life o' time was glimmering awa',
Joyful o' heart, though feeble and faint,
Tauld in thee o' the glories he saw—
O' the visions bright o' a coming life,
O' angels that joy o'er the closing grave,
An' o' Him that bore turmoil an' strife,
The children o' death to succour and save.

An' aft, whan the bluid-hounds track'd the heath,
Whan follow'd the bands o' the bluidy Dundee,
The sang o' praise, an' the prayer o' death,
Arose to Heaven in thee;
In thee, whan Heaven's ain sons were call'd
To sever ilk link o' the papal chain,
Thunder'd the ire o' that champion bauld
Whom threat'nings and dangers assailed in vain.

Ah! mither tongue! in days o' yore,
Fu' mony a noble bard was thine;
The clerk o' Dunkeld, and the coothy Dunbar,
An' the best o' the Stuart line;
An' him wha tauld o' Southron wrang
Cowed by the might o' Scottish men;
Him o' the Mount and the glesome sang,
And him the pride o' the Hawthornden.

Of bards were thine in latter days
Sma' need to tell, my mither tongue;
Right bauld and slee were Fergie's lays,
An' roared the laugh when Ramsay sung;
But wha without a tear can name
The swain this war! shall ne'er forget?
Thine, mither tongue, his sangs o' fame,—
'Twill learning be to ken thee yet!

ANDREW B. PICKEN.

BORN 1802—DIED 1849.

ANDREW BELFRAGE PICKEN, the third son of Ebenezer Picken of Paisley, was born at Edinburgh, November 5, 1802. Left an orphan and his own master at an early age, and being naturally of a roving and adventurous spirit, it is not greatly to be wondered at that in 1822,

when Sir Gregor Macgregor's infamous prospectus was issued at Edinburgh, the specious promises and glowing pictures set forth in it caused Picken eagerly to embark his little all in the vain hope of securing possessions on the Mosquito shore. He became a leading indi-

vidual in the unfortunate expedition to Poyais, and the sufferings and privations endured by himself and his companions during their voyage and on their landing are vividly described in several of his poems and sketches. On leaving this scene of his misfortunes he engaged with a mahogany merchant in one of the West India Islands, but soon becoming tired of the dull monotony of his new occupation he returned to his native land.

In 1828 Picken published a collected edition of his poetical compositions, entitled "The Bedouins, and other Poems," and contributed a series of tales and sketches under the title of "Lights and Shadows of a Sailor's Life" to the *Edinburgh Observer*. In 1830 he left Scotland for the United States, and after visiting

most of the principal cities of the Union, and passing through many vicissitudes of fortune, ultimately settled in Montreal, where he was well known as an artist and teacher of painting and drawing. Mr. Picken was a constant contributor to the newspapers and magazines of Montreal, and continued to be so until a short time before his death, which took place July 1, 1849. His principal poem is "The Bedouins," in three cantos. Of his prose tales that entitled "The Plague Ship" is considered the best. Several of this author's poetical compositions have been erroneously attributed to Andrew Picken, a native of Paisley, who wrote some occasional verses and several popular novels, including the *Black Watch* and the *Dominie's Legacy*.

THE BEDOUINS.

(EXTRACT.)

It is the hour that green Kashmeer
Its loveliest aspect seems to wear,
When clouds, like bright ships, sailing on
In the red wake of the sinking sun,
The last pale pilgrims of his train,
Are wending towards the western main;
While o'er the hushed lake faintly creep
Their dim reflected gleams,
Like a maiden's eyes, half locked in sleep,
Seen smiling through her dreams;
And cedar heights and mountain crown
Have caught the shade of evening's frown;
And groups of topaz-coloured lights,
Such as on stilly moonless nights
Come shining down the Ganges oft,
When 'mid the tall cane tufts that shake
On its green shores, in accents soft,
The Hindoo girls their gazzels wake,
And speed their floating lamps along
With all the spells of sighs and song.
Lights like to these are winking now
In many a far fantastic row,
Tracking the long street and tall spire,
Through all the vale, with lines of fire.
These are the painted lanterns hung
From Bani roofs and galleries,
Where ye may hear the Alme's song,
And see the small white hand that flies
The vina's silver wires athwart,
Awakening tones that fill the heart.
There ye may see the dancing girls,
And hear their golden cymbals clashing,
As their gay groups in mazy whirls
Are past the lighted casements dashing,

Like sunny clouds together twined
And driven before the samoor wind.

Now is the hour when lovers meet
Far in the sandal bowers,
And the lone bulbul singeth sweet
To his own harem flowers,
And o'er the folded lotus bell
The wearied sun-bee hymns his prayer,
That the coy flower may ope her cell
And let him nestle there.
Ah! many a soft and silver tongue
Weaves at this hour such wily song.

Now is the hour when token flowers
Are from Zenana's wickets thrown,
By girls that pine through weary hours,
Unnoticed and alone;
And through the silken curtains peep
Glimpses of rich lips and bright eyes,
Like those that haunt the Moslem's sleep
With promises of paradise;
And Peri hands, to groups that stray
Beneath them, wave invitingly;
And cinnamon and basil blooms,
Such as are found on lovers' tombs,
And bear a language of their own
That lovers understand alone,
Are dropped from time to time to them
That dare their passionate promise claim—
Dare lean their hearts to the floweret's prayer,
And borrow love's pinions to woo them there
In their gilded prisons—so far above
The reach of every power but love.

THE HOME FEVER.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE WEST INDIES.

"Oh it's hame—an' it's hame, an' it's hame fain wad I be,
Hame—hame—hame to my ain country."

We sat in a green verandah's shade,
Where the verdant "tye-tye" twined
Its fairy net-work around us, and made
A harp for the cool sea-wind,
That came there, with its low wild tones, at night,
Like a sigh that is telling of past delight.

And that wind, with its tale of flowers, had come
From the island groves away;
And the waves, like wanderers returning home,
To the beach came wearily:
And the conch's far home call, the parrot's cry,
Had told that the Sabbath of night was nigh.

We sat alone in that trelliced bower,
And gazed o'er the darkening deep;
And the holy calm of the twilight hour
Came over our hearts like sleep:
And we dreamt of the "banks and bonny braes"
That had gladden'd our childhood's careless days.

And he, the friend by my side that sate,
Was a boy, whose path had gone
'Mid the fields and the flowers of joy, that Fate,
Like a mother, had smiled upon.
But, alas! for the time when our hopes have wings,
And when memory to grief, like a syren, sings!

His home had been on the stormy shore
Of Albyn's mountain land:
His ear was tuned to the breakers' roar,
And he loved the bleak sea-sand;
And the torrent's din, and the howling breeze,
Had all his soul's wild sympathies.

They had told him tales of the sunny lands
That rose over Indian seas,
Where gold shone glancing from river sands,
And strange fruit bent the trees.
They had wiled him away from his father's hearth,
With its voice of peace, and its light of mirth.

Now, that fruit and the river gems were near,
And he strayed 'neath the tropic sun;
But the voice of promise that thrilled in his ear
At that joyous time was gone:
And the hope he had chased 'mid the wilds of
night,
Had melted away like a firefly's light.

Oh! I have watched him gazing long
Where the homeward vessels lay,
Cheating sad thoughts with some old song,
And wiping his tears away!
And well I knew that that weary breast,
Like the dove of the deluge, pined for rest!

There was a "worn i' the bud" whose fold
Defied the leech's art;
Consumption's hectic plague-spot told
A tale of a broken heart.
The boy was dying—but the grave's long sleep
Is bliss to those that pine, and "watch, and weep."

He died; but memory's wizard power,
With its ghost-like train, had come
To the dark heart's ruins at that last hour,
And he murmured, "Home! home! home!"
And his spirit passed with its happy dream,
Like a bird in the track of a bright sunbeam.

Oh, talk of spring to the trampled flower,
Of light to the fallen star,
Of glory to those that in victory's hour
Lie cold on the fields of war!
But ye mock the exile's heart when ye tell
Of aught out the home where it pines to dwell.

MEXICO.

I have come from the south, where the free
streams flow
'Mid the scented valleys of Mexico;
I have come from the vines and the tamarind
bowers
With their wild festoons and their sunny flowers,
And wonder not that I turned to part
From that land of sweets with an aching heart.

I have come from the south, where the landward
breeze
Comes laden with spices, to roam on the seas,
And mingle its spells with the sea-boy's lay—
As he carols aloft to the billows' sway,
And wonder not that I come with sighs
To this colder-clime and these dreary skies.

I have roamed through those Indian wild woods oft
When the hot day glare fell shadowed and soft,
And nought in their green retreats was heard,
But the notes of the hermit humming-bird,
Or the wayward murmurs of some old song,
That stole through my reverie, sad and long.

I have stood by those shaded streams at night,
And dreamt of the past, when the sweet starlight
And the sound of the water came over my soul,
And its joys lay hushed in their deep control;
And the dead and the severed on memory crept,
With a tale of my youth, and I wept—I wept!

Oh! could my footprint but wander now
Where those wood paths wind and those dark
streams flow!
Oh, could I but feel on my brow once more
The fragrant winds of that golden shore,
How my heart would bound as it hailed thee mine,
Oh Mexico! land of the olive and vine!



